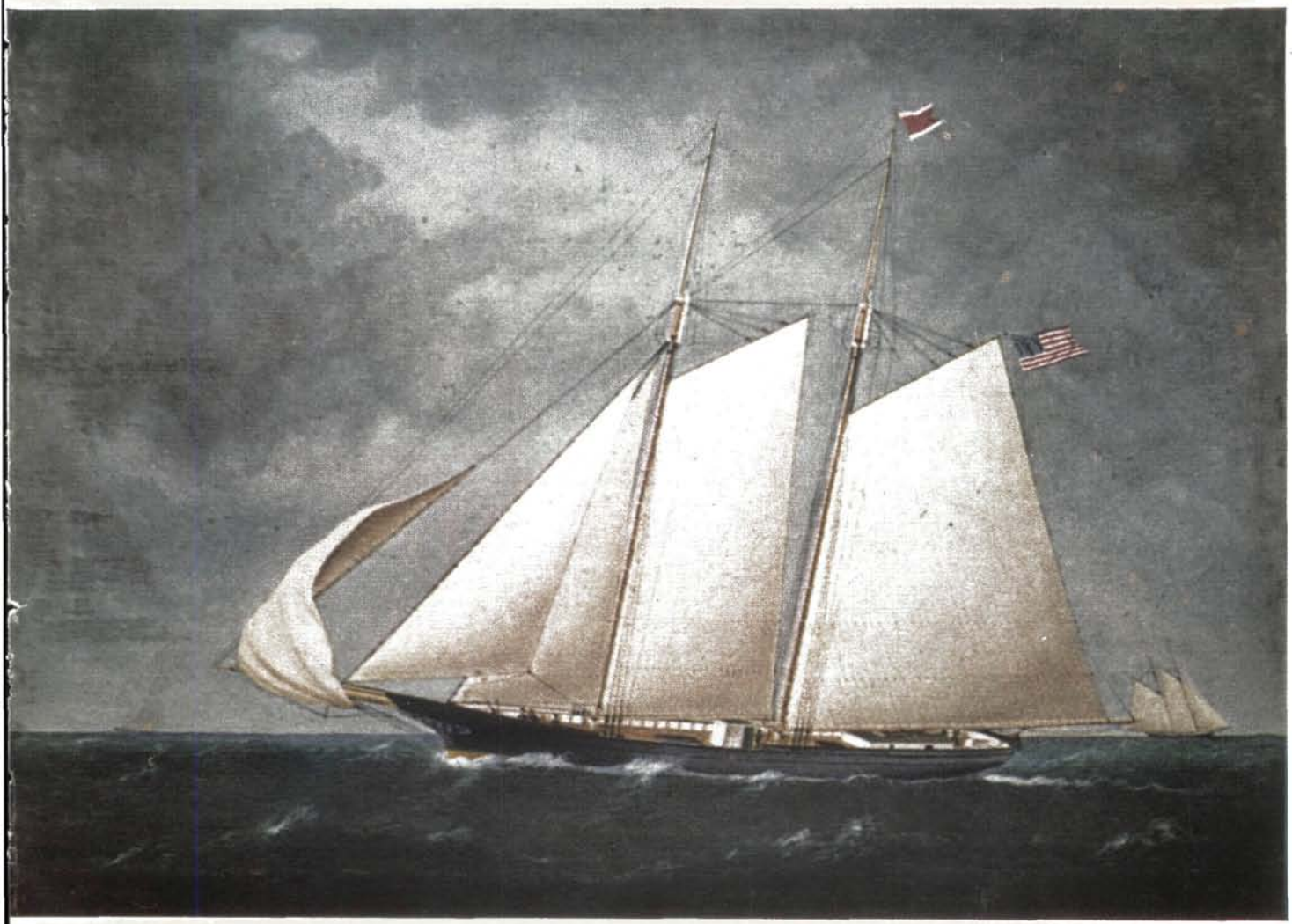
Saturday Review

May 1, 1965 25¢

WHEN THE WORLD'S PEOPLES TALKED PEACE

Special Section Covering the Highlights of the 'Pacem in Terris' Convocation



"Schooner Frank Atwood," from a painting by W. G. York; Richard D. Heffner reviews "The Oxford History of the American People," by Samuel Eliot Morison (See Books)

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

Engineering Project No. 1:

LIFT THE HUMAN SPIRIT!

By James R. Killian, Jr.

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Will success spoil Avis?

Look what happened to Rome.

One of our top executives (he knows who he is) has been taking three-day weekends lately.

A couple of us are thinking about getting boats.

And from where we sit, we can count three Mustangs and a Thunderbird in the employees' lot.

Trying harder is starting to pay off.

But we're worried about the future. It's almost a fact of life that the bigger a company becomes, the more inefficient and impersonal it gets.

If we do get to be No.1, will we send out our Fords with half-empty gas tanks and worn wiper blades? Will our smiles become professional?

Will success spoil us? It might.

If it does, shop around for a good No.2.

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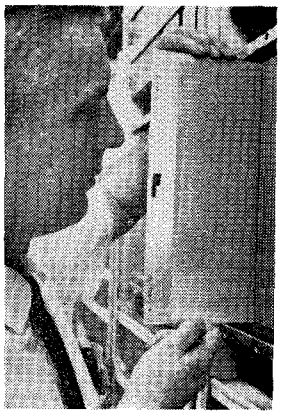
THERE ARE 3,000 'BITS' OF INFORMATION ON THIS PAGE

Dots like these are part of an amazing electronic memory that can store, in binary language, 5.8 million "bits" of information. Such a memory unit is a fundamental part of the complex new Electronic Switching System that Western Electric is building for the Bell System. ☐ These dots are precisely 35 thousandths of an inch square and one thousandth thick. They are etched from magnetic material bonded to a thin aluminum sheet. One hundred and twenty-eight of these aluminum sheets are next placed into a module containing microscopically thin wires embedded in thin plastic to make a complete memory unit. ☐ This is merely one measure of the complexity of electronic switching. A typical system requires more than half a million other tiny components, such as transistors. Each of them must meet rigid standards of quality during manufacture. Only then can they be assembled into units that will work perfectly with every other of the billions of components that make up the nationwide Bell System communications network. ☐ As the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System, we share the goal of bringing you continual progress in communications. Electronic switching—developed by Bell Laboratories, built by Western Electric, operated by Bell telephone companies—is another giant step toward ever-better, low cost communications.



Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

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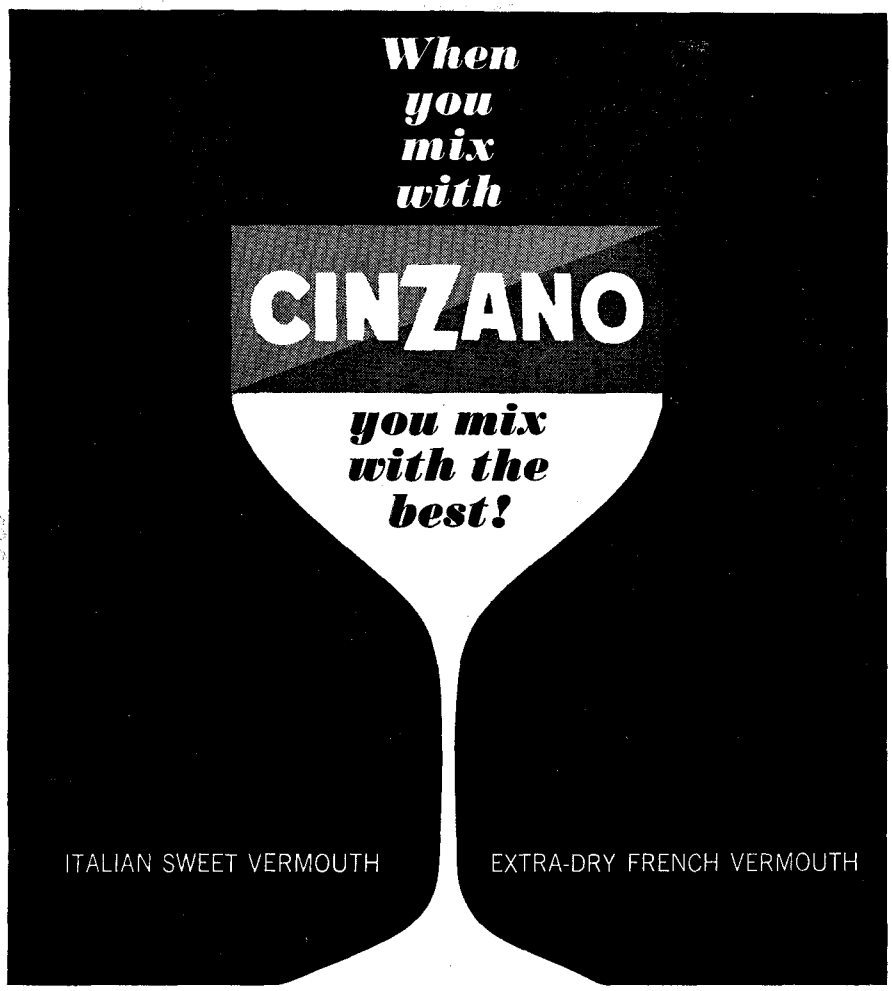

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Saturday Review

Cover, Courtesy New York Historical Society.

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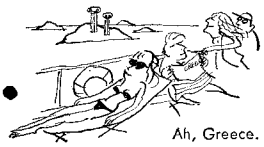
You may have missed Greece on your last trip.

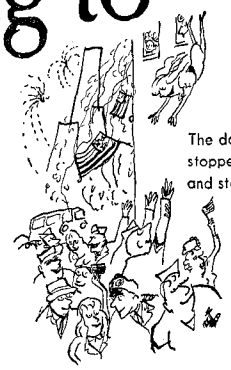


Ah, Greece.
Land of golden sunsets.

You may have forgotten what life was like in the Middle Ages.

Ladies were always fainting. And everybody lived in castles.

You may be too young to remember V-E Day.



The day people stopped saving newspapers and started ripping them.

But television didn't, hasn't and isn't.

Don't overlook these special television programs in May:

Triple Crown

91st running of the Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs; 89th running of the Preakness, Pimlico.
Saturdays, May 1 (5-6 PM); May 15 (5:30-6 PM)

Lamp Unto My Feet

Our Lady's Juggler (ballet); A Discussion of Marianology; The Waldensians; The American Baptist Convention.
Sundays, May 2, 9, 16, 23 (10-10:30 AM)

Look Up And Live

Kafka's "The Judgment"; Franklin's Key; World of Oscar Brown, Jr.; The Church and Civil Rights.
Sundays, May 2, 9, 16, 23 (10:30-11 AM)

Directions '65

A Catholic-Jewish Dialogue; People Who Live in Glass Paperweights; The Alchemy of Love; Quiet Desperation.
Sundays, May 9, 16, 23, 30 (1-1:30 PM)

Tournament of Champions

Final rounds from Las Vegas, Nevada.
Saturday, May 1 (5-6:30 PM)
Sunday, May 2 (4-6 PM)

Melina Mercouri's Greece

A look at the actress's native land, its history, people and culture.
Monday, May 3 (9-10 PM)

Lorne Greene's American West

Musical tour of the frontier of America's Westward movement.
Monday, May 3 (9-10 PM)

The Science of Spying

A look at the methods and people engaged in the business of espionage. John Chancellor narrates.
Tuesday, May 4 (10-11 PM)

FDR

Germany First; The Road to Rome; The Grand Assault; Fury in the East.
Fridays, May 7, 14, 21, 28 (9:30-10 PM)

Europe, 20 Years After

Transatlantic telecast commemorating VE-Day, with General Eisenhower.
Saturday, May 8 (12 Noon–1 PM)

The Pilgrim Adventure

The Mayflower's voyage to the New World is re-created.
Monday, May 10 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Louvre

The history and masterpieces of one of the world's greatest museums. Charles Boyer is the narrator.
Friday, May 14 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Kristie

Ed Begley narrates story of two children and a horse.
Sunday, May 16 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Middle Ages

Documents the thousand years between the fall of the Roman Empire and Columbus's discovery of America.
Tuesday, May 18 (10-11 PM)

The Inheritance

Alexander Scourby narrates a re-creation of Biblical history, filmed in the Middle East.
Sunday, May 23 (2-3 PM)

The National Drivers' Test

Viewers will be able to participate in a driving test on judgment, knowledge of rules of the road and ability to perceive hazards.
Monday, May 24 (10-11 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday:

Today/Captain Kangaroo/
Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays:

ABC Scope

Saturdays:

Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/
Wide World of Sports/Mr. Magoo

Sundays:

Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Watch Mr. Wizard/Issues and Answers/ Catholic Hour/Sunday/Sports in Action/Science All Stars/Zoorama/College Bowl/Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/World War 1/
Walt Disney

NOTE: Times (EDT), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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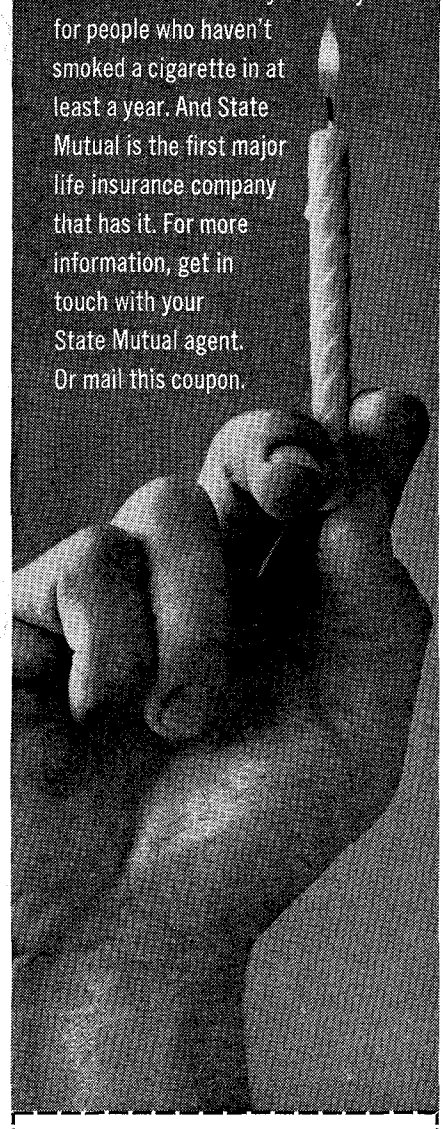

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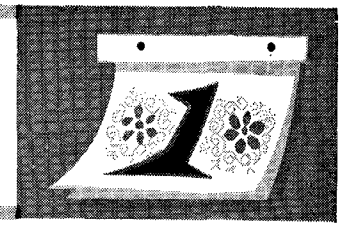
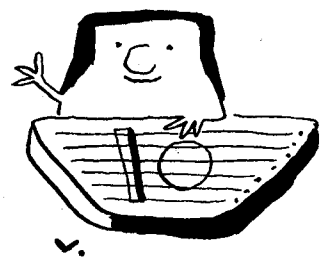
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

POLITICALLY it was a confusing month. Out in California Ronald Reagan threw his hat in the gubernatorial ring—while Pierre Salinger upped and got himself a movie part. Even with Salinger's defection, however, if Reagan gets elected, Show Business could claim, with Senator George Murphy, two of the state's top three spots. If we were Senator Kuchel, we'd be pretty worried. Can he be *sure*, for example, about the future plans of Mickey Rooney?

For New York Republicans, desperately trying to come up with a man to oppose Robert Wagner, the message was clear. No one, they say, can beat Robert Wagner. Nonsense, we reply. Obviously



there is one man who can. Who? Robert Wagner, that's who—Robert Wagner, the *movie star*.

• • •

During the month we had two unnerving experiences. One was a lecture in Seattle, put on by "Matrix Table," or "Women of Achievement," at which every single and/or married woman in the audience—750 in all—was introduced by name, stood up, and was spotlighted. The other was a trip to the annual meeting of the Florida Federation of Humane Societies, where President John Watkins introduced us, among other things, to Daytona Beach—which has now succeeded Fort Lauderdale as *the* place for collegians to go on their spring vacations. (Fort Lauderdale, one hears, is not sorry for the succession.) In papers up North you might find such slogans, under the name of the paper, as "One Nation Under God," or even "The Truth Shall Set You Free." Not in Daytona. Here we found, right under the name of the paper, "'Tis a Privilege to Live in Central Florida."

Ah, 'tis, 'tis. My Florida, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liability. In any case, in an effort to get away from this kind of thing and also—you promise not to breathe a word of this to anyone—to get warm, we repaired to our room and turned on the television. The announcer was just announcing the program *Opinion*. "*Opinion*," he said sternly, "is a program devoted to the leading issues of our day." And then, if you please, he took us out for sidewalk interviews with Daytona tourists. And here, as we live and just barely breathe, was how the first interview went:

"Hello, sir! How do you like Daytona?"

"It's okay."

"Well, that's just wonderful, sir. How long have you been coming to Daytona?"

"This is my first trip."

"Your first trip? Wonderful, sir! How long do you plan to be with us?"

"I dunno. It's pretty cold."

"Yes, sir, it certainly is. They're having a bad blizzard all over the north. But now you're here and you're glad. Right? Wonderful! What made you choose Daytona?"

"Well, we drove all the way from Michigan and the Missus was getting pretty tired . . ."

"Wonderful, sir! All the way from Michigan! That certainly shows how the fame of Daytona is spreading. Thank you, sir, for your time and we hope you have a wonderful stay. And now we return you to our studios. Thank you for watching *Opinion*—*a* program devoted to the leading issues of our day."

• • •

Back home, in honor of the reopening of the World's Fair, we are happy to quote, for the edification of Fair laborers, something which came to us via the Business Envelope Manufacturers, Inc., and the *Public Relations Journal*—the rules and regulations of Wanamaker's Department Store, 1854:

> Store must be open at 6:30 A.M., and remain open until 9:00 P.M. the year round.
>
> The store must be swept; counters, base shelves and show cases dusted; lamps trimmed, filled, and the chimneys cleaned; pens made; doors and windows opened; a pail of water and a scuttle of coal must be brought in by each clerk before breakfast.
>
> Any employee who is in the habit of smoking Spanish cigars, getting

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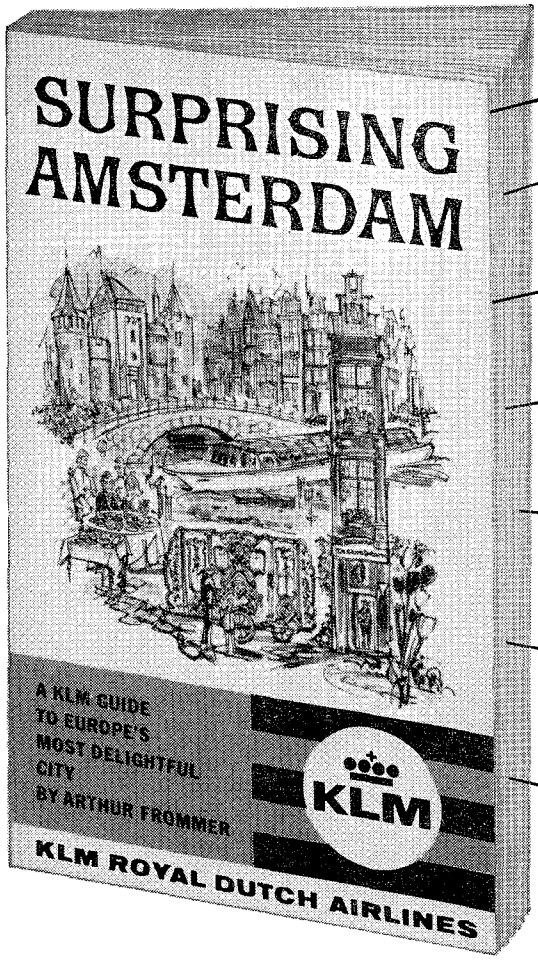

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- ▷ Where to see some of the most spectacular diamond displays in the world.
- ▷ How to have a rollicking "night out" for less than $5.
- ▷ Where to see "the eighth wonder of the world."
- ▷ Where to see 320 acres of greenhouses and 543 *outdoor* acres of plants and flowers.

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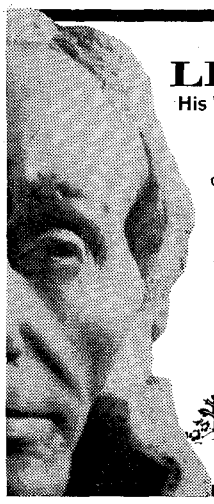

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The Happy Land

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shaved at the barber shop, going to dances and other places of amusement will most surely give his employer reason to be suspicious of his integrity and all-around honesty. . . .

Men employees are given one evening a week for courting purposes, and two if they go to prayer meeting regularly.

After 14 hours of work in the store, the leisure time must be spent in reading good literature.

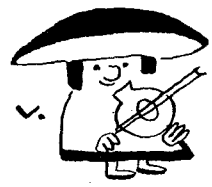
• • •

Broadway Answers Selma was the theatrical event of the month, or even of the year, and Sammy Davis, Jack Albertson, Martin Shean, Hilliard Elkins, and Dore Schary—as well as performers who ranged from Maurice Chevalier to Billy Daniels—raised more than $150,000 for, among other things, the families of the Reverend Mr. Reeb and Jimmie Lee Jackson. Nor was the evening all serious. "My God," mused Jack Benny, "to think I'm doing this for nothing, too. Well, I had a choice—of either appearing or giving a donation." And then he paused his famous pause. "I've been doing all those concerts for nothing, too. I did one in Atlanta and I pay my own expenses, so naturally I wanted to get there as cheaply as possible. Well, there was this fellow driving from Los Angeles to Selma . . . and then I walked from Selma to Atlanta."

Victor Borge told of his lunch at the White House and how he met Lady Bird, Gentleman Bird, and even "one of the mynah birds." Borge said he liked the President very much. "He said a couple of words in English," he told us, "and then he picked me up by the ears and pronounced me a Great Dane."

Buddy Hackett glowered at the orchestra. "All right so you're playing for nothing," he told them. "I notice when I came out you didn't play nothing either."

Eli Wallach did a Thomas Meehan short story—of a dream that he was giving a party for Yma Sumac, and the first guest to come in was Ava Gardner, followed by, in order, Abba Eban, Oona O'Neill, Ona Munsen, Ida Lupino, the Aga Khan, and Uta Hagen. "Uta Yma,"



he introduced, "Uta Ava, Uta Abba, Uta Oona, Uta Ona, Uta Ida, Uta Aga."

Sir John Gielgud lost his place—but not even that misfortune marred his delivery of perhaps the evening's most moving contribution, "Some Lines for This Occasion," written by Sydney Michaels:

> To put on someone else's skin,
> To mirror his smile of joy,
> To wear his face of grief,
> To think his thought
> Above your own,
> Feel his feelings,
> As you were he,
> To walk up his mountain
> To his point of view,
> To put on someone else's skin;
> That is the theater,
> A social art.

Coming May 22nd

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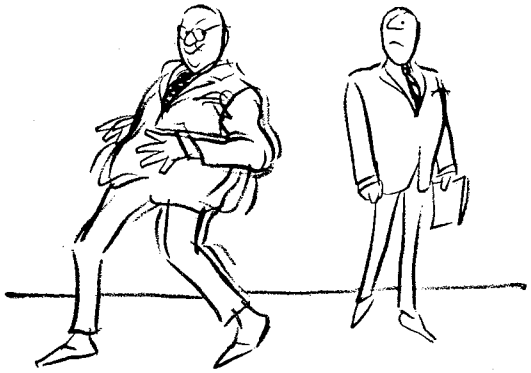
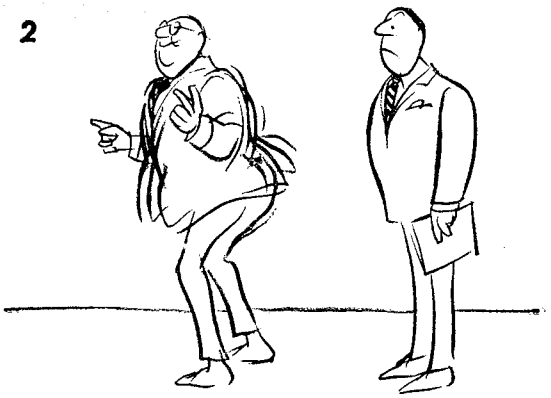


Pretty neat, huh?

What on earth are you doing?

2



Practicing the Watusi.

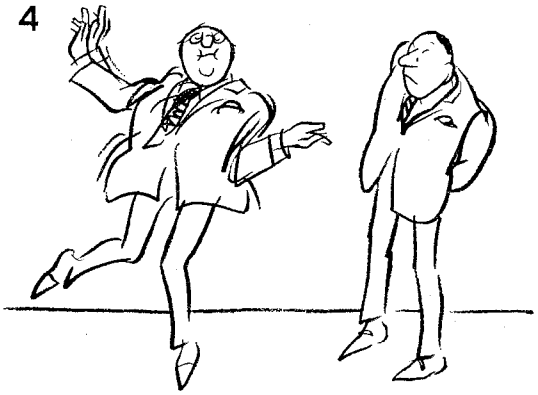
The Watusi?

3

I already know the Cat and the Monkey.

What's up with you?

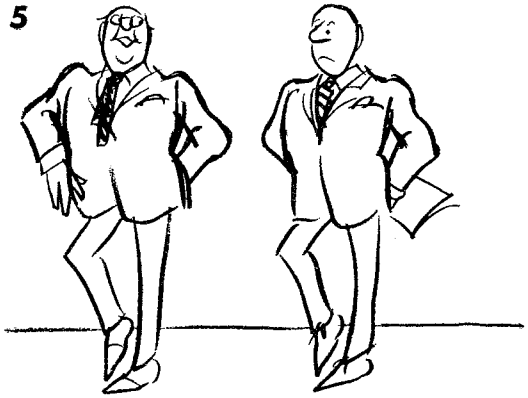
4



Getting ready for retirement. You should see Emma do the Surf.

I thought you two were strictly two-steppers.

5



Not with the plans we've made. First thing we do is hit the discothèque circuit. Then there's the round-the-world cruise —and you know how they dance on those. And after that—

After that there's the slow waltz to the loan company.

6

Not a chance. Our money's never going to run out. Because we have Equitable's new Husband-Wife Retirement Annuity—which means that Em and I get a regular monthly income as long as either one of us lives.

I wonder if Pam knows about that annuity? She's been practicing La Bostella.

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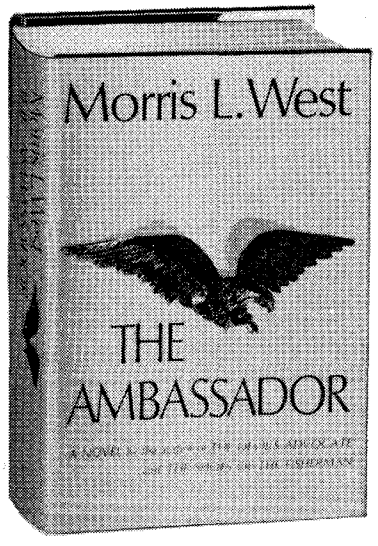

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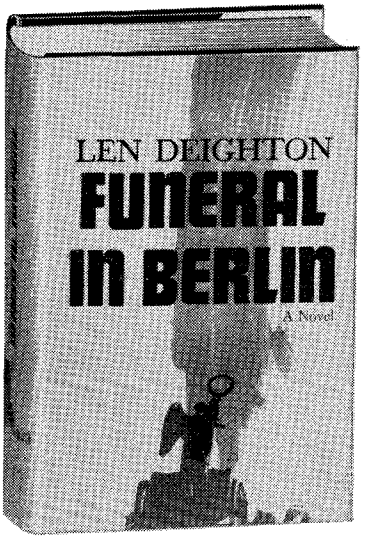

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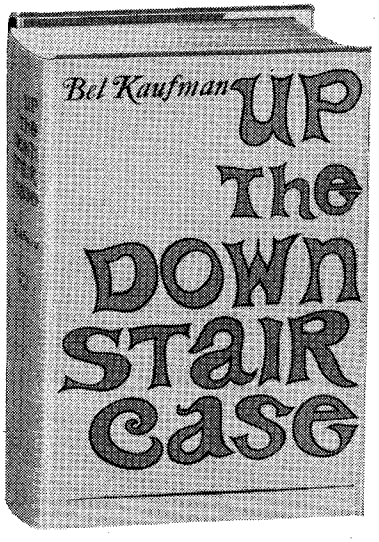

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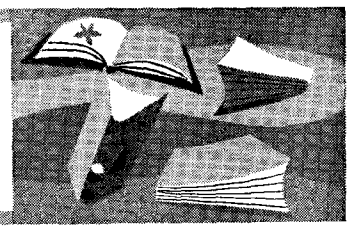
Trade Winds



We were happy to hear from Alvin Tresselt and Duncan Morrison (they call themselves the two elves who put together *Humpty Dumpty's* magazine each month) about their sympathy for the poor song writer who gave up the business after his songs "It's Two O'Clock in the Morning" and "Tea for

Three" failed to make the grade. They claim to have unearthed a trunkful of old song manuscripts that this tin-eared composer had written: "Moon Over Fort Lauderdale," "On the Sidewalks of Newark," "Shuffle Off to Schnectady," "Hello, Dorothy," "Walking in a Wonder Winterland," "Meet Me in Louisville, Louis," and "Come to Me My Melancholy Lady."

But slings and arrows plague all of us. For instance, in a recent TRADE WINDS column we quoted some amusing inside stories told about musicians by Frank Lewin, the man who creates the musical background for *The Defenders, The Nurses,* and other television films. As fate and a somewhat capricious 1940 typewriter would have it, we spelled his name Lewis instead of Lewin, in a paragraph next to a story about the difficulty of spelling names correctly. Mr. Lewin's comments speak eloquently:

> John Feller, John Fooler, what made you discourse
> On misspelled names you've known
> When on the same page you rendered hors
> De combat my very own?
>
> It may be a "hors" of a different choler
> But please watch what you are doin',
> John Fellah, John Filler, John Faller, John Foller,
> *My* name is spelled Frank Lewin!

Some mistakes seem to happen when things are corrected. When publishers Hill and Wang decided to publish Kenneth H. Brown's play *The Brig* (Howard Taubman of the *New York Times* called it "devastating"), they invited Julian Beck, who produced the play for the Living Theater, to write an essay about it. Mr. Beck's writing style is uninhibited, especially in typography and punctuation, and the publishers made quite a few alterations. In spite of Beck's protests, the publishers stuck to their guns —but at the same time invited Beck to write his own attack on the publishers, which they printed in full at the start of the book.

In other such cases, the author might sue. But Beck claims to be an anarchist, who doesn't sue or get injunctions. This is probably the first time an author has been invited to attack his own publishers head-on.

"The version that appears here has been given the copy-editor college theme treatment," he writes in the book. "Hardly a word has been changed tho, must make that clear, a couple of cuts, o.k. except for one, but the revisions in typography and punctuation have taken from the voice the difference that distinguishes passion from affection and me speaking to you from me writing an essay."

"At first this episode threw me into despair. If the publisher of *The Brig* didn't know what I was trying to do, if he had a higher opinion of convention than of the artist's intention to keep literature free, then what to expect from the less enlightened man. . . . Haven't succeeded in squelching my spite as I write this, nor in writing this beyond my vanity. That's part of the work. Literary fights always look funny five years later. So will this."

Some booksellers have a tendency to look on many books as mistakes in themselves. Martin Gross, for instance, sends along a catalogue from Serendipity Books in Berkeley, California, which makes no bones about this listing:

> Shaw, Irwin. VOICES OF A SUMMER DAY. New York: Delacorte (1965) 8vo, original wrapper.
> Advance review copy with publisher's blurb laid in. First printing will be 50,000; Advertising budget—$25,000. This copy, of a book not yet published as we go to press, is offered at the estimated remainder price of the hardback edition, just before paperbacking occurs. $0.99.

By now, Robert Woutat (pronounced Woo-ta) has become so used to having people misspell and mispronounce his name that it rolls right off his family escutcheon. "If ever an award is given to a man whose name is most often misspelled, I feel that I should be in the running," he says. He has kept a record of his junk mail over the past year, with the following results: Wontat, Woutot, Wautat, Wauthat, Wonta, Wouchat, Woutant, Wouther, Moutat, Wootat, Wowtat, Woutau.

Some people make mistakes in subscribing to magazines. One of these is April Lewis (*not* Lewin), who sent in $7.50 for a subscription to a now defunct magazine. When the issues failed to arrive, she wrote half a dozen letters and got no reply. She finally wrote the Better Business Bureau, which sent her a polite letter saying they were afraid they couldn't do anything about it. The magazine wouldn't answer *their* letters, either.

And Arthur Stevens made the mistake of writing to the Publishers Clearing House to ask them why he had received a duplicate bill. The elucidating explanation he received said in part: "This is the card that causes a bill to be sent to you automatically each month. Because we didn't find it and pull it out of file, you'll continue to get bills, even though you paid. . . . You will receive still another bill from us in a week or so. When it arrives just send the whole thing back to us—the outside envelope, the letter, the bill form, and especially the reply envelope inside. Each piece is a clue to where your card is hiding. . . . Please do not send back any bill that arrived *before* this letter reaches you. Just wait a bit. If no bill at all arrives, you'll know we didn't make an error, and all is well. But if a bill comes *after* this letter that is the one we'd like you to send back."

And some confusions, of course, are deliberate. Consider the case of a doctor we once heard about. He was an avid horseback rider, and he liked to leave his office occasionally to go riding. He felt guilty, however, about asking his office nurse to tell a lie. With inspired imagination, he named his horse "Consultation," so that the nurse could simply say: "I'm sorry, but the doctor is out on Consultation." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1620)

J. H. CASSITY:

THE QUALITY OF MURDER
(Suggested by Miriam Allen de Ford)

In this case, the prisoner achieved, during his period of incarceration, a recovery which was unquestionably productive and which warranted his release and return to society. His history after release justified the opinions, as he lived a normal social life.

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The Time of the Peacock

Like Moliere's "Would-Be Gentleman," who was astonished to learn that he'd been speaking prose all his life, there may be a few people around who are unaware that this was a universe of color long before the NBC peacock came along.

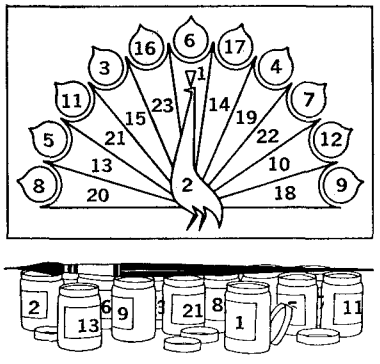
Indeed, the mere idea of a world *without* color is terrible to contemplate. Daffodils, billiard balls and barber poles would be completely stripped of personality. Judy Garland's most famous song might well be "Somewhere Over the Liddenfogen." And Betsy Ross would never have made the scene at all.

A Bright New Era

No, NBC isn't old enough to have invented color, but we can take credit for just about all the network color programming being watched by viewers today. And next season, our contribution in this field will be even more pronounced, for virtually *all* our nighttime programming—and 70 per cent of our daytime schedule—will be in color.

When a network announces that 28 of its 30 nighttime shows will be broadcast in color, you just know that the medium is entering upon a bright new era. It's an era whose inevitability NBC foresaw quite a while ago. We did more than foresee it; we did all we could to hasten its arrival. Today, the one-time scoffers from the other networks (it was plainly a case of the color-blind leading the color-blind) give every indication of wanting to board the bandwagon. Yet, in 1953—when NBC first started to broadcast in color—these same doubters were delighted to sit back and let George do it. (George happened to be the name of our first color cameraman.)

NBC's trail-blazing in color was fairly typical of the



same pioneering zest that has marked its efforts in network radio and black-and-white television. But the tremendous broadcasting advantages of color—to audiences, affiliated stations and advertisers—have always been apparent to us. That's why we were perfectly willing to go it alone among the networks in a struggle that—for a long stretch of the way—was costly, difficult and unavailing.

But now that color has come into its own, it is NBC which is best prepared to serve it up. The knowledge and experience we've gained over the past dozen years of color-casting are not trifles that can be picked up from a speeding bandwagon.

By this time, there are precious few scoffers around. The added appeal that color gives even the most attractive black-and-white program is a fact of broadcasting life. We know, for example, that when an NBC-TV show is presented in color, 80 per cent more homes with color receivers tune in than homes with black-and-white sets.

What's more, the advantages in color broadcasting will become more and more significant with each passing month. (At the end of 1965, it's estimated, there'll be some 5,000,000 color sets in use; and some 8,000,000 by the end of 1966).

Color It Wonderful

Our Fall nighttime schedule—with 15 bright new offerings joining 15 established favorites—would be a highly exciting prospect even if all the programs were being presented in black and white. But the thought that all but two of these shows will be telecast in their true, nature-given hues makes us proud enough to blush. In NBC color, of course.

NBC

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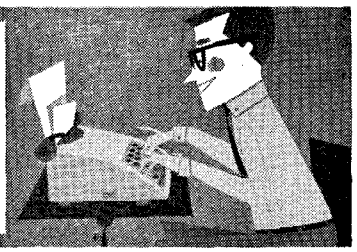
DOUBLEDAY

Top of My Head



What Are We—Statues?

RUSSIAN scientists astonished our world by announcing they had picked up extraterrestrial radio signals sent by an exbiological object. These waves have been repeated regularly every 100 days. These regularly repeated signals will undoubtedly turn out to be reruns of *Make Room for Daddy*.

However, one regularly repeated signal every 180 days is the sound of pigeons returning to the Isle of Manhattan. The pigeon season officially opened this month when they all flew back to their own personal Capistrano, which is the terrace of our apartment overlooking Park Avenue.

These feathered tourists know that New York is a good place to visit, but they wouldn't want to live here. So every six months they check in at our hotel, bag and garbage, and they visit for six months—no side trips to the Fair, the Mets, or the Empire State Building. They stay close to home, night and day, and they're here on the American plan—except that we don't feed them. Not voluntarily anyway.

May 1 is their day of arrival. The accommodations are long and spacious, our terrace running the width of our hotel, about half a block, with an awning and a sprinkling system as their private air conditioning to fend off the setting sun on hot summer days.

Not being pigeon fanciers, we have attempted over the years to discourage their annual visits. When they first arrived at our hotel about five seasons ago (thanks to the recommendation by Duncan Hines), my wife, the perfect hostess she is, tried getting rid of them by standing out on the terrace and saying "Shoo!" Apparently in pigeon English this translates into "Welcome home." That same day it brought in another group in perfect B-29 formation.

That year I was appointed house detective to throw out the uninvited guests. I searched around town but it was a hopeless task until one day I came across a bonanza—a pasty, gelatin-like substance called Pigeon Repellent. And where do you think I found it? In a pet shop.

Early one morning while the pigeons slept, I smeared the Pigeon Repellent stuff along the entire terrace. Our pigeons were not repelled. As a matter of fact, they loved the stuff. They enjoyed it as much as they did the lunches we used to eat out there during the summer months. That was the year when some gossipy carrier pigeon spread the word that we not only had an excellent and varied main course, but that we had a gelatin dessert better than cherries jubilee flambée. I wouldn't have minded so much their breaking bread with us daily if they had only appointed one of their group as a maid to clean up after meals.

The following year I read somewhere that small, multicolored whirling pinwheels would frighten them away. I decorated the terrace with small, multicolored pinwheels and the breeze set them to whirling. Not only were the pigeons not frightened away, but our terrace became their personal Coney Island. They now had fun with their meals.

It was then that we decided to eliminate outdoor eating. The terrace would be used only for sunbathing. At first this discouraged our pigeons; they were not only discouraged but also a little disappointed. Until one day they discovered suntan oil drippings. Although more ambrosial than the Repellent, suntan oil drippings, I discovered, are not as filling, because an hour later they were hungry again.

WE probably run one of the most inhospitable hostelries for pigeons on the Duncan Hines circuit. It's not that the pigeons are unappreciative. On the contrary, every day after eating us out of house and terrace they settle themselves comfortably on window ledges and alcoves and start thanking us, setting up a cooing that can be heard down on the avenue twenty-five floors below.

This week our pigeons have checked in again with their voracious appetites and their credit cards. They spent the first day casing the place for possible property improvements, testing the window ledges and split-level alcoves for bedroom suites, and setting up a din complaining about the excessively slow room service.

But I've saved my master plan for this season. I'm putting up a sign that says "No Pigeons Allowed." If that doesn't work I'm a dead pigeon, sure as shooting. Oops, now there's a Freudian thing if there ever was one.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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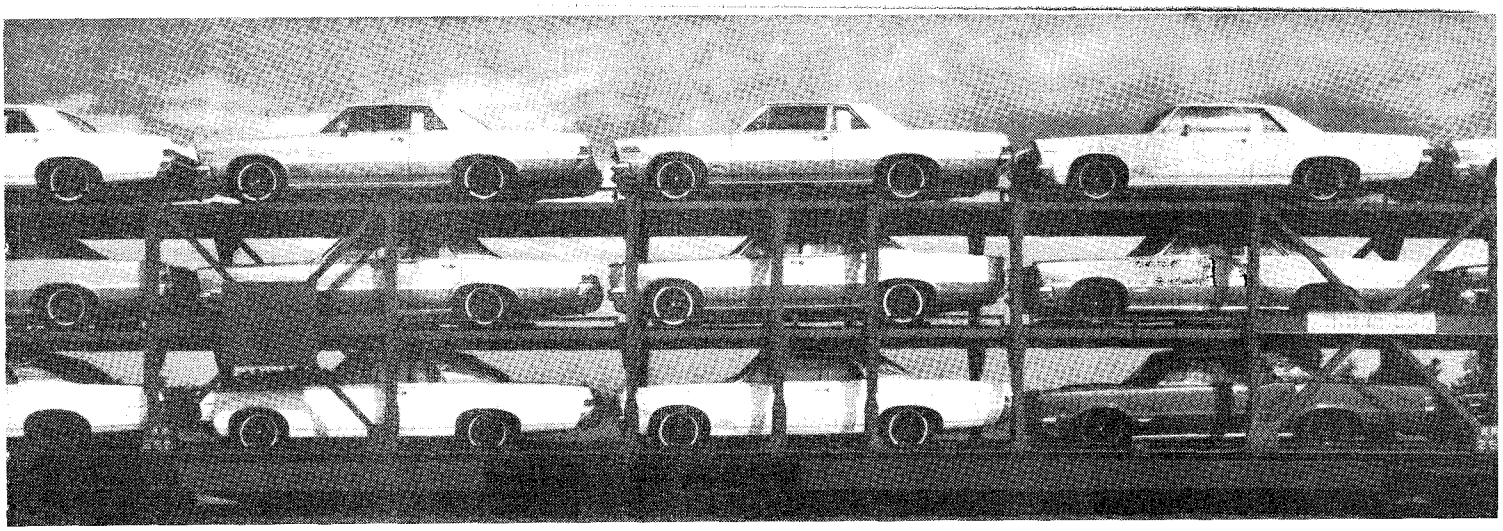

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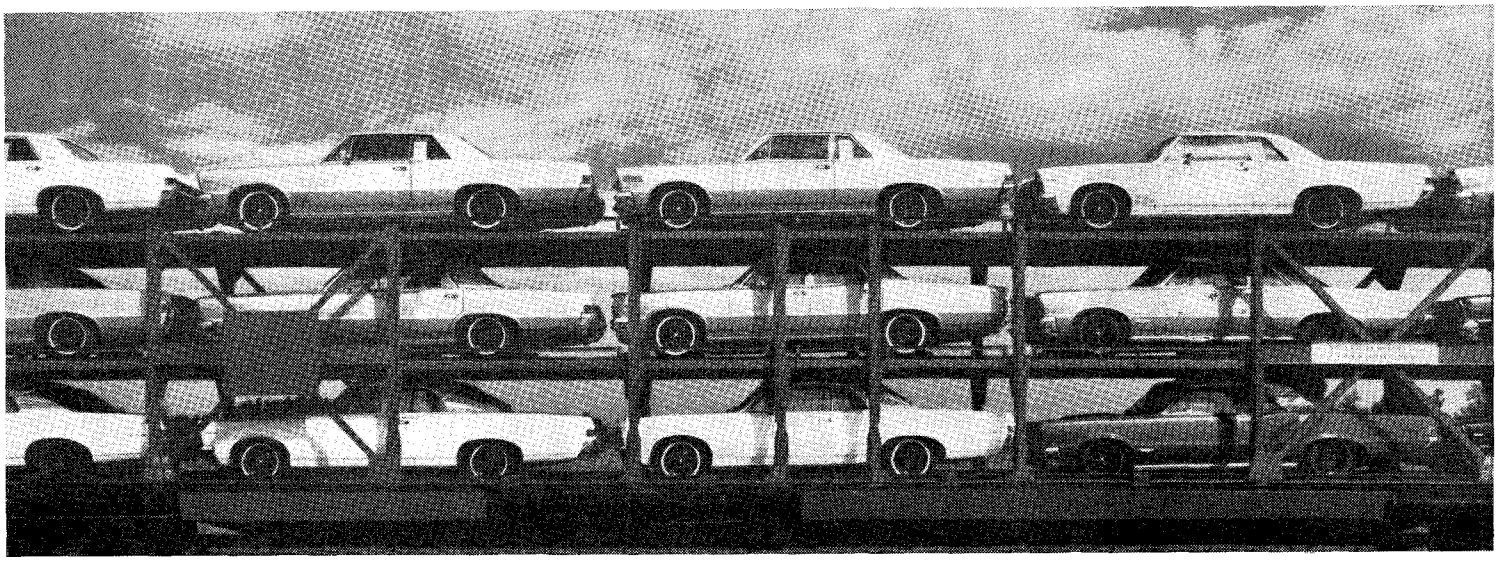
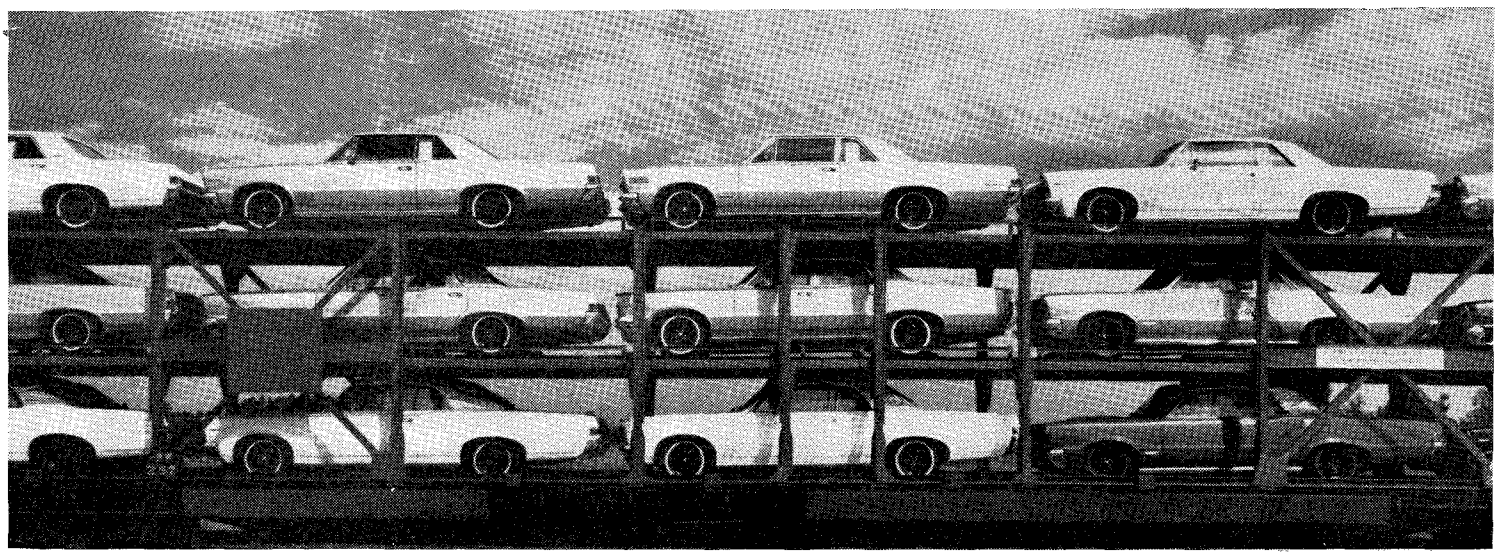


RIDE FASTER AND CHEAPER ON THE RAILS



More than 3 million new automobiles rode to market last year on "rack car" freight trains, arriving swiftly, safely, at far less cost. Each of these trains can carry as many as 1,800 new autos. (If moved over highways, one such shipment would require 300 trucks.) The rack car train is an example of how the taxpaying railroads are shaping the transportation future, how they are winning new business with new and better ideas, and how they are giving you better service and lower costs.

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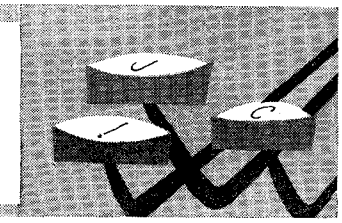
Manner of Speaking



Hair Styles and Harebrains: Somewhere within our hope for civilization and our doubt that it can really work lies the school system, and within it, between hope and doubt, there comes the case of George Leonard (see *SR*, Dec. 13, 1964). George lives in Attleboro, Massachusetts, and was doing well in high school there, though his time after hours was largely spent in banging a Beatlesome guitar while shaking his shoulder-length hair and emitting sounds. When so engaged, he bills himself as Georgie Porgie and earns (or, in any case, is paid) money as a professional musician.

Joseph E. Joyce is principal of the Attleboro High School, a position near the top of the Attleboro School System and one apparently dedicated to a social segment that might be called American Society's Simple Earnest Souls. It seems natural for an administrator of this order to protect the mythical A.S.S.E.S. from the perils of long hair, and Mr. Joyce accordingly ordered Georgie to get a haircut or get out. Georgie, however, refused to be clipped, claiming that his hair style is essential to his professional career.

Since September, Georgie and his father have been arguing at law to protect Georgie's professional locks, and the case, having failed in Superior Court, is being appealed to the State Supreme Court with the Leonards' expressed intention to fight it to the United States Supreme Court, headline by headline, if need be.

Pending the appearance of a tattooed lady in one of our classrooms (the indelible instance), I don't know how the courts will rule on the right of students to maintain hair of a professional length, but it does occur to me that Georgie's position can be supported by general precedent within the American school system. Had he, for example, grown those locks for a part he was to take in the school play, any school would have accepted them as a temporary and self-explaining oddity, perhaps on the order of a beard raised for Frontier Day. I am suggesting that the school system doesn't really care how odd you are—it just wants to make sure you have an excuse, a written one if possible.

And still I wish the Leonards had based their case on the simple right of parents and children to work out at their own pleasure the length at which the family hair will be worn, rather than on the plea of professional, and, therefore, commercial, interest. When there are two principles to defend, always choose the higher.

Nevertheless, I am not the man to insist on purity of motive. If that long hair is good for Georgie's career, the publicity he has come by in this fight is certainly not bad for it. Let him have this addition to the cause, for whatever it may be worth, and let him fight it out on whatever grounds will win, and may he win. Man or boy, the duty to respect authority ceases when authority becomes unreasonable.

MEANWHILE from Westbrook, Connecticut, comes the case of Edward T. Kores, student, and Arnold Oliver, Superintendent of Schools. Superintendent Oliver did not kick Edward out of school because of long hair. A man of nicer distinctions than are evident in Attleboro, Superintendent Oliver threw Edward out for combing his hair into bangs. As the New Haven *Register* reports the Super's explanation to Mr. and Mrs. Kores, "he wasn't suggesting that their son cut his hair but must comb it to the side while he's in school—to conform with school standards."

The Koreses, bless them, fought back but were powerless against the Super's position as supreme hair stylist of the Amalgamated School System (not to be confused with that other A.S.S.). They have, nevertheless, defended their son's right to a reasonable case of W.H.I.M. (What Humanity Is Mostly), and Edward is now in private school. May he learn there by what measure to honor parents who would rather pay up an extra tuition than bow to arbitrary stylists.

For that Super is no man to forego stylistic authority and was, according to the AP, about to "refer the matter to the circuit prosecutor for action." If Edward wouldn't comb his hair to please the Super, the Super would get the arm of the law to wield the comb. There, I submit, stands a man of purpose. Let no one tell me Americans have lost character.

On the other hand, no man need be wilfully surprised when the school system displays its character at the expense of some of those tonalities some citizens associate with intelligence and civilization. I do not know how mindless we must all become before we can be fully organized for administrative purposes, but I am grateful to Mrs. Keith L. Rader of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, who writes me that she heard the principal of a Tulsa high school tick off the Georgie Porgie case on TV and summarize it by declaring that, "He must learn a lesson in conformity."

It is easy to understand that the school administrators would love to take over that lesson. Yet let me doubt that they are entirely qualified.

When I was suffering my assault by the school system (and it mine) it seemed rather remarkably sure it knew all about how to teach that lesson. We weren't, to be sure, quite as affluent then as now. A number of the kids had patches on their pants and more than a few were just plain raggedy. We couldn't have been put into tie-and-jacket uniformity for the good reason that some of the kids didn't have ties and jackets.

But if poverty left us relatively free, the propriety of the school system certainly kept the teachers nailed to a tight psyche. A schoolmarm in those days was a civic nun. It was well into the Thirties before she could "bob" her hair without disgracing herself, and even then she might lose her job for a touch of rouge, or for smoking a cigarette in her own room at Mrs. Sniff's boarding house.

IT was the post-Victorian lesson in conformity, and if many of the spinsters bore it well enough, there were always a few in every school who were all but certifiably daft, and for good reason. Yet no school official, you may be sure, had any public doubt of his entire rightness in teaching his good old conformity lessons. The functionary mind is beyond the deepening of doubt.

What it has, instead, is a taste for conformity. The clear and lucid dream of all small administration is made up of identical units clicking in place. But the existence of that taste is no reason for issuing the bearer an unlimited license. Let me suggest, rather, that the schools think of themselves as agencies of a civilization, bearing in mind that one firm measure of a civilization (as distinguished from a technology) is an inclination to honor personal differences and even personal eccentricities within reasonable limits. Let the school system teach that lesson to the young, and it can count on the young to teach themselves conformity.

Nor am I arguing, for anarchy. Every parent delegates a reasonable authority to the schools and is reasonably liable for its enforcement. How the young act in school is properly school business. But how they look when they leave for school (also within reasonable limits: say, at least, from the neck up)—that, I shall insist, is family business and any family may reasonably demand the right to arrange it to its own taste.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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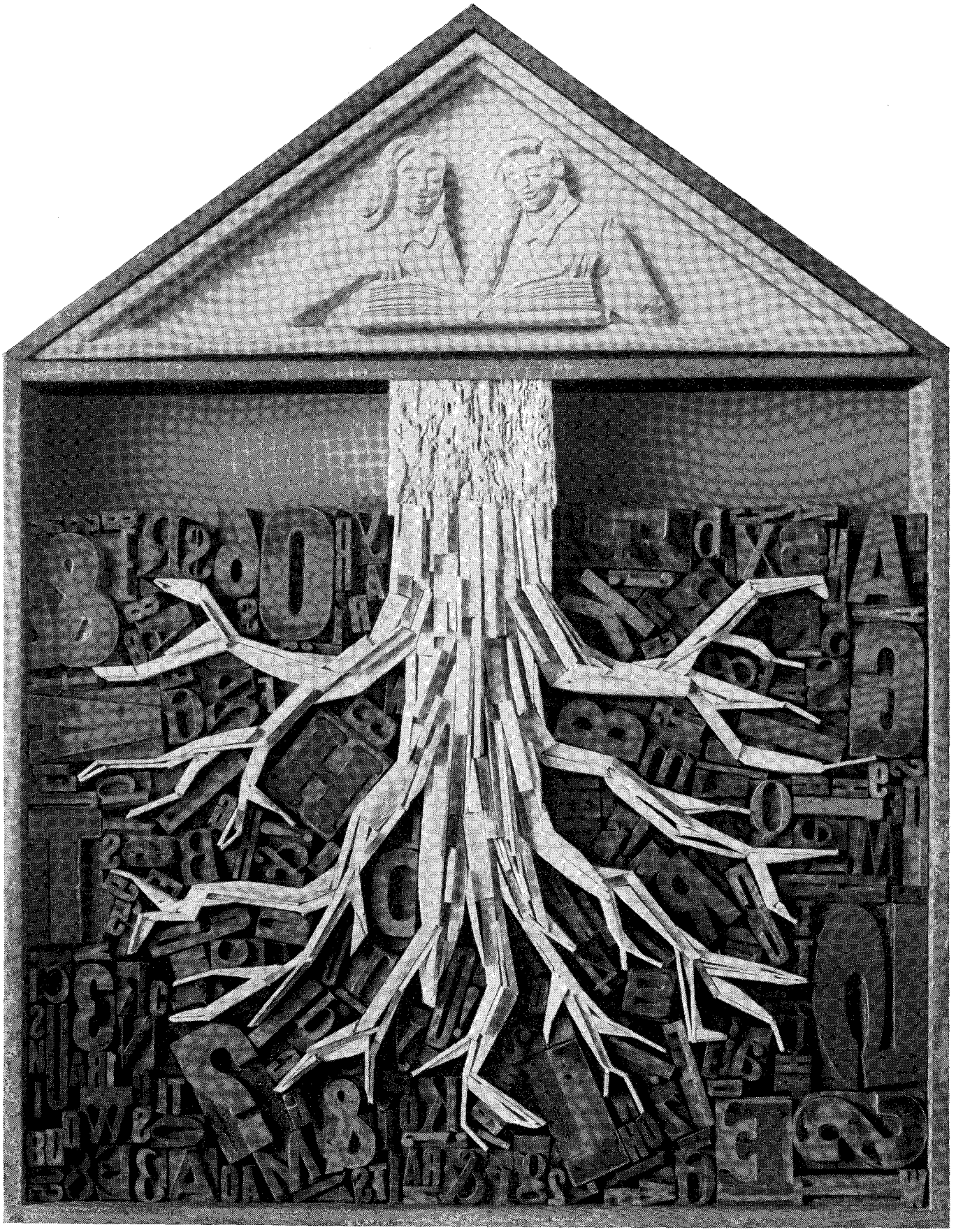

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

THE FATAL EGGS AND OTHER SOVIET SATIRE. Edited and translated by Mirra Ginsburg. Macmillan. $4.50.

FAVORITE STORIES OF HYPNOTISM. Edited by Don Ward. Dodd, Mead. $4.50.

A LERMONTOV READER. Edited and translated by Guy Daniels. Macmillan. $5.

Art

WHAT'S THERE—Lou Bernstein's Photographs, an Aesthetic Realism Art Inquiry. By Eli Siegel. Terrain Gallery (39 Grove St., NYC). $2.50.

Crime, Suspense

BABES IN THE WOODS. By Lillian O'Donnel. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

CUNNING AS A FOX. By Kyle Hunt. Macmillan. $3.95.

MURDERERS SANE AND MAD. By Miriam Allen deFord. Abelard-Schuman. $5.

THE NEUTRON BEAM MURDER. By Terry Johnson King. Abelard-Schuman. $3.50.

Current Affairs

AN ACT OF CONSCIENCE. By Len Holt. Beacon. $4.95.

CRISIS IN THE CONGO: A U.N. Force in Action. By Ernest W. Lefever. The Brookings Institution. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.95.

AN INTRODUCTION TO STRATEGY. By Andre Beaufre. Praeger. $4.95.

THE MAKING OF A QUAGMIRE. By David Halberstam. Random House. $5.95.

THE NEW FACE OF WAR. By Malcolm Browne. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

TROUBLED PARTNERSHIP: A Reappraisal of the Atlantic Alliance. By Henry A. Kissinger. McGraw-Hill-Council on Foreign Relations. $5.95.

UNFINISHED REVOLUTION: America and the Third World. By C. L. Sulzberger. Atheneum. $5.

Fiction

EMERGENCY IN THE PYRENEES. By Ann Bridge. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

THE FLIGHT OF THE FALCON. By Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday. $4.95.

FRUIT OF THE POPPY. By Robert Wilder. Putnam. $5.95.

THE HOMECOMING. By Marlena Frick. McKay. $3.75.

MR. RIGHT IS DEAD. By Rona Jaffe. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

NOT WITH A BANG. By Chapman Pincher. New American Library. $4.95.

THE OLD ORDER AND THE NEW: A Novel of Africa. By Wilfred Fowler. Macmillan. $5.

THE SECOND MRS. WU. By Agnes Sanford. Lippincott. $3.95.

History

GERMANY. By Hanns Reich. Hill & Wang. $8.95.

THE GREAT PURGE TRIAL. Edited with notes by Robert C. Tucker and Stephen F. Cohen. Grosset & Dunlap. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.

GUNS AT THE FORKS. By Walter O'Meara. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

MEN AGAINST THE MOUNTAINS. By Alson J. Smith. John Day. $5.95.

PRELUDE TO WORLD POWER: American Diplomatic History, 1860-1900. By Foster R. Dulles. Macmillan. $5.95.

Law, Government

LAWYERS AND JUDGES: The A.B.A. and the Politics of Judicial Selection. By Joel B. Grossman. John Wiley. $6.95.

PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION IN FRANCE. By F. Ridley and J. Blondel. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

Literary Criticism

THE SATURNIAN QUEST: A Study of the Prose Work of John Cowper Powys. By G. Wilson Knight. Barnes & Noble. $3.75.

Miscellany

AND THEN I TOLD THE PRESIDENT: The Secret Papers of Art Buchwald. Putnam. $4.95.

COMPLETE BOOK OF OLD CLOCKS. By Alan H. Lloyd. Putnam. $5.95.

ETIQUETTE: The Blue Book of Social Usage. By Emily Post. 1965 edition revised by Elizabeth L. Post. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.95.

USE YOUR HEAD: The Art of Personal Problem Solving. By Aaron Levenstein. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE WORLD OF BEES. By Murray Hoyt. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

Music

THE CONDUCTOR'S ART. Edited by Carl Bamberger. McGraw-Hill. $6.50.

Personal History

HEMINGWAY: An Old Friend Remembers. By Jed Kiley. Hawthorn. $3.95.

HIMMLER. By Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel. Putnam. $5.95.

ROYAL SPY. By Edna Nixon. Reynal. $6.

A ROYAL AFFINITY: The Story of Frederick the Great and His Sister, Wilhelmina of Bayreuth. Constance Wright. Scribners. $6.50.

TAKEN CARE OF: The Autobiography of Edith Sitwell. Atheneum. $5.

ULBRICHT: A Political Biography. By Carola Stern. Praeger. $5.95.

THE WOEFUL VICTORIAN: A Biography of John Addington Symonds. By Phyllis Grosskurth. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

Poetry

THE POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK. Edited by L. C. Martin. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.

Psychology

CARING FOR YOUR DISABLED CHILD. By Benjamin Spock, M.D., and Marion O. Lerrigo, Ph.D. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE TEACHER OF THE MENTALLY RETARDED. By Leon Charney and Edward La Crosse. John Day. $3.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CONDITIONS OF PHILOSOPHY: Its Checkered Past, Its Present Disorder and Its Future Promise. By Mortimer J. Adler. Atheneum. $5.95.

LITURGY AND CHRISTIAN UNITY. By Romey P. Marshall and Michael J. Taylor, S.J. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

TRUTHS IN TENSION: New Perspectives on Religion and Science. By John Habgood. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

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THE MAN THEY WOULDN'T LET DIE. By Alexander Dorozynski. Macmillan. $4.95.

WANDERERS IN THE SKY: The Motions of Planets and Space Probes. Edited by Thornton Page and Lou Williams Page. Macmillan. $7.95.

Sociology

EMILE DURKHEIM. By Robert A. Nisbet. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.45.

GEORG SIMMEL. By Lewis A. Coser. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $2.45.

MAIN CURRENTS IN SOCIOLOGICAL THOUGHT. Volume I. By Raymond Aron. Basic Books. $4.95.

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FODOR'S GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN, BAHAMAS, AND BERMUDA. Edited by Eugene Fodor. McKay. $5.95.

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When I Was Young

By William Stafford

THAT good river that flowed backward
when it felt the danger of Babylon
taught the rest of us in the story how to be good,
but my mother said, "God, I used to love that town."
Animals that knew the way to Heaven
wagged at the back doors of every house
when I was young, and horses told fences
the story of Black Beauty, and smelled of the good manger.
Those times tested the pre-war clocks, and
cold mornings they rang and rang. I haven't recently
seen rivers flow backward or animals that remember.
The clocks, though, still pursue what they endlessly loved.

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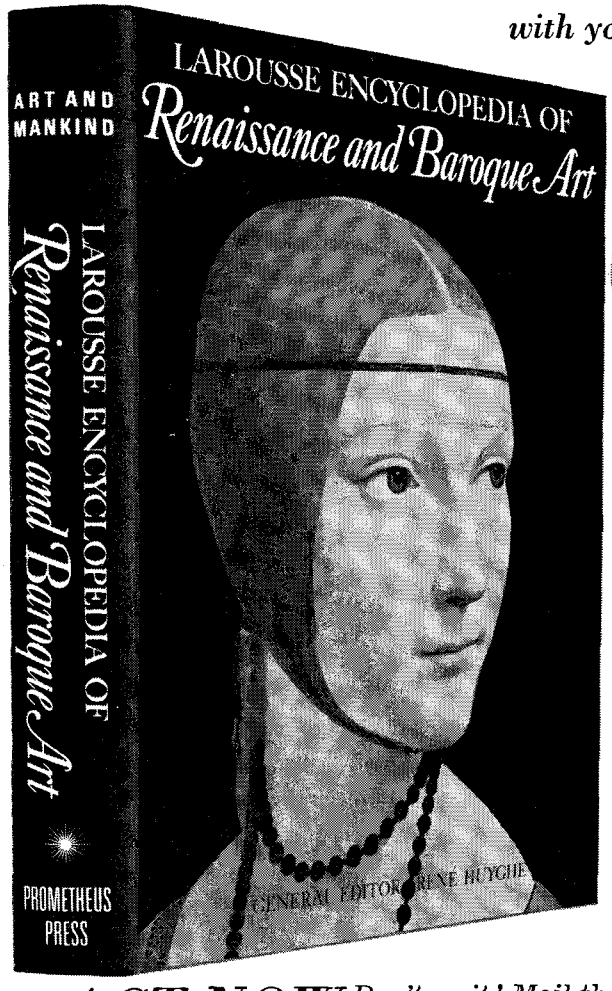

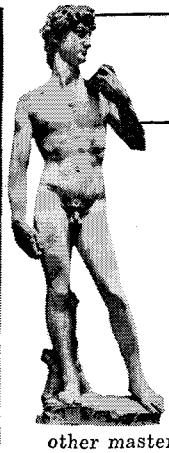

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Saturday Review
May 1, 1965

WHEN THE WORLD'S PEOPLES TALKED PEACE

Highlights of the Pacem in Terris Convocation

THIS PAST February some sixty statesmen, diplomats, politicians, and intellectuals from twenty nations gathered in New York to examine one of the central problems of our time: the search for peace. The meeting was uniquely significant in several ways, not least of which was the frank and sustained exchange of views, philosophies, and specific proposals that took place among people of widely differing national and political backgrounds. They were brought together specifically to discuss the problem of peace in the context of the encyclical of Pope John XXIII, "Pacem in Terris," but the conversations ranged far beyond that starting point. *SR* is privileged to present here, in cooperation with the convocation's sponsor, the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, California, some highlights of those conversations.

The tone and direction of the conference were established by Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the Center, when he told the assembled delegates: "This is not an ecumenical council assembled to debate religious topics. This is a political meeting. The question is: How can we make peace, not peace through the medium of war, not peace through the dreadful mechanisms of terror, but peace, pure, simple, and durable. If the principles of 'Pacem in Terris' are sound, how can they be carried out in the world as it is? If they are unsound, what principles are sound, and how can they be realized today? What does it mean to 'coexist,' and how can we do it?"

Those who heard this charge ranged from Vice President Hubert Humphrey to Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit of India; from Chief Justice Earl Warren to Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan of the World Court; from Henry R. Luce, editorial chairman of Time Inc., to N. N. Inozemtsev, deputy chief editor of *Pravda*; and from Herman Kahn, the nuclear expert, to Dagmar Wilson of Women Strike for Peace.

For three days the participants wrestled with a tough-minded agenda on the requirements of peace. They did so in the presence of an invited audience of more than 2,000, a unique assemblage in its own right. Americans from all parts of the country were amiably blended with foreign visitors, students and international scholars, parsons and nuns, public men and professional workers for peace.

The subjects placed on the round table for discussion included some of the familiar, stubborn generalities: coexistence, nationalism and national sovereignty, human rights in international affairs, the rule of law, economic disparities, the possibilities of world government. But there were specifics, too. The panel on "A European Settlement" was chaired by Paul-Henri Spaak, vice premier and foreign minister of Belgium, and brought together Robert Buron of France, George F. Kennan of the United States, Adam Schaff of Poland, and Carlo Schmid, vice president of the Federal Republic of Germany. These engaged nationals were called upon to address themselves to the pressing issues of military confrontation, nuclear proliferation, and Germany and Berlin.

The convocation had its ceremonial opening in the great hall of the United Nations at perhaps the lowest point in the history of the international organization. The General Assembly had recessed in disorder after failure to settle the dispute among the great powers over payment for peace-keeping missions. The specter of a drastically weakened U.N. haunted convocation sessions devoted to the institutional requirements for peace and was not dispelled by the solemn concluding address of Secretary-General U Thant. So, too, United States foreign policy came under new scrutiny—and fire—as a result of the escalating conflict in Vietnam.

No ultimate agreement was reached, and none was sought. But as the sessions wore on, morning, noon, and night, alternating prepared speeches with open-end panel discussions, the overflow audience stayed in place in the vast New York Hilton ballroom. There was a tangible feeling that something of great importance was taking place as these earnest men and women of many faiths, and of no faith, paraded their differences and examined their national consciences. They were trying hard to respond to Hutchins's injunction: "It is time to open a new conversation about the requirements of peace on a level somewhere between apathy and panic, and this side of the irrelevance of propaganda. In opening such a

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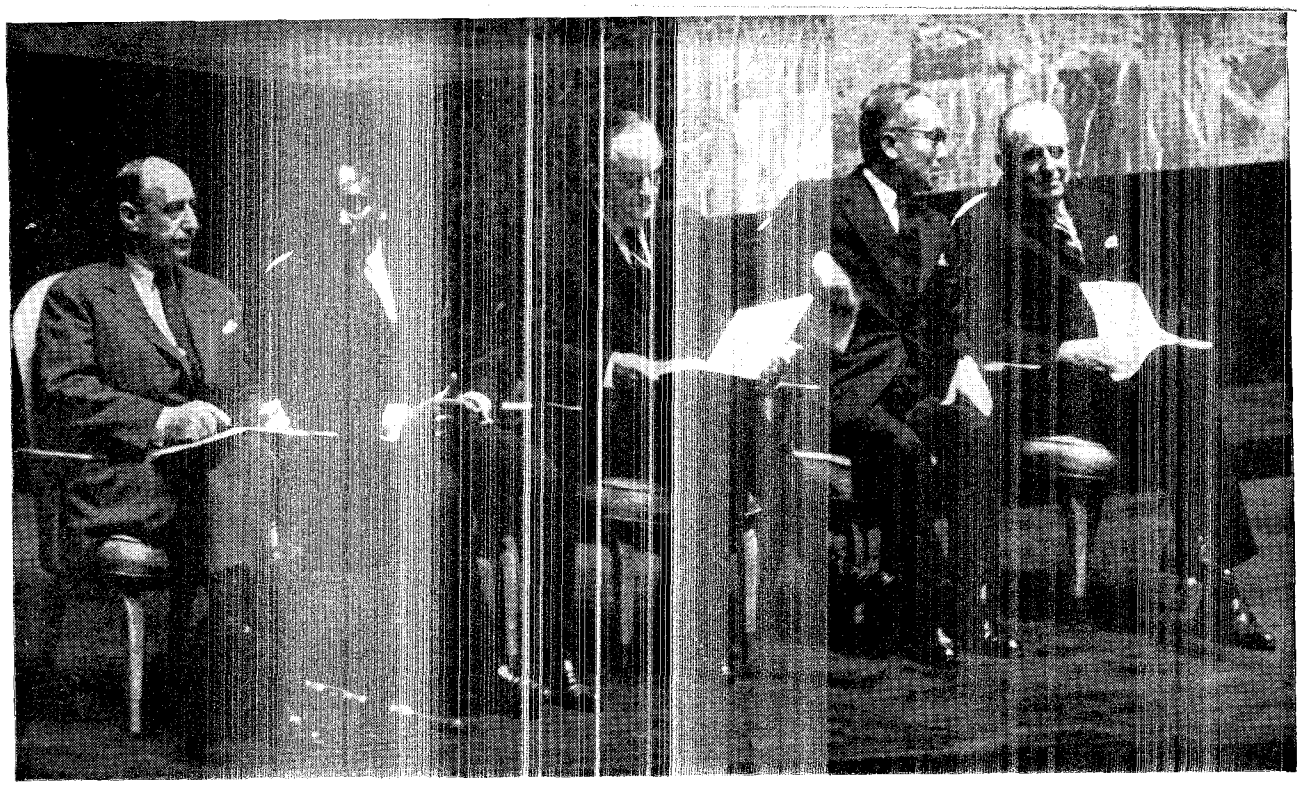

As the convocation opened—Secretary-General U Thant addressed "Pacem in Terris" delegates in the U.N. General Assembly Hall are, from left, Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson, Ambassador Alex Quaison-Sackey of Ghana, Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant, and Paul G. Hoffman, Managing Director of the U.N. Special Fund.

conversation now, we may justify the words of Pope John, who, in commenting on 'Pacem in Terris' just before his death, said of it: 'We are convinced the doctrine it offers to the world will prevail by its very clarity. Presented to our contemporaries without partisan bias, it can but foster the growth in the world of those who worthily and with glory will be called builders and makers of peace.'"

The nature of the historic conversation is indicated in the following excerpts from more than eighteen hours of formal addresses, panel discussions, and evaluation sessions staged in the course of the convocation (they are currently being broadcast in their entirety over stations of the National Educational Television Network). The selection and topical arrangement is by Fred Warner Neal, professor of international relations and government at the Claremont Graduate School, who served the Center as convocation program consultant. —THE EDITORS.

Coexistence

SENATOR FULBRIGHT: "A condition essential for coexistence between the Soviet Union and the United States is a clear understanding by each of both the power and the limits of its own ideas and a better understanding of the other's attitudes. . . . We must strive to induce the world's great nations to adapt their ideologies to the human requirements of a changing world. . . . The most vital condition of coexistence is the cultivation of a spirit in which nations are more interested in solving problems than in proving theories and more interested in helping people to be happy than in forcing them to be virtuous. . . . Both sides today are showing at least intermittent awareness that their ideologies are as great a source of danger as they are of strength."

PAUL-HENRI SPAAK: "Today, when we want to speak of coexistence, we feel compelled to take as a basis of our reflections two messages that have come from two different corners of the earth and given by men that obviously had very little in common—the encyclical of the Pope and the doctrine of Mr. Khrushchev. The fact that these two documents should come to similar conclusions is a fact that is impressive and should be very much borne in mind by us all. . . . I do not see how one can impugn the reality of peaceful coexistence. It would mean that we reject the possibility of settling disputes and problems in peace . . . , which would be both a stupidity and a monstrosity. We must not reject this challenge if we have faith in the political and moral principles of our way of life, if we have faith in our system of democracy, liberty, and freedom. . . . To practice peaceful coexistence, we must renounce war with no restrictions. . . . But this will only be possible when a universal organization such as the United Nations is strong enough to establish law and have it respected."

ADAM SCHAFF: "Peaceful coexistence means relations between nations and people belonging to different social, economic, and political systems. It renounces 'hot war,' but ideological conflicts not only continue but even increase. If somebody does not like it, it is well to remember that it is better we throw on each others' heads ideologies rather than atomic bombs. The oversimplified view that coexistence means the absence of ideological conflict is an enormous mistake. What would this mean? You Americans would have to drop your ideals and what you call the American way of life. The Christians would have to drop their ideals. Are they prepared to do so? Not at all. Now why do you think that the Communists should be prepared to do so? We are not. Nobody is, and nobody should. Coexistence is a fight, a competition, but a very noble one, a competition for the hearts and brains of people. Coexistence, however, requires tolerance, coming closer together, knowing each other better.

It also requires cooperation. If we Communists are stressing that there is no coexistence in ideology, remember that at the same time we are telling something much more important, namely that we can and we do have the wish to cooperate in all fields."

N. N. INOZEMTSEV: "The Soviet Union does not conceal its intention to win the economic competition with the capitalist world. But it does not mean at all abandoning economic cooperation. The principles of peaceful coexistence provide for the development of normal economic and political

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Participants in the Pacem in Terris Convocation

His Excellency Chief S. O. Adebo, Representative of Nigeria to the United Nations

Steve Allen, author, critic, and television personality

Eugene Burdick, Professor of Political Science, University of California

His Excellency Robert Buron, Chairman, National Committee on Productivity, Republic of France

Lord Caradon, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, United Kingdom

Abram J. Chayes, Former Legal Adviser to the Department of State

Grenville Clark, attorney; co-author of *World Peace Through World Law*

John Cogley, Staff Director, Study of the American Character, Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

Norman Cousins, Editor, *Saturday Review*

The Honorable Xavier Deniau, The French National Assembly

The Honorable William O. Douglas, Associate Justice, United States Supreme Court, and Chairman, Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

His Excellency Abba Eban, Deputy Prime Minister of Israel

James Farmer, National Director, Congress of Racial Equality

Jerome Frank, Professor of Psychiatry, Johns Hopkins University Medical School

The Honorable J. William Fulbright, Chairman, Foreign Relations Committee, United States Senate

The Most Reverend George H. Guilfoyle, Archdiocese of New York

Hudson Hoagland, Executive Director, Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology

The Honorable Paul G. Hoffman, Director, United Nations Special Fund, and Honorary Chairman, Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

H. Stuart Hughes, Professor of History, Harvard University

The Honorable Hubert H. Humphrey, Vice President of the United States

Robert M. Hutchins, President of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

N. N. Inozemtsev, Deputy Chief Editor of *Pravda*

The Honorable Philip C. Jessup, Judge, International Court of Justice

Herman Kahn, Director, Hudson Institute

The Honorable George F. Kennan, former United States Ambassador to the USSR and to Yugoslavia

Edward Lamb, President, Lamb Industries, and Member of the Board of Directors, Center of the Study of Democratic Institutions

His Excellency Alberto Lleras Camargo, Former President of Colombia

Henry R. Luce, Editorial Chairman, Time Inc.

Marya Mannes, author and critic

The Honorable Eugene J. McCarthy, United States Senator from Minnesota

The Honorable George McGovern, United States Senator from South Dakota

Academician M. D. Millionshchikov, Vice President, Academy of Sciences, USSR

Walter Millis, Staff Director, Study of War and Democratic Institutions, Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

Hans J. Morgenthau, Director, Center for the Study of American Foreign and Military Policy, University of Chicago

Fred Warner Neal, Professor of International Relations and Government, Claremont Graduate School

His Excellency Pietro Nenni, Deputy Prime Minister of Italy

Leslie Paffrath, President, Johnson Foundation

Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, Governor of Maharashtra, India, and former President of the United Nations General Assembly

James G. Patton, President, National Farmers Union

Linus Pauling, Nobel Science Laureate and Nobel Peace Laureate, Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

The Honorable Claiborne Pell, United States Senator from Rhode Island

Gerard Piel, Editor and Publisher, *Scientific American*

His Excellency Alex Quaison-Sackey, Representative of Ghana to the United Nations, and President of the United Nations General Assembly

The Honorable Luis Quintanilla, Former President of the Council, Organization of American States, and Ambassador of Mexico

R. Paul Ramsey, Harrington Spear Paine Professor of Religion, Princeton University

His Excellency Abdul Monem Rifa'i, Representative of Jordan to the United Nations

Elmo Roper, public opinion analyst

Bayard Rustin, Executive Secretary, War Resisters League.

The Honorable William Fitts Ryan, Representative from New York, U.S. Congress

Dr. Adam Schaff, Member of the Central Committee, United Workers' (Communist) Party of Poland

The Honorable Carlo Schmid, Vice President of the Bundestag of the Federal Republic of Germany

Stanley K. Sheinbaum, Economist, Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions

George N. Shuster, Assistant to the President, University of Notre Dame

His Excellency Paul-Henri Spaak, Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister of Belgium

Harold E. Stassen, Disarmament Adviser to President Eisenhower

His Excellency Adlai E. Stevenson, Representative of the United States to the United Nations

Carl F. Stover, Executive Director, National Institute of Public Affairs

The Honorable Kenzo Takayanagi, Chairman of the Constitution Revision Commission of Japan

His Excellency U Thant, Secretary-General of the United Nations

Paul Tillich, John Nuveen Professor of Theology, University of Chicago

Mrs. Vida Tomsic, Member of the Committee for Foreign Affairs, Federal Assembly of Yugoslavia

Arnold Toynbee, historian, Great Britain

Miss Barbara Ward, economist and author, Great Britain

The Honorable Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the United States

Mrs. Dagmar Wilson, Founder, Women Strike for Peace

The Honorable Sir Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, Judge, International Court of Justice

Yevgenyi Zhukov, Director of the Institute of History, Academy of Sciences, USSR

relations. . . . In the course of them, the people have the opportunity to judge the merits and deficiencies of every system and to choose the social order of their own liking. Ideological opponents of Communism assert that 'war and socialist revolutions are synonymous,' that 'Communists advocate armed violence everywhere at all times' and that 'Communists allegedly believe that every means is justified for the sake of triumph of revolution.' There is nothing more alien to the spirit of Marxism than the doctrine of export of revolution and revolutionary wars. Socialist and national liberation revolutions result from the most acute class antagonisms of capitalist society, as an expression of the impact of internal forces and struggle of popular masses in each country. . . . Marxists resolutely oppose the export of revolution. But they nonetheless resolutely oppose the export of counterrevolution, of forceful interference into domestic affairs of any nation in order to support a regime that a nation abhors. . . . That is why we oppose U.S. military intervention in South Vietnam. . . . In the opinion of the Soviet government, there are no major disputes at the present time which cannot be settled peacefully by negotiation."

George F. Kennan: "I should like to plead for a basic revision of our assumptions concerning Soviet intentions, both hypothetical and actual. The assumptions commonly made with respect to Soviet military intentions are ones that

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can be reconciled neither with Communist doctrine (which does not envisage the bringing of socialism to peoples exclusively or primarily on the bayonets of foreign armies), nor with the moral commitments the Soviet leaders have assumed to their own people, nor with the present state of relations between Moscow and the Communist countries of Eastern Europe. They impute to the Soviet leaders a total inhumanity not plausible even in nature, and out of accord with those humane ideals which we must recognize as lying, together with other elements less admirable in the eyes of some of us, at the origins of all European Marxism. I should like, therefore, to make a plea for something resembling a new act of faith in the ultimate humanity and sobriety of the people on the other side. . . . But the ideological contest as you Communists see it is not only an intellectual competition; it is a political competition as well, involving not only the minds of men but also their fears—a competition which does not entirely respect what is in their minds because it does not fully recognize the organized expression of the popular will. . . . Until there exists on the Communist side a disposition to accept expressions of the popular will, however imperfect, as the ultimate basis of political action and of the determination of political authority, there will remain a certain contradiction between the concept of ideological competition you have put forward here and the concept of coexistence about which we are speaking."

ALBERTO LLERAS CAMARGO: "Even if the underdeveloped countries want coexistence, they cannot have it if one power in the world, whatever it is, is constantly trying to subvert the order, whatever the order is, in every nation so as to get more power for its revolution and its national interests. If it is acceptable that one country could create all over the world national liberation armies to fight against the government, I don't think it is possible to have an order of peace for small countries. The first condition for coexistence is to have it accepted by all the great powers in good faith. . . ."

STUART HUGHES: "I am impressed by the great amount of agreement on coexistence. Five years ago we would not have had this much agreement. But the hardest problem we face is wars of national liberation. We claim that the USSR and China are exporting revolution. They claim that these are spontaneous revolts and that we are exporting counterrevolution. In a way both cliché statements are correct. But if we are Americans of good will, we can try to locate the point at which our efforts, which we say are in defense of freedom, cease by imperceptible stages to be that and become instead the export of counterrevolution, as our Soviet friends suggest."

ARNOLD TOYNBEE: "Present-day ideologies have the same right as the older missionary religions to try to propagate themselves by peaceful preaching, but not by subversive political or military action."

FRED WARNER NEAL: "We have a tendency to avoid thinking about the specifics of coexistence. There is even a group in the government that doesn't like to use the word, in part because it is used by the Soviets for propaganda purposes. One part of our policy is based on the idea that we face the threat of

Paul-Henri Spaak: "We must not reject this challenge."

Soviet military aggression, and the other part of it is based on the idea that most revolution is exported. If Mr. Kennan is correct that these ideas are false, and if Mr. Inozemtsev is correct in stating that the USSR feels no present international conflict cannot be settled by negotiation, then I think we must start thinking about what coexistence means in specific terms."

PAUL-HENRI SPAAK: "Peaceful coexistence implies the formal condemnation of all racism, whether it be positive or negative. It is not enough not to hate or to despise men of a different race or color. This is the minimum. We must also apply what I venture to call 'political anti-racism. . . .' Finally, if we want peaceful coexistence, we must accept and disseminate the notion that the riches of the world must be shared equitably, or in any event more equitably than at present. I do not mean we must necessarily search for absolute equality. Among peoples as among men there are inequalities that cannot be avoided. But as long as we have some nations that are too wealthy and others that are too poor we shall not be able to construct on a solid basis."

CARLO SCHMID: "A pledge to the principle of peaceful coexistence does not mean that existing delineation of areas of domination must be looked on as the unalterable order of things and thus as the suitable basis for peaceful coexistence for all times. A mere pledge to coexistence is not enough. If we take the principles of the encyclical seriously, we must bring ourselves to make the postulates of democracy and human rights the real basis of coexistence."

Poverty, Race, and Freedom

ABDUL MONEM RIFA'I: "In our concept of peace, we envisage freedom in its widest sense, freedom from supremacy of one nation over another and from one policy over the other. It is the desire for superiority and supremacy that creates inequalities and disturbs social and international order. Such inequalities are bound to give rise to hostilities and violence. . . ."

STUART HUGHES: "The main thing is hunger and desperation in the non-European parts of the world, where situations become so intolerable and . . . militant elements of the population feel that they have no recourse but to spring to arms, as in Angola, for example. It is among hungry, desperate, oppressed peoples that the potential lies for a local war that can escalate into a major war."

JAMES FARMER: "Peace is not just the opposite of war. I think the encyclical makes this quite clear. In the nuclear age we must have an absence of war because we cannot afford to have war. But we have an equal responsibility to do something about creating the justice of which the encyclical speaks by creating a recognition of the dignity of the individual. I speak here with specific reference to South Africa, as a symbol of the whole African problem. We have a responsibility to say to the resisters to apartheid that they must not use war because resistance may lead to rebellion, rebellion may lead to revolution, and revolution may lead to war. But in saying this to them, we also have a responsibility to give them some other means of waging that inevitable conflict which seeks justice and the dignity of the individual."

JAMES PATTON: "The United States has cast its lot on a Cold War basis, and on the basis that all you have to do to

The sketches on these pages were made during the Pacem in Terris Convocation by Milwaukee artist Alan Lane Gass.

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have peace in the world is to have military strength. I submit that it is going to take a lot more than that, and that both the United States and Russia may be left out in the cold. The rest of the world may not stay with them. The issue today is not Communism versus whatever we have. It is whether or not we, the white men, the minority of the world, can join the rest of the human race, which is colored."

Nationalism and Sovereignty

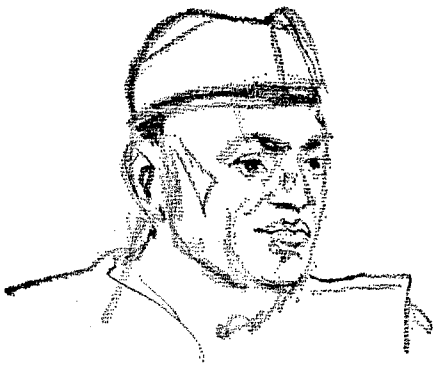
HANS MORGENTHAU: "The nation-state has been rendered obsolete to the nuclear revolution in the same way in which feudalism was made obsolete 200 years ago by the first industrial revolution of the steam engine. Any government has one purpose: to protect the lives, liberty, and pursuit of happiness of its citizens. In the atomic age a national government that is armed with nuclear weapons but pursues pre-atomic foreign policies with the support of those atomic weapons becomes the enemy of its own people. . . . There will be no dramatic transition but a very gradual transition. What I am aiming at is the recognition in the mind of all responsible statesmen that they are really nothing more than caretakers of a bankrupt international machine which you have to transform slowly into a new one."

PAUL RAMSEY: "The views heard from representatives of younger nations only confirm what we know already, namely that this is a world of newly luxuriant nationalism. It is a movement precisely contrary to the direction Professor Morgenthau takes to be the nature of objective reality. The view that the state is obsolete is more radical than that of Pope John. We have to talk about how the nation-state is going to fetch forth from itself those limitations and those degrees of abolition of the nation-state system that we regard as being in accord with objective reality in our age."

HAROLD STASSEN: "I do not agree that the nation-state is obsolete. I do feel that we must move from where we are to a stronger United Nations and that we must lift the objectives of the nation-states to a first concern for the future well-being of all mankind."

SIR MUHAMMAD ZAFRULLA KHAN: "Independence and sovereignty are necessary conditions of international cooperation. The acceptance of international obligations and participation in international cooperation are beginning to be recognized as an exercise of sovereignty and not a negation of it."

EUGENE BURDICK: "There has been a great deal of discussion about independence, as if independence were an absolute good. Independence is invariably followed by the phenomenon of nationalism, and nationalism is invariably warlike and bloody-minded, defensive and aggressive."

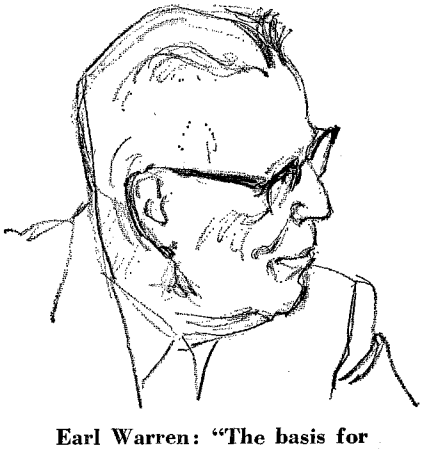


Chief Adebo: "The examples of the great countries are . . . deplorable."

CHIEF S. O. ADEBO: "If nationalism is a danger to international interdependence, as I think it is, the greater danger comes from the nationalism of the older and major powers rather than from the nationalism of the new nations. The examples of the great developed countries, and particularly the major powers of the world, to the new nations are—if I may put it bluntly, with all respect to their great wisdom—simply deplorable. I do believe that national interests are important. But if we are to follow 'Pacem in Terris,' we have to recognize, great and small people alike, that there is an allegiance which transcends the national interests, and that is the interests of humanity as a whole."

International Law

EARL WARREN: "I happen to believe that the basis for an ordered world is law. If we really want peace on earth, if we believe that order is achieved through law, then we should make world peace through law our preoccupation. First we must agree on principles that are essential to peace in our twentieth-century civilization. Then we must advocate and promulgate laws that will make those principles the guiding force of nations and people everywhere. Lastly we must have forums for their interpretation and enforcement."



Earl Warren: "The basis for an ordered world is law."

PHILIP C. JESSUP: "Sovereignty in the sense of the unregulated will of states to do as they please is absolutely incompatible with the international rule of law. . . . People do not realize always that every time a state enters into a treaty—as for example a treaty limiting nuclear tests—it is not only exercising sovereignty but it is limiting its sovereignty and prohibiting itself from doing certain things in the future. I regret to say the international lawyers of the Soviet Union do not share this point of view about sovereignty. . . . In the Soviet view, the preservation of sovereignty is the keynote, and the necessary foundation of the operation of the U.N.

STANLEY SHEINBAUM: "There is not much difference between what we refer to now as the export of counterrevolution and the assumption of the role of international vigilante. . . . We have to fill the vacuum into which both the United States and the Soviet Union have stepped and the Chinese Communists are stepping as vigilantes. There has to be some order in the world. . . . What I am calling for, of course, is an international police force."

ELMO ROPER: "If you are suggesting an international police force, they must be there for the purpose of enforcing something. I know of nothing they could enforce except world law, do you?"

STANLEY SHEINBAUM: "No, the kind of structure I am advocating is impossible without world law. This is the next move."

STUART HUGHES: "I don't think we have to wait for world law. I am all for it, but it is a long time away. It has been possible on numerous occasions for the United Nations to agree on police action. If we could straighten out the legalistic tangle that is now going on between the United States and the Soviet Union and could agree on the principle of a permanent force in being, I believe it would be possible for some U.N. body to vote a police action. . . . Within a medium constitutional machinery, short of world law, something can still be done."

WILLIAM FITTS RYAN: "I agree there is a method of reaching an international force to serve as peace-keeping operation without having reached the ultimate desirability of world law and a complete international system of law."

(*Continued on page* 65)

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Njal's Saga

By KENNETH REXROTH

ONE OF THE MOST complex and dramatic novels ever written is *Njal's Saga*. It teems with characters, each sharply, however briefly drawn, all presented in the most dramatic contexts. The narrative is carried by dialogue and by action of maximum concreteness. It is the story of the life of a man of great wisdom and spiritual strength in the early days of the colonization of Iceland. Much of it is concerned with the development of barbaric blood feuds and the struggle of Njal as a leader of the community to reduce them to the workings of civilized justice. With others he is usually successful but his closest friend, Gunnar, has a wife, Hallgerd, whose malevolent pride endlessly clashes with the imperious temper of Njal's wife, Bergthora, and sets in train a series of vendettas in which first Gunnar and then Njal himself and his wife and all his sons are destroyed. In spite of murders, battles, ambushes, ghosts, and Viking raids, the thing that most amazes the modern reader about *Njal's Saga* is the unparalleled maturity of its characters. These yeomen on their bleak island at the end of the earth are adult in a fashion unknown to Homer's Agamemnon or Proust's Swann.

We think of Icelandic Saga literature as the expression of a heroic age with its disorder, its lack of all clearly defined and accepted values except those necessary to animal survival, its conflict between shame and guilt, and its political instability, all resulting in the comparative simplicity of the typical epic plot. Nothing could be less true. The heroic characters of the finer sagas are not members of a barbaric war band gathered from the homeless men of collapsing and emerging civilizations. Like the Greek city state before Alexander, Icelandic society in its early days is a convincing proof of the Malthusian argument. Here is an isolated society, the result of a demanding selective process —even to go to Iceland from Scandinavia a man had to be something of a hero— kept pruned biologically by an equally demanding ecology, small enough so the members acted upon each other intensely and personally. Islanding produces rapid evolutionary change and demands full use of all the potentialities of a species, whether it be the alpine flora of a mountain range separated by thousands of miles from similar environments, or the exclusive good families of Henry James's Boston or New York, or the Japanese court of the *Tale of Genji*. Such closed communities are not just inbred; they are social, moral, intellectual, and ultimately spiritual as well as biological forcing beds, self-isolating and concentrating. It is because of such islanding that a work like *Njal's Saga* is as complex as *The Wings of the Dove* or *Remembrance of Things Past*.

The objection to overpopulation is esthetic, not economic. Kropotkin was right. It would be possible to feed Manhattan with hydroponic vegetables and protein-rich algae, raised in the windows of the glass, steel and concrete barracks. But humane values diffuse and drain away among too many people, and too many is a rather small number, not much more than the population of the Florence of the Medicis, the Athens of Sophocles, the Iceland of the sagas.

Mass man is man without responsibility. *Njal's Saga* is an epic of ever-mounting crises of conscience, the steady intensification of the moral interaction of a very limited number of human beings whose relationships are governed by a continuously and spontaneously evolving law. It is possible to play many thousands of games with thirty-two chessmen. It is impossible to play any if the pieces are increased to millions. The order of the electrons in the universe is a statistical order. Only in single, limited objects is it a real one and only in very small objects is it actually determinable.

Throughout the saga Njal is the focus of the contending social forces. He is the knot that holds the complex tensions of his society together. What brings him down is, first, simply the passage of time. If one makes a life habit of unlimited liability, the accumulated responsibilities of a lifetime may become too complex and, at the same time, too poignantly focused to be borne. One man might sustain so complicated an architecture of stresses and balances so long as there was no unaccountable interference from outside. Njal is a professional "Law Speaker," one of the creators of a structure of decency and order among independent but cooperating yeomen. Such a structure can be made self-sustaining, but it cannot be made self-perpetuating. It is perpetuated by child-bearing, and children are born by women. Once again the monstrous regimen of women works behind the scenes with its own intestinal vindictiveness that brings all noble superstructures to ruin. Njal, after a lifetime of unparalleled nobility and relentless education of the conscience, ends, like the Nibelungs, in fire. His home and his family are destroyed with him, and all for an impetuous spite. A vector of tension unaccounted for in his careful system of checks and balances of moral liability smashes a lifetime's husbandry, like an arrow shot from outside into a web of glass.

ALTHOUGH the narrative of *Njal's Saga* is complicated with psychological subtleties and constantly shifting minor motivations unsurpassed in fiction, the major confrontation is stated with clarity and simplicity. It is the womb against law and order, what contemporary slang calls the struggle of id and super-ego. Perhaps this is why the masses prefer mass society. Among millions this destructive electric charge does not leap between positive and negative like lightning but is grounded out in the asexual anonymous mass. It is so powerful in *Njal's Saga* because of the superlative beauty of the structure of conflicting conscience and liability, and because from this structure there shines forth an inescapable embodied realization, the knowledge that life is more powerful than order. Existence is orderly; the individual and his related fellows persist only as long as they are so, but it is vital disorder that endures throughout time and from which organization emerges into temporary significance and into which it washes away.

Most people of my generation read *Njal's Saga* in the Everyman's Library edition, where it is called *Burnt Njal*. There is now a new scholarly translation in vigorously idiomatic English—*Njal's Saga*, translated by Carl F. Bayerschmidt and Lee M. Hollander, published by New York University Press, 1955.

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The Great Manuscript Rush

By DAVID DEMPSEY

AT SOTHEBY's Auction Gallery in London, during the winter season of 1962, a climactic moment arrived when the auctioneer opened the bidding on forty-one lots of holograph material from the pen of Dame Edith Sitwell. Fifteen of these were manuscripts of poems and the remainder consisted of workbooks—some of them more than 1,000 pages long—filled with notes and early drafts of her finished work. Although the poetry manuscripts brought the relatively modest sum of $1,094.40, the twenty-six notebooks, putatively at least representing the key to Dame Edith's creative muse, were knocked down at the whopping figure of $38,724.

The occasion was notable for several reasons. Miss Sitwell was able to clear her attic of a lot of material that had cluttered it for forty-two years; she probably earned more from auction than she had from royalties on the published version of these items, and she helped reduce, in a small way, England's balance-of-payments deficit. The $38,724 paid for the notebooks came from a United States dealer acting in behalf of the University of Texas Library. Sitwell scholars, and just plain academic snoops, must henceforth travel to Texas, where round-up time is now celebrated by the latest acquisition of rare manuscripts and bringing in a new gusher is not half as newsworthy as bringing home a bit of fifteenth-century incunabula, an illuminated manuscript from an Irish monastery, or a transcript copy of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*. (Auction price: $7,840.)

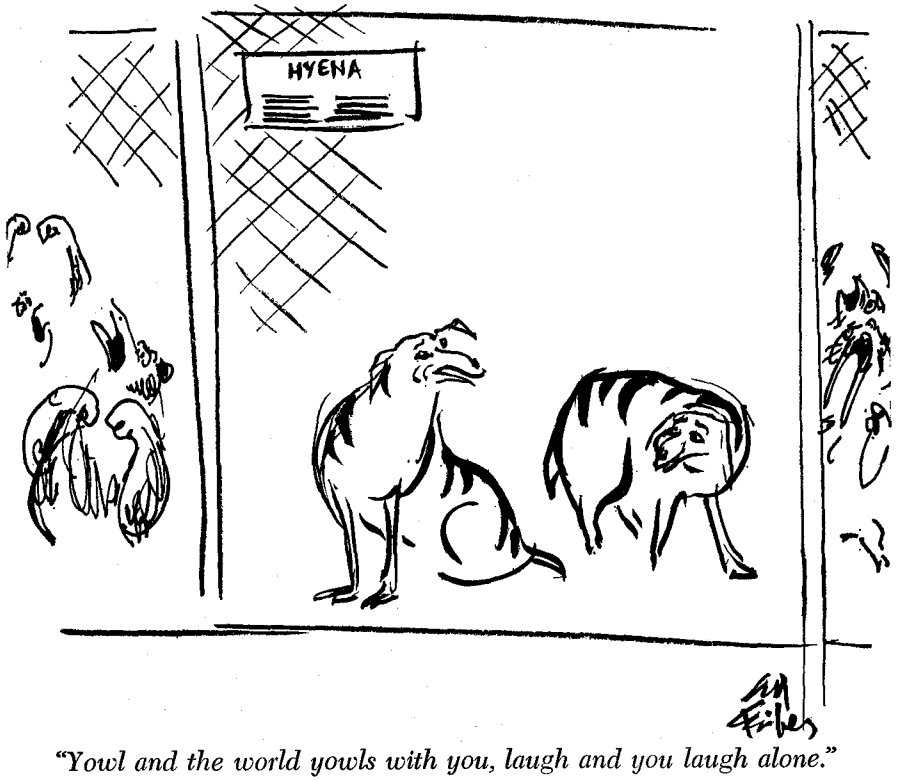
There is a quip going around British literary circles today to the effect that if you can't find a publisher for your novel, you can always sell it to the University of Texas. Yet, except that it has more money to spend, and spends it (in the words of one dealer) in an "imbecilic" way, Texas is no different from many other libraries that are in hot pursuit of literary documents that may someday be valuable, and in the meantime can occupy an honored place in the archives. For there is an element of Parkinson's Law at work here: as space is enlarged, material must be found to put in it.

Since most historically important documents are already nailed down, a library starting out to build a special collection today faces the problem of locating uncommitted material. This is not easy. The established university libraries are the natural beneficiaries of the papers of their famous graduates. Private libraries, such as the Morgan, Newberry, and Huntington, are well endowed and can corner the literary remains of an author by buying up the items they want as these come on the market. But the library that lacks a collection and wants to build one in a hurry must either wheedle (if it has no money) or outbid the market (if it does), and it is this situation that has produced the anarchic conditions that prevail in the manuscript-collecting field today.

A climacteric has seized the profession as curators realize that time is running out, and that they had better get their manuscripts before a competitor beats them to it. In this respect, money talks; and it talks louder to the living than to the heirs of the dead. This is especially true of British authors, who have become "collector smart"—and spoiled, too, as many dealers will testify. Having watched the manuscripts of their predecessors sold off at inflated prices to heady American collectors, they sense that the auctioneer's gavel can just as well bang for them—and with the chance of more bucks for the bang.

It has not been many years since E. M. Forster put his manuscript of *A Passage to India* on the block and came away with $18,200. At the same session, Maugham's *Up at the Villa* fetched $3,900 and Graham Greene's *The Complaisant Lover* $980. Dylan Thomas was known to part with a holograph when the thirst was on him, and the manuscript of John Betjeman's poems find their way into the auction market regularly, bringing anywhere from a few pounds to more than a hundred; and proving, as with Dame Edith Sitwell, that the true assay of a literary work may be in what the collector, rather than the public, will pay for it.

I DON'T mean to suggest that the British invented this technique of selling themselves piecemeal to hungry American curators; the late Edgar Lee Masters sold transcript copies of his *Spoon River Anthology* more than once when he needed cash. I stand in awe, too, of those countrymen of mine who have a way of inducing British authors to write them letters, which can often be turned into pocket money. The precocious fifth grade in Plattsburg, New York, under the tutelage of Mr. Richard Trombly, doesn't spend much time on *Danny Dunn and the Homework Machine* by Jay Williams, or Fred Gipson's *Old Yeller*. No, sir. They go right to the top. A letter from one young scholar to Robert Graves, wanting to know why many people considered poems "sissy," brought a marketable reply ($35), and another to Sean O'Casey, which elicted some comments on the Irish dramatist's writing techniques, was knocked down for $27. Such are the means by which libraries acquire those thousands of "ALS" items



"Yowl and the world yowls with you, laugh and you laugh alone."

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(autograph letters signed) which fill out an author's archival remains.

By and large, most American writers—even the very famous—don't expect to be paid for their manuscripts, although for high-bracket men there is a tax advantage in giving them away. But not every writer will do this. "Some authors like to keep their manuscripts around because it makes them feel comfortable," an archivist explained. "After all, these early books are part of their lives, and to give them away is sort of like giving up your own children. There's the fact, too, that a writer doesn't like to think he's at the end of his career. Some are worried about just what happens to their material when they let go of it. We have to explain that it will be well cared for; our archives are air-conditioned, you know. The protective envelopes are de-acidized to keep the manuscripts from falling apart. In our vaults, they last forever."

Nothing horrifies a curator as much as the author who intentionally destroys his manuscripts, as Martha Gellhorn does. Or the man, such as Norman Mailer, who insists that he wants to leave everything to his children. (Heirs can be notoriously indifferent to the value of old notebooks or stacks of brittle paper, especially when the published books are no longer in demand.) Some writers, measuring their reputation by the prestige of the library that might house them, will hold out for an Ivy League bid. (By the same token, libraries try to build *their* reputations by the caliber of the authors they can stash away in their vaults. Hence the glee with which the University of Buffalo acquired Dylan Thomas's papers some years ago.)

A certain type of writer will wait to see how his career develops before committing himself; if his reputation grows, he will want to be archived accordingly. There is the occasional literary man who will surrender his material in exchange for an honorary degree (frowned upon by most institutions, but nevertheless practiced by a few). And there is the sentimental type who wants to be preserved by his alma mater. Thus Herman Wouk's manuscripts, letters, and notebooks went to Columbia University Library in twenty-four boxes, and the University of North Carolina boasts twenty-eight feet of Thomas Wolfe. (Archival material is measured by feet of shelf space, or boxes.) In Wolfe's case, the material was given by his family after the author's death.

An important reason behind this scramble for the papers of well-known contemporaries is the Ph.D. explosion. As the established literary and historical seams are mined to exhaustion, doctoral candidates looking for fresh material are led to engage in what the academic world refers to as "open pit" mining—*i.e.*, research into the careers of living authors. The growing trend toward this sort of thing was a major factor in the planning of Boston University's new library building. Since Harvard University's Widener and Houghton libraries have already pre-empted a substantial part of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Boston University officials laid claim to the twentieth. As a special collection that is being assembled from scratch, the project is worth looking at in some detail.

Boston began by hiring a curator from the Yale University Library, Dr. Howard B. Gotlieb. Working with Director of Libraries Dr. G. A. Harrer, Gotlieb has devised a master plan for what he hopes may become an important body of source material about contemporary British and American authors. (Texas and Syracuse are also specializing in the twentieth century, and there is considerable good-natured competition among the three institutions for suitable manuscripts.) The Boston University archives will house nonliterary, as well as "creative" documents; Dr. Gotlieb started off, for example, by approaching Dr. Martin Luther King and James Farmer, both of whom are turning over the files of their civil rights organizations. A vast body of documentary material will thus be preserved for students who may want to study the inside story of the civil rights struggle of the 1960s.

Among the broad range of professionals signed up by Dr. Gotlieb are editor Quincy Howe, poet John Ciardi, playwright-anthropologist Robert Ardrey, novelists Irwin Shaw, Hans Habe, and Aubrey Menon; literary critic Maxwell Geismar, diplomat Frederick Nolting, actress Ilka Chase and torch singer Libby Holman. Geismar's collection, in seventy packing cases, included thousands of letters from authors, which in itself makes an invaluable sub-collection. The manuscript of Henry Roth's *Call It Sleep* was rescued from the author's chicken farm in Maine and now reposes safely at Boston University. At the opposite end of the scale, Dr. Gotlieb also acquired the papers of Eric Ambler and John Le Carré. "We have no prejudice against an author simply because he writes for a popular audience," he says.

Dr. Gotlieb believes that some of the popular writers of today will become the old masters of tomorrow—and much harder for a curator to acquire when this happens. "We can't afford to wait until a book is a classic," he explains. "In a sense, we gamble on a writer's future." In any case, it isn't always the most famous authors whose work best serves the purposes of scholarship. With 200 contemporaries already in the bag, and the prospect of more to come, Boston University hopes to build a picture of the total culture of a period. The final result may make more sense than the glamour collections that are being assembled elsewhere through the vagaries of the auction market.

Burying a Weasel

By David Wagoner

HE was still moving
When I prodded him off the highway onto a plank
And into my yard. I set him down and touched him.
Now, because I still have all my fingers
(Trappers told it this way to kings)
I know he's dead.

Cat-whiskers, translucent claws,
The tawny shades dividing back and belly,
Tail dipped in black.
And the lithe deadlines—being a weasel
Doesn't end at that. An old man told me
One jumped into a moose's ear and never came out.

He'd have had a robin's egg by now, tipping the goblet
Down his experienced, wild throat
Which I smooth without quite daring to.
Instead, he has his own blood in his mouth,
Grudging each drop
That gets away into the earth.

He knew what to be in burrows dug by others
And will do it again under my shovel
Out of his nature. Grass crosses highways too,
Having been run over somewhere
By every conceivable shape.
My pasture was invented for dead animals.

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How to Write Without Thinking

OUR COLLEAGUE, *The New Yorker* magazine, recently sent one of its men to Princeton, New Jersey, to look in on the Educational Testing Service, an organization that periodically assembles large numbers of teachers for the grading of College Entrance Examination Board papers. On this particular occasion, 185 English teachers from all over the country were on location, and were reading 68,000 essays by high school students. The assigned subject in the essay was a quotation from George Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman:*

> The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

The New Yorker did a straightforward, reportorial account of the event in typical "Talk of the Town" fashion. We confess we read the item with mounting horror, not because there was anything untoward in the way *The New Yorker* reported the story, but because of the basic facts that pertained to the essay question.

We were bothered first of all by the nature of the assignment. Taking an aphoristic, paradoxical syllogism by G.B.S. and attempting to expound or speculate on it can succeed only in spoiling it. Aphorisms, like any form of wit, are not meant to be broken down or hashed over. They derive their beauty from their economy of line and their ability to produce a collision in the mind between two separate trains of thought. There is something highly inartistic and presumptuous about opening up an aphorism, dissecting it, and reassembling the parts into a much larger non-aphoristic whole. You take an aphorism as it is; you don't fool with it or do dissertations on it. An aphorism is like a soufflé; once you start to poke or prod it or take it out of its frame, it falls apart.

This is not all. The notion that the way to test writing ability is to assign a subject gives us the willies. Good writing is something that begins in a man's gizzard. An idea grows inside him until it is ready to pop. The process can be painful or satisfying or both, depending on the idea; but it is a process. We should suppose that the function of the creative teacher is to encourage the student to select his own subject from among the things that are coming to life in his mind. He will never learn to write well unless he develops the ability to dream, to stew, and to be possessed by all sorts of notions that are itching to be expressed.

WHAT is most disquieting of all, however, is the fact of an arbitrary time limit of twenty minutes for writing these essays. What goes on here? A student deserves a high grade if he can think of a good title for an essay in twenty minutes—even before he writes one word. And if it takes two hours or even two days to think through the main points he wants to make in his essay, he will be developing the good habits that go into good writing. What the CEEB does, however, is to separate writing from thinking.

Twenty minutes. Words are not tins of chipped beef to be assembled at so many per minute. The significant thing about a sentence is not how long it took to be written but whether it has its proper place in a sequence of ideas and conveys its message with reasonable clarity and, if possible, style—difficult though it may be to define anything so amorphous as style. The surest way to destroy good writing is to have a clock ticking away in a man's mind. Thomas Mann felt he had done a good day's work if he produced a single typewritten page that said what he wanted to say—not approximately, not passably, but precisely, with the words turning just right, the weight and the accent where he wanted them, and the contour and texture providing the desired effect.

Would we eliminate the essay altogether from English examinations? Certainly not. What might be done is to get the checking questions out of the way on a separate paper, then ask the student to write an essay of an approximate length—on a subject of his own choosing or one he can select from a fairly long list. He would be substantially free of time limitations; that is, he could spend the rest of the day on his paper if he wished. And he would be free to take time out for consulting books or other materials. Even this approach is somewhat squeezed, but it is far better than the twenty-minute straitjacket.

SOMEWHERE in this favored land there must be English teachers who not only do not commit the literary sacrilege of setting a time limit on an essay but who allow and indeed require their students to spend several days thinking about an idea before presuming to commit it to paper. These teachers are as interested in providing the proper environment for creative writing as they are in the writing itself. They encourage the widest possible reflective reading. They recognize the dangers that come from conditioning students to deal in easy, glib answers. These teachers—and we are convinced there must be many of them—ought to go to the mat with the people at CEEB. Perhaps they might even say that if CEEB persists in its twenty-minute essay requirement, they will instruct their students to skip the question—not because they lack respect for the examining body but because they have too much respect for the English language.

Finally, we quarrel about neatness requirements on English examination papers, wherever such requirements exist. The more crossing out, the more reworking and transposing and inserting of second thoughts, the greater the evidence that a student is fully engaged in that painful but also infinitely rewarding exercise of the human intellect, good writing. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

New Look in Los Angeles

IT TOOK KATHARINE KUH [*SR*, Apr. 3] to help Los Angeles show our snobbish Eastern friends that Los Angeles is not just a huge, sprawling, cultural five o'clock shadow. That this city boasts more commercial art galleries than any other U.S. city except New York should be equalizer enough for even the most hard-headed of critics.

Probably the main reason Los Angeles's contributions to the world of art go unnoticed until multimillion-dollar splashes wet the East Coast is that the bright lights, the palm trees, the traffic, and the whole air of relaxed excitement that prevails here are too much to digest in one or two visits. The result is that our musicians, painters, sculptors, *et al.*, are either ignored because of the overwhelming variety of other things to do when in Los Angeles or else they slip quietly away to cities that have less to offer.

MICHAEL PARKHURST.
Hollywood, Calif.

I WAS VERY PLEASED with the splendid article by Katharine Kuh about the opening of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and I wish to congratulate you for reproducing on your cover that well-nigh perfect masterpiece by Degas, *The Bellelli Sisters*. My only regret is that Dr. William R. Valentiner was not mentioned, for it was under his directorship of the Los Angeles County Museum that *The Bellelli Sisters* and other treasures were brought to this now famous collection.

EDWIN GILL, Treasurer,
State of North Carolina.
Raleigh, N.C.

Backward Glances

MY BELATED COMMENDATION on your enjoyable new series, CLASSICS REVISITED, by Kenneth Rexroth.

The articles recognize the need of your readers to reacquaint themselves with old masterpieces as well as to struggle to keep abreast of significant new works.

SR continues to make a valuable contribution to my liberal education.

BETTY ECKGREN.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Music to Edit By

HATS OFF TO YOUR Jerome Beatty, Jr., for his joshing comments on Seeburg Background Music [*SR*, Feb. 13]. But he missed the central idea.

Background music is a pleasant way to lead people to do what you'd like them to do—relax on your premises, buy more merchandise, or work with greater efficiency and less tedium. The "tailoring" of Seeburg Background Music simply means we do not provide a factory with a record library designed for cocktail lounges, or suggest that a bank project a warm, friendly spirit with music appropriate to keeping an assembly line on the qui vive.

"Sir, I've decided I'd rather wait for a group charter flight!"

Who knows? Maybe someday we'll create a music library for editorial offices! We're working on it.

JOSEPH F. HARDS,
Vice President,
Background Music Division
Seeburg Music Library, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Good idea. As a start, we'd suggest that old favorite, "Ghost Writers in the Sky."*

Newer Than New

I BEG TO REPORT, from various sources, five experimental combinations with "than" which are entirely new to me and, I hope, to you:

Barely than: Barely had he plummeted into the water than he would twist like an eel around the base of the rock and start climbing up again.

Changed than: Foreman, George intimates, is in a vastly changed mood than the one in which he produced *Guns of Navarone*, a captivating thriller.

Hardly than: Apparently acting on this belief, he had hardly assumed office than he "read the riot act" to the United States and the USSR for their intransigence in international politics.

Half than: About half the calories on the average than a bowl of any other kind of cereal.

Three times as much than: When Elizabeth Taylor is making a movie, she is given three times as much for her living expenses—apart from that million dollar guarantee—than husband Richard Burton.

Together with *scarcely than, preferred than, opposite than,* and *twice than,* which I have also observed, these supply new if unwelcome flexibility to the language.

JOTHAM JOHNSON,
Professor of Classics,
New York University.
New York, N.Y.

The Anguished Language

THE BEST EXAMPLE of the misused apostrophe [TOP OF MY HEAD, Mar. 27] I have seen appears in a sign on the wall of the Monterey Coffee Shop, 50 Lafayette Street, in Manhattan. It reads: "Delicatessen—Sandwiche's."

WILLIAM J. MARLOW.
New York, N.Y.

Reprints Available

IS IT POSSIBLE to obtain reprints of N.C.'s recent editorials on Vietnam?

EDWARD HENRY.
Wilmington, Del.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Combined reprints of "Vietnam and the American Conscience" and "How America Can Help Vietnam" are available at the following rates: 1 to 25 copies, 10 cents each; 26 to 100 copies, 8 cents each; more than 101 copies, 5 cents each.*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Anderson's Farewell, Richter's Return

MARIAN ANDERSON took her last bows as a recitalist from the stage of Carnegie Hall on Easter Sunday, and never has a performer done more to earn them—as an artist, as a person, as a public figure. She performed a characteristic program (Handel, Haydn, Schubert, American songs and spirituals) for an audience whose fervor could not have been excelled had she been its own discovery.

However, Miss Anderson's vocal decline began years ago, and it would have been a kindness to the high standard for which she was celebrated had this farewell to serious singing taken place five or more years ago. Every so often, as in Schubert's *Liebesbotschaft*, a shining tone came through, like a ray of sun from behind the clouds. But, for the most part, it was an order of effort that belied the accomplishments for which she earned her worldwide fame even when, in *Der Doppelgänger* and *Der Erlkönig*, she put all her formidable powers of persuasion behind the texts. It was an imposing kind of ventriloquism for her to produce the dramatically defined voices of the father, the child, and the luring spirit, but the best of it was hardly recognizable as vocal sound.

When she came out to face a Carnegie Hall audience for the last time, Miss Anderson stood still for an inordinately long period before nodding for her partner, Franz Rupp, to play the opening measures of Handel's *Tutta raccolta ancor*. Perhaps her mind was going back to her debut there in 1928 (seven years before she was acclaimed in Town Hall on her return from Europe). Perhaps she took in, during that moment, her memorable appearance on the crowded Mall in Washington after she had been denied the "privilege" of singing in Constitution Hall. Or, perhaps, a fleeting recollection of her Ulrica at the Met, when she became the first member of her race to sing opera there. The retrospects will be bright when the actuality of this performance is thankfully forgotten.

Sviatoslav Richter's return to the same hall after an absence of four years took up his career very much where he left it. He is still the least predictable of major pianists, capable of putting together a program that looks odd on paper and doesn't quite justify itself in the concert hall, prone to wrong notes in places that have nothing to do with technical difficulties, inclined to play to and for himself rather than his audience, and, withal, capable of touching a nerve of musical sensitivity that eludes many of greater security or extraversion.

His choice of a really obscure Schubert sonata (Op. post. 147, in D) to start his recital recalled similar favor to one of the least of Beethoven's on a similar occasion, as well as an innocuous Haydn on another. It was soundly, surely played, but one could hear little in it (save some striking harmonic ingenuities) to suggest its rewards for so commanding a performer. Of his Brahms group, it was not until the last Intermezzo (E flat minor, Op. 118, No. 6) that there was inner light as well as outer warmth. Here there was a meeting of impulses as well as minds that separates the élite among artists from the rest.

Whatever else an evening with Richter may contain, it rarely lacks at least one climax of imposing individuality. This time it came in the four Scherzi of Chopin, played in the order of composition (B minor, B flat minor, C sharp minor, and E major). The first was a marvelous conception of restless energy opposed but not calmed by the conciliatory trio; the second a truly tempestuous rebuttal of all that is suggested in its nickname of "Governess" (an echo of the time when all well-bred ladies of impoverished means were reputed to perform it); the third a valiant effort to orchestrate the keyboard; and so on. But the marvelous conception was not always matched by an equally marvelous order of execution. It is all very well to say that one wrong note of genius is worth all the right notes of mediocrity, but there is a certain code of musical honor which declares that no master should live beyond his means, technically, and this Richter too often does.

HAYDN'S *Seasons* was a great masterpiece for all the years since it was written in 1801 until it appeared on a program of the New York Philharmonic for the first time only last week. It remains a great masterpiece despite the implications of this performance under Lorin Maazel, which defined it as a rather narrow, overlengthy work with a few flashes of color. It was, rather, Maazel's treatment that reduced what is a great fresco spanning the recurrent ages of man's birth, growth, maturity and death (which is what every parable of the natural seasons embodies) to a series of vignettes. He conducted the notes from memory, but the music eluded him.

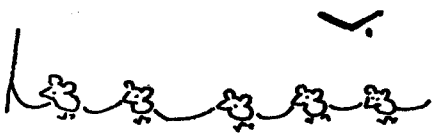
The conductor's estimate of the work was revealed in the choice of three able, but unsuitable, voices for his soloists and in prevailingly jaunty, unsubtle tempos. Musically, *Die Jahreszeiten* is a link in the great progression of German-language stage works from *Die Zauberflöte*, to *Fidelio* and *Der Freischütz*, for all the fact that it is nominally an oratorio rather than an opera. But its Jane requires a Pamina voice rather than the Papagena sound of Laurel Hurley; its Lucas is a full-voiced tenor, not the countertenor of Charles Bressler; and its Simon should have a sound of greater richness and flexibility than Joseph Rouleau's. All did honorably in terms of their talents; the mismatch was Maazel's error, not theirs.

Proceeding from this primary misconception was a series of other oversights and understatements. The oversights included the downgrading of Haydn's purposefully naïve kind of imagery (bird songs, horn calls, gun shots, winter winds, etc.) in the interests of a precise, mostly uninflected "reading" of the musical text, and the understatements ranged from less than proper attention to Haydn's lyricism to the quiet eloquence with which he accepts the inevitability of winter for man as well as nature. Maazel had greater success with autumn, perhaps, than any other section, because it is the most accessible of the four in its rollicking choruses of harvest and the hunt. But it was, at best, of relative justice.

The eight-day visit of the San Francisco Ballet to the New York State Theater defined some things about the West Coast enterprise that could not have been appraised otherwise. That is both to its merits, which are the directions of Lew Cristensen's ingenuity as choreographer, and its faults, which are mostly of personnel. As a regional enterprise it commands respect, but that is far from measuring to the standard of these surroundings.

In its first all-dance evening in several years (earned by its creditable *Les Sylphides*), the Metropolitan Opera Ballet ranged from an impressive effort in Bartók's *Miraculous Mandarin* to an overoptimistic encounter with the "Blue Bird Variations" from Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty*. A simple but strikingly effective set by Bernard Daydé transformed the normally static Met stage into a hypnotically atmospheric arena for Joseph Lazzini's choreography to Bartók's powerful score, well conducted by Robert La Marchina.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Analyzing the American Dream

NOT LONG ago, talking to a college group about contemporary fiction, I selected eight writers for detailed comment: Saul Bellow, Wright Morris, Bernard Malamud, Norman Mailer, Ralph Ellison, Flannery O'Connor, Herbert Gold, and James Baldwin. During the question period someone asked, "Do you attach any significance to the fact that only one of your eight authors is a WASP—a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant?" I realized that he was right: Bellow, Malamud, Mailer, and Gold are Jews; Ellison and Baldwin are Negroes; Miss O'Connor was a Catholic; Morris is a WASP, as I am.

As for the significance of the fact, the least I can say is that I am happy to have members of what were once minority groups represented in our literature. But there is more to say than that. In *Jews and Americans* (Southern Illinois University Press, $4.50) Irving Malin discusses, in addition to Bellow and Malamud, Karl Shapiro, Delmore Schwartz, Philip Roth, Isaac Rosenberg, and Leslie Fiedler. One might also add Daniel Fuchs, Harvey Swados, Edward Wallant, Paul Goodman, Richard Stern, Sam Astrachan, Peter Beagle, and heaven knows how many others, to say nothing of those more or less ancestral figures Nathanael West and Henry Roth.

The British critic Walter Allen has said that "in the United States it now seems as though the dominance of the South in the novel has largely passed to Jewish writers, through the best of whose work, the novels of Saul Bellow and Bernard Malamud in particular, a recognizably new note has come into American fiction, not the less American for being unmistakably Jewish."

Malin, so far as I know, is the first critic to write a book on the contribution of Jews to current American literature. Having chosen to concentrate on seven figures, he tries to show in what ways each has been influenced by Jewish traditions. He does not argue that these writers have been influenced only by their Jewish heritage, nor does he deny that the traits found in their work may be found in the work of non-Jewish writers. Indeed, his central argument is that there are no serious conflicts between Jewish and American traditions. These men, as his title proclaims, are Jews and Americans.

He proceeds in a rather mechanical fashion. He begins, for example, with the fact that the experience of exile has long been a typical Jewish experience, and goes on to show how the idea of exile enters into the writings of each of the seven writers. His other headings are fathers and sons, time, head and heart, transcendence, fantasy, and parable, and under each he goes straight down the line with his Jewish authors. Frequently he says perceptive things about this writer or that, but I do not feel that he deals decisively with either the Jewish tradition or the character of contemporary literature. In particular he does not help us to understand why Jewish influence has become so strong in recent years.

In an article in *Commentary* a year or so ago Dan Jacobson—a Jew born in South Africa, for more than a decade resident in England, and well-traveled in the United States—asked why Jewish writers were so much stronger in this country than in England. He suggested that the comparatively open society of the United States had been more receptive to the American-Jewish community as a whole than England had been to the Anglo-Jewish community. He continued:

> Being the traditional outcasts and victims of the orders of the Old World, the Jews are in the strongest of positions to compare the realities of life in the United States with the ideals the country has declared for itself, the living assumptions of the society with its stated ones, its achievements with its ambitions. The Negroes have perhaps an even greater right than the Jews to be regarded as the test cases of American civilization, and they are now asserting that right with great vigor. But the Jews, in their own way, have always been concerned to assert it, too. And one of the ways they are doing it, now that the community is no longer made up of immigrants, now that it has won itself some wealth, status, and leisure, is through its writers. The American-Jewish writers are asking large questions of their country; they are asking America to justify itself to them as Jews, as Americans—as both equally. That they feel themselves fully entitled to do this remains true no matter how unequal men in the United States really are, no matter how much exclusion the Jew as a Jew—or the Negro as a Negro—may suffer. In fact, as the Negroes are now showing, the more a group is excluded, the more challenging it must become to any American's idea of himself and his country.

This is a splendid statement, but perhaps we have to push on a little further. Events of the past quarter of a century—particularly, of course, the massacre of

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the German Jews—have served to make members of the American-Jewish community more acutely aware of the Jewish elements in their heritage. They have turned away from what was perhaps a too facile kind of assimilation and have dwelt upon their sense of alienation. But at this point many Americans of other stocks, especially among the intellectuals, are aware of the discrepancy of which Jacobson speaks, between the promise of American life and the reality, and feel themselves to be in some sense aliens. To that extent all Americans, as one of Malamud's characters says, are Jews. Bellow and Malamud and the others speak just as truly to and for their non-Jewish contemporaries as to and for their fellow Jews.

IN discussing the Jewish characteristics to be found in the work of his seven writers, Malin often points out that the same characteristics have developed, though in different ways, in the work of non-Jewish writers. A kind of synthesis is not only possible but inevitable. As Jacobson suggests, a time had come in the history of the Jewish-American community when it could, so to speak, "afford" to produce writers, and, of course, other artists. And it was at just this time that Jews could be most fully Americans by making the most of their Jewish heritage. They not only won acceptance; they became leaders, promoting the most hopeful tendencies in contemporary American literature. That literature would be immeasurably weaker today without the contributions of the Jews—and the Negroes. There are no more representative American novels than *Augie March* and *Invisible Man*.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1134

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1134 will be found in the next issue.

STERN APBA GELCA TLA DLNA

MPBA APFH APKQR MTLEXQ'A

GF NT GBX KS APFH APTLWPA.

RKQ PLGGBCX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1133

Business men who would blush to be seen in a five-year-old car proudly make medieval pronouncements on economics. —HENRY ROBINSON.

Of Foofs, Flukes, and Water Babies

The jacket of *Kiss My Firm But Pliant Lips*, by Dan Greenburg (Grossman, $4.50), is an underwater photograph of a longish, thinnish, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed young man (his face is lost in air bubbles and surface ripples)—wearing a tee shirt, baggy Bermuda shorts, white sweat sox, and tennis shoes. Why is the young man in the water in such a poor choice of bathing costume? For that answer you will have to read the novel. For the story behind the ridiculous—but striking— cover, alas, you will have to read me.

The headless wet wash is none other than the author himself, Dan Greenburg, he who also wrote *How to Be a Jewish Mother* and who once earned his living turning out advertising copy for a cat food account. The cover, according to Mr. Greenburg, was dreamed up by Everett Aison, jacket designer, and by Richard Grossman, the book's publisher. Philippe Halsman, a friend of the publisher's, liked the idea and agreed to photograph it.

Our scene, which takes place in the dead of winter, now shifts to Grossinger's, an upstate resort a trifle smaller than Texas. The resort has an indoor swimming pool with an underwater observation window. Enter Philippe Halsman on the dry side of the pool window with camera. Enter Everett Aison in bathing trunks to set up photographic lights above water and to serve as stand-in (swim-in?) for the author/model between pictures. Enter Dan Greenburg into the deep end of the pool on the wet side of the underwater window to begin treading water.

"I could only tread about two minutes at a time. Nobody asked me if I could swim until we got up there. I felt like a nut, the only one in a five-mile radius who couldn't swim. Every two minutes I fought my way to the ledge—I couldn't wear my glasses and I'm very near-sighted—to breathe awhile, and then I'd go back to treading water. They had me wearing Everett's Bermudas, which are three sizes too large for me—they looked funnier for the picture—and his white wool sweat sox. There is nothing worse than wet, oversize, wool sweat sox. They kept filling up. My shoes got to weigh ten tons after awhile. A good three or four dozen pictures were taken. I was in that pool for three hours, and three hours of treading water for a nonswimmer without his glasses is hell. When I finally got out I could hardly walk and I was freezing while everyone around me was sweating. Boy, I felt like a nut."

The contents page of *Theatre: Volume II, The Annual of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center* (Hill & Wang, $3.95 cloth; $1.95 paper) lists an article by Herbert Blau, newly appointed co-director of the Repertory Theater. What bothered me was trying to figure out how a book with a publication date of March 29, 1965, could contain an article by a man who was appointed co-director in February 1965. On the chance of uncovering a story about the world's speediest printer, I contacted Barry Hyams, director of public relations for the Repertory Theater and the editor of *Theatre* (and the man responsible for different spellings of one word in the same title). What I uncovered was not a printer but a fluke. I quote Mr. Hyams:

"I began to plan Volume II in June 1964. By August I had approached all writers and received commitments, among them Herbert Blau of the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco. His theater was *the* representative outfit on the coast. Therefore, I had selected him to represent Western USA in the forum on repertory (Harold Clurman, New York; Tyrone Guthrie, Midwest; Kenneth Tynan, Engand).

"By October all manuscripts were in and edited; by November everything was in type. Galleys were being proofed when the first rumble was heard of the change in prospect. No mention yet of Herbert Blau and Jules Irving, co-directors of the Actor's Workshop. In January Volume II went to press as the storm broke. At that time names of successors to Robert Whitehead and Elia Kazan were being bandied in the press, among them Joseph Papp, Maurice Evans, Ellis Rabb, Alfred de Liagre, and Blau and Irving. The books were being bound when the new appointments were announced, in February."

So, who is the world's speediest printer?

When the opportunity arose to meet the California-based movie critic Pauline Kael, whose collection of film criticism, *I Lost It at the Movies*, was recently published (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6), I was both eager and apprehensive. Eager because I find her writing on motion pictures so trenchant. Apprehensive because if Pauline Kael in person turned out to be anything like

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Pauline Kael on paper I could emerge shredded by verbal shrapnel.

As it turned out, I emerged intact but exhausted. My time with Miss Kael was divided between diving across the table with my poor old Zippo to light the cigarettes she jams dead center into her mouth with assembly-line regularity and feverishly scribbling light years behind the jet stream of her conversation.

She is a small, slender woman with graying hair and brown eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses. She blushes easily—a compliment will do it—and if you listen to her with your eyes closed it is Phyllis Diller you hear. When Pauline Kael is about to deliver a telling line there is an audible intake of air and a split second of silence before she delivers. Like Miss Diller, she breaks herself up with a laugh that suggests a night bird gone mad.

She began our conversation (I did get a word in once in awhile) with, "How can I be terrifying? I'm ridiculous and little and my hair is never combed."

Where she went after that I do not know for certain, but somewhere between the gasps, the whoops, and the smoke I got the following:

"My basic policy is don't kick something that's going to die anyway. Marquis of Queensberry rules. Why go after a little flop? Those guys who made that little film knew better than the critics what they had done. The interesting targets are the big films that are so highly publicized that they are practically invulnerable.

"Did you know that I started the vogue for those twin theaters you see all over the country now? I began it in Berkeley, California. It was strictly an architectural accident. There were two tiny theaters nextdoor to each other but you couldn't put them together because of structural pillars. I managed both of them and made them pay because of the pictures I chose to run. Recently I went to one of the new double theaters in New York. I spoke to the manager and told him I had run the first double theater in the country. I asked to see his. He said, 'Sure,' and showed me where to buy a ticket. Hah!

"Don't ask me about the title of my book. I didn't pick it. I submitted all of the serious titles I could think of but my publisher didn't like any of them. I was tired and in the middle of doing the index when I sent in "I Lost It at the Movies." It was chosen but I don't know what it means. So far as I am concerned 'it' refers to my normal life. Your whole pattern is changed when you become a FOOF. That's a trade term. Friends of Old Films. We FOOFs are movie addicts. We are all night people, and we can pick each other out of crowds. We are a special breed of nut."

—Haskel Frankel.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Straw Man in Holocaust

Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* might well be a pretty bad novel; it has a chance of not being a novel at all. Whatever it is, it didn't deserve the slippery treatment given to it by Granville Hicks [*SR*, March 20]. . . .

He says, "However spotty his career has been, Mailer's name is almost always mentioned when there is talk about American literature since the war. Some people will say that this is because of his gift for getting his name before the public in nonliterary as well as literary contexts, and it is true that he has made more headlines than most of his contemporaries. But, on the other hand, he continues to be taken seriously by persons whose judgments have to be respected. . . ." What the hell this had to do *directly* with the novel at hand is questionable, except that it serves as a prop for a straw man Great Writer Mailer, to be blown apart. . . .

When he gets around to the book itself, Mr. Hicks pulls out the oldest and most underhanded method of ridicule, the tongue-in-cheek plot synopsis, depriving Mr. Mailer of the tools of context, rhetoric, emphasis and style. . . . Even *Moby Dick* can look fairly funny done up in three or four paragraphs.

And the tone! Mr. Hicks has all the snide authority of an Assistant Professor of Creative Writing as he slides through the story . . . (italics all mine): "At the outset, Rojack is suffering from what is *no doubt* existential nausea." Mr. Mailer has made the mistake of publicly stating his belief in a certain philosophy and Mr. Hicks hangs one on him. " . . . he goes to see his wife, whom he strangles. (This is the *cliff-hanging climax* of the first installment.)" Ignoring that "cliff-hanging" is not a very good choice of adjective for "climax," this parenthetical aside postures as opinion, fully announced, interjecting on objective reporting, when in reality it is nothing but two-layered opinion. "After making love, *in rather eccentric fashion* . . . to his wife's maid. . . ." Not having Mr. Hicks's highly refined sense of bedroom *de rigueur*, I would hold that any sexual intimacy, by nature, is "rather eccentric" in performance. . . .

As for Mr. Hicks's conclusions, there is, I believe, a signal paragraph in the review that betrays what is at best a mystifying critical process: "I should like to believe that the novel is a hoax, and perhaps to some extent it is. Look at the title. What do Americans dream about? Sex and violence—as television producers and magazine publishers well know. So here, it may be argued, we have sex and violence reduced *ad absurdum* if not *ad nauseam*. In other words, the book may be a satire, an expression of moral indignation." . . .

The novel contains one killing, a couple of fights, some general roughing up, and a few copulations—a run-of-the-mill box score for a contemporary novel, and not, either in quantity or style, *ad absurdum* or *ad nauseam*. The possibility of satire is contained in the book, but not in Mr. Hicks's presentation of evidence. . . . And nowhere, either in Mr. Hicks's review or the book itself is there but a hint of "moral indignation." . . .

The lonely point about Mr. Mailer's overidentification with his hero is the one small glimmer of honest criticism in the whole essay; it could have been pivotal. Alas, it was not, and the reader is left with the upper-middle-brow hatchet job that "A Literary Hoax?" allows itself to be.

Peter Plagens.

(No address given)

It is with keen grief that I observed further extension of the holocaust against Mailer. . . . His heroism in the teeth of such vituperation has such style that he will endure and prevail despite the most unimaginable and incongruous series of attacks in recent literary history. Mediocrity can come close to perfection, while greatness is always flawed. *An American Dream* may not be without its questionable points, but it is the most dazzling literary experience since *Barbary Shore*.

Vahan Gregory.

Hollywood, Calif.

Cheers for *Covenant*

Dan H. McCullough . . . refers to Stephen Becker's *A Covenant with Death* as an "obvious stinker" [*SR*, Letters to the Book Review Editor, April 10]. . . . I would heartily disagree that it is a stinker at all as I found it one of the most interesting and well-written books I have read in a very long time. . . .

Covenant with Death does not pretend to be a law book for students so . . . surely Mr. Becker is entitled to some "poetic" license.

Constance S. Lapham.

Garden Grove, Calif.

"Jug, Jug," said the Nightingale

I would like to point out to David Glixon [*SR*, March 20] that it is not T. S. Eliot who made a mistake about the nightingale in *The Waste Land*; it is the editors of *The Reader's Encyclopedia*. They think that Eliot confused the nightingale with the nightjar because he says that the nightingale cries, "Jug, jug." The entry continues: "This is unfair. No nightingale ever cried, 'Jug jug.' The goatsucker does and nightjar is another name for it, not nightingale." This may be true in life, but in poetry "jug jug" is a traditional rendering of the nightingale's song. It is found in John Skelton, who says that God himself would

(*Continued on page* 43)

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The Fact and Spirit of Our Past

The Oxford History of the American People, *by Samuel Eliot Morison (Oxford. 1,150 pp. $12.50), captures a nation's soul and spirit, its capacity for self-renewal. Richard D. Heffner, who wrote "A Documentary History of the United States," is University Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers.*

By RICHARD D. HEFFNER

"READERS may take a certain amount of erudition for granted!" notes the author of *The Oxford History of the American People*. And, to be sure, they may. For these 1,150 pages of sparkling, living history, brimming with personality, bright with anecdote, rich with insight—albeit *sans* footnotes, bibliography, or other accustomed impedimenta of scholarship—are indeed the product of America's most fastidious historian. Elsewhere Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, USNR (Ret.), has noted his constant intellectual debt to "the now unpopular principle of Ranke, that history should be told . . . as it actually happened." And often, too, he has quoted with favor what Thucydides stated in his *Peloponnesian War*: "The absence of romance in my history will, I fear, detract somewhat from its interest. But if he who desires to have before his eyes a true picture of the events which have occurred, and of like events which may be expected to occur hereafter . . . shall pronounce what I have written to be useful, then I shall be satisfied."

In this impressive volume, which seems destined to become a most popular history, Professor Morison (to revert in title if not to type) has not merely served up vivid, inspiring impressions of the American past. More than that by far. He is precise; he is learned; he imparts to the general reader a knowledge of those dates and deeds, facts and figures without which talk and writing of "trends" are meaningless. And to appreciate his extraordinary capacity to create for the mind's eye as true as possible a picture of the events which have occurred the reader needn't agree that history *can* (whether or not it *should*) be told "as it actually happened." There is no absence of "romance" here either—as there was not in Thucydides—not if one finds that quality in understanding, as Professor Morison does, the very juices of a people, a nation's soul and spirit, its capacity for self-renewal, for greatness, and for progress through human personality.

Emeritus at Harvard, Professor Morison writes that "This book, in a sense, is a legacy to my countrymen after studying, teaching, and writing the history of the United States for over half a century." And a superb legacy it is, particularly in those areas of what we have come to call social history that so delight the author. One may not (I do not) share the author's enthusiasm for "horses and horse kind" (from Citation and Man O'War back to Selima, Janus, and Fearnought), but it is likely that his delight in many another earthy aspect of everyday American life—then and now—will prove infectious. Surely this is true of the sea. For this sailor, this maritime historian extraordinary, this crusty, ocean-faring champion of "history as the art of adventure" gives the sea a particularly dominant role in the American experience. Perhaps, in fact, too large a role. And one wonders at the whereabouts of his vaunted sense of *mesure* when it comes to things nautical. After all, even our wars have not all been fought at sea alone, though through this volume—when not necessarily counting words or pages, but vivid impressions instead—one wonders!

Still, we can be thankful that here is a historian who believes in facts brought alive, who researched his Pulitzer Prize-winning *Admiral of the Ocean Sea* by retracing in small sailing vessels the routes that Columbus followed to America, and who holds seven battle stars for writing his formidable multivolumed story of the United States Navy in World War II not from hindsight, but from the forward bridge of fighting vessels in battle.

There are, however, discordant notes—some picayune but bothersome nevertheless: such a distinguished scholar as Professor Morison deserves better at the hands of his proof-readers. And for those familiar with the various editions of his well-known two-volume *The Growth of the American Republic* (in collaboration with H. S. Commager) there is frequently an uneasy feeling that we have—almost, just almost—been here before. Now, there is nothing inherently wrong with this, one supposes. Even the Morison and Commager volumes draw heavily and obviously upon Morison's original (1927) *Oxford History of the United States*. After all, how does an

"It's easy for him to talk about doing unto others as ye would have others do unto you, He's not in a dog-eat-dog business!"

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author write and rewrite American history without borrowing from himself constantly? But it is not the vast similarities that disturb one quite so much, not the many pages in this new volume that word for word repeat what Morison and his collaborator have written before. It is, instead, the nature of certain changes that have been made—some presumably for effect: perhaps to convey that the author is as thoroughly an Old Salt on land as on sea.

In Morison and Commager (1962), for instance, Benjamin Franklin opts for ratification of the new Constitution, hoping—we are told—that every member of the Constitutional Convention who disliked the final document "would join him in keeping his objections to himself." In Morison (1965), however, Mr. Franklin hopes exactly the same thing, except that each objector would "keep his mouth shut." The point is made: Morison alone is saltier in expression than Morison in collaboration.

But style isn't all. And in another place we wonder why, in what otherwise is the same sentence, Jefferson is characterized as "Deeply religious without being a churchman" in the original Morison as well as in early-vintage Morison and Commager, but as "A Christian but no churchman" in the new Morison at hand as well as in the new Morison and Commager. Which, one supposes, is why historiographers were born.

More to the point, of course, is another change in the course of Professor Morison's histories—this time a sea-change, which must not go unheralded. But, first, a seeming digression.

WHEN in 1948 Professor Morison wrote a review of Charles A. Beard's distastefully biased and distorted *President Roosevelt and the Coming of the War, 1941*, he used the occasion not only to destroy Beard's incredible isolationist fantasy. He also sought to discredit Beard's devotion to historical relativism, his denial of Ranke's "as it actually happened" concept of proper history, and his affirmation instead of Croce's definition of history as "contemporary thought about the past," what Beard had himself called "written history as an act of faith." "History Through a Beard" is how Professor Morison titled his review. And just two years later, in his distinguished presidential address before the American Historical Association, the admiral returned to the attack, taking issue with Beard's recognition that willy-nilly historians write from "points of view," reading the past with present-minded spectacles and with an eye to the future. "What actually happened, and why?" is what the true historian must discover and reveal to his audience, Professor Morison wrote. Presumably, too, he can.

What, then, as we turn to the present volume, did actually happen in the debate over ratification of the Constitution? For here is where a textual sea-change has clearly taken place.

An older version of Morison and Commager gives us a Beardian (!) economic interpretation, quoting at length the Bay State's Amos Singletary: "These lawyers, and men of learning and moneyed men, that talk so finely, and gloss over matters so smoothly, to make us poor illiterate people swallow down the pill, expect . . . to be managers of this Constitution, and get all the power and all the money into their own hands, and then they will swallow up all us little folks like the great LEVIATHAN; yes, just as the whale swallowed up JONAH!" Here Morison's (and Commager's) history as it actually happened is the tale—generally—of a division on ratification of the Constitution along economic, class lines, with the well-to-do for the Constitution and poor folk against it. There is sectionalism, too, and in Virginia, for example, "the Tidewater on general conservative principles was for it."

BUT if this is what actually happened, why does historian Morison now tell us in the new volume: "Delegates to the Virginia ratifying convention from the old Tidewater region were mostly Anti-federalist"? Why now are we told that the battle over ratification "was largely personal; it was not a class, a sectional, or an economic cleavage"? Has past actuality indeed changed so that now "The only generalization that can stand the test of fact is that the cleavage was one of age against youth"? Or are we merely seeing history through still another Beard?

One wishes, of course, that Professor Morison saw and chronicled certain other aspects of what actually happened in the American past a shade differently. For instance, his feelings for the pre-Civil War Southern gentleman, "the human thoroughbred of the plantation régime," are cloying. Could one possibly characterize these slave-owners as governing "honorably and efficiently"? Need the Negro slaves be characterized in turn as "a race with exasperating habits"? Or, as "better off than those who remained in bondage in Africa"?

The happy, happy slave of both Morison's 1927 *Oxford History of the United States* and the early versions of the Morison and Commager is happily gone. No longer, as in both of those texts, can we read as past actuality that: "As for Sambo, whose wrongs moved the abolitionists to wrath and tears, there is some reason to believe that he suffered less than any other class in the South from its 'peculiar institution.' The majority of slaves were adequately fed, well cared for, and apparently happy." And so on, and on and on. No more Sambo, then. But the tone and temper of the new volume's treatment of slavery and the old South are reminiscent. And Professor Morison will have to do much better by the past—as it happened—before he convinces us that he doesn't indeed have a "frame of reference," and in this area a most unsatisfying and unacceptable one.

In other areas, to be sure, Professor Morison's prejudices and historical bias are ours (mine, at least), and so I applaud him warmly. How good it is to see a portrait of Franklin D. Roosevelt that rejects the unseeing cynicism of those historians among whose personal needs are numbered Certainty and Ideology. Patrician and opportunist—historian Morison wisely accepts and indeed embraces FDR as both. To him the New Deal "was American as a bale of hay—an opportunist, rule-of-thumb method of curing deep-seated ills." And a good thing altogether.

Bless Sam Morison, too, for understanding, as in the years to come too few historians may, the greatness of John F. Kennedy. And may the very last words of this enormous volume be as prophetic as they are profound: "With the death of John Fitzgerald Kennedy something seemed to die in each one of us. Yet the memory of that bright, vivid personality, that great gentleman whose every act and appearance appealed to our pride and gave us fresh confidence in ourselves and our country, will live in us for a long, long time."

The Stone Bridge Inn

By Ernest Kroll

THE Stone Bridge Inn
Admits as guest the rains
Without in the slightest way
Putting its regulars out.
The alderman at the bar
Will stand up to his drink,
A river running round
The broad brim of his hat
And pouring from a spout,
And never think a thing
Remarkable about it.
Only the stranger complains.
The bartender calmly then
Continues wiping glass,
Turning the grievance away
With wry solicitude:
"We better get that fixed.
Thanks for mentioning it."
But many a year will pass,
And many a drink be mixed,
And still the Stone Bridge Inn,
Sheltering man like a tree,
Sieve down on him the rains.

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A Town's Reputation and Reality

The Free Men, *by John Ehle (Harper & Row. 340 pp. $5.95), gives an eloquent account of the civil rights movement in Chapel Hill, N.C., which threw the town into convulsion and its leaders into jail. Walter Spearman, who has lived in Chapel Hill for thirty years, teaches book, movie, and play reviewing in the School of Journalism at the University of North Carolina.*

By WALTER SPEARMAN

JOHN EHLE's *The Free Men* is a study in depth of why young Americans have poured their dedication into the civil rights movement—and what happened to them when they did.

The rising civil rights movement in Chapel Hill, N.C., site of the reputedly liberal University of North Carolina, reached its active peak in February 1964, when ninety-eight persons, many of them college students, were arrested for obstructing traffic on the streets and highways after a basketball game in protest against local segregation. It reached its spiritual peak during Holy Week, when four young men and a girl fasted in front of the Post Office to call attention to their cause.

The "free men" of the book were John Bailey Dunne, personable and dynamic honor graduate of Choate School and holder of a prestigious Morehead Scholarship at the university; Pat Cusick, born and raised in Gadsden, Ala., a great-grandson of the founder of the Ku Klux Klan in Etowah County; and Quinton Baker, a Negro student at North Carolina college in Durham and head of the state's NAACP youth chapters.

These were the determined and dedicated young men who convulsed a small Southern town, filled its streets with marchers and its few remaining segregated eating places with sit-in protesters, and brought about the arrests of more than 200 persons on 1,500 different civil rights indictments. The three of them finally landed in the North Carolina prisons with unusually stiff sentences from a severe judge; later paroled, they are now in college at Harvard (Dunne), Wisconsin (Baker), and working on the anti-poverty program in Boston (Cusick).

In his introduction David Riesman calls the book "the most rounded picture I know of how a single community experienced an effort at integration."

This is certainly one of the contributions made by *The Free Men.* John Ehle, author of six earlier books including *The Land Breakers*, knows his Chapel Hill and looks on it with loving but critical eyes. He attended the university, taught on the faculty, and lived in the town while writing books and serving as Governor Terry Sanford's adviser on cultural affairs.

Chapel Hill has been regarded as a liberal oasis in the South since the days when Frank Porter Graham was president of the university; and when the "free men" determined to make the town 100-per-cent integrated, they found friends among the faculty who formed committees, joined the band of picketers, and bound up their wounds after the rougher element of the community, "protecting" their segregated restaurants, doused the picketers with ammonia and beat them with brooms. One woman even urinated on the president of the Wesley Foundation. The student newspaper gave the boys strong support, and student government leaders urged a boycott of all segregated eating places.

But the town itself, says Mr. Ehle, "wanted peace more than it wanted achievement" and was so afraid of tarnishing its reputation as a liberal community that it drew back from being a genuinely liberal community. He charges the citizens with apathy, the press with inadequate coverage, and the town officials with failing to provide leadership and refusing to pass a public accommodations law requested by the picketers and many local people.

Mr. Ehle explores the backgrounds of the young men who fought for civil rights, examines their motives, cites the testimony in their trials, and tries to understand the actions of those who blocked their efforts.

His true story is full of perceptive insights and human interest: Dunne and Baker taking a pineapple cake they had baked to the jail on Christmas Day, when their imprisoned friends were singing Christmas carols and freedom songs; a girl bringing an Easter egg to the boys during their Holy Week fast with a note saying, "It's harder to give a gift like this than to throw one"; the harassed local police hauling a limp eighty-year-old retired minister-picket to jail; and the presiding judge at their trial making a public speech about demonstrators sent into North Carolina "to help enlighten the sinful South."

But the beating heart of *The Free Men* is the impressive picture it draws of its young heroes. "I won't compare them with Jesus or the early American patriots," says Mr. Ehle, "but I must say it is too bad they were imprisoned. What a pity it is for a town, and a university town at that, to lock up or unconcernedly look on while others lock up young people who are among the best leaders of the new generation."

These "free men," like those who join the Peace Corps, are those most concerned with improving the world they live in; and they are willing to sacrifice their college careers and even their own freedom to bring civil rights and justice to others. This is the theme Mr. Ehle so eloquently states in his moving and penetrating book, *The Free Men.*

"It's a good lemonade, but not a great lemonade."

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The Long Shadow of a Pale Rider

In Search of Bisco, by Erskine Caldwell (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 219 pp. $4.95), seeks in the quest for a long-lost playmate the conscience of the Southern white man. Clarence L. Cooper, Jr., is the author of the novels "The Scene," "Weed," "The Dark Messenger," and "Black." His book of verse, "The Assassin," will be published later this year by Crown.

By CLARENCE L. COOPER, JR.

THROUGH some weird, literary alchemy, Erskine Caldwell, has been typed with the colors of backwoods racism and unholy miscegenation. This is unfortunate, for his are the most photographically accurate and lyrically incisive narratives ever done about the grotesque "American Problem." In this latest, perhaps most powerful book by him, the voices of the Deep South cry forth in one collective lament from the obscene corpse of ante-bellum "tradition."

Mr. Caldwell is the "I" who plods with hound-dog persistence after the elusive Bisco, a playmate of his Georgia youth, whose mulatto coloring and close-cropped, kinky black hair were the most vivid impressions left upon the author. He finds a facsimile of Bisco in Roy, a wryly fatalistic teen-ager doing two years in a chain-gang camp for the theft of a pot that was too weighty for any one man to steal. However, it becomes clear after a few pages that Bisco is but a thin premise upon which Mr. Caldwell bases his "search"; what he seeks, after more than sixty years and forty books, is something as ephemeral and obscure as the face of his long-lost playmate: the conscience of the Southern white man.

En route, a Negro truck driver in Kershaw, S.C., details in simple, poignant terms what it means—after fighting a hard, long war overseas and learning to love the three-axel, tractor-trailer mechanism that the Army permitted him to operate with complete freedom—to return home, where the oblivion that is segregation muffles his every attempt to carry on an occupation in which he has become expert.

A white Protestant grocery-store owner sees all "part-white Geechees" as the Bisco-type and "trouble-makers just like the white Yankees with their mister-nigger television shows. . . . mister-niggers shaking hands and cutting up with white people—Mister Sammy Davis, Mister Harry Belafonte, Mister Louis Armstrong, Mister Nat King Cole. That's the kind of thing that puts wrong notions in our colored people's heads."

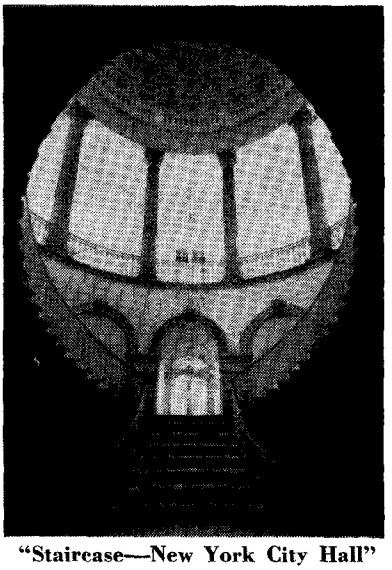
In Georgia a retired, liberal, well-to-do white farmer doesn't worry about retaliation from night riders because of his belief in the brotherhood of black and white. "When you've got the feeling that you're right about something, you don't have to boast about being brave—you just go ahead and do the way you think you ought to."

He is sharply contrasted by an example of a considerably more common breed, a middle-aged real-estate salesman, whose portrait of the Southern Negro shows a cross-section of a black head with an undeveloped brain. "It'll be another hundred years before they can complete their evolution and grow more brains . . . ," he says. Bisco? "We make our niggers have real common names and keep the good ones for white people."

The search goes on, through Alabama, through Mississippi—where the fire-and-brimstone advocate, member of a White Citizens' Council, insists that the one important thing civil rights means is that "every nigger man in town would want to bed a white woman. . . . But nobody's going to tell me it's all right for a white girl to intercourse with a nigger man. . . ." Persevering through the shameless black and white poverty and ignorance of Tennessee, Arkansas, and Louisiana, Caldwell finally returns to his home state. There, bemoaning the worked out-youth that would have allowed him to escape, an old Negro tells of Bisco's flight by night with his family to the safety of a larger Southern city, where the night riders are more subtly garbed.

Although a good deal of this book rings disturbingly of fiction—there are thick, poetic pools in certain passages, where we are plunged into a deep, aquatic murkiness that clouds the more fundamental significance of Bisco—what is most startling about the work is its tone of piercing reality and immediacy. Mr. Caldwell is perhaps the only white writer of fiction who is able to describe with such precision the crime done the American Negro.

The Character of a Cosmopolis: In his *New York Proclaimed* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $15) V. S. Pritchett calls New York "the most European city in the country" and goes on to explore the metropolis in terms of all those teeming millions who once sailed into New York harbor for the first time. Evelyn Hoffer's photographs (ninety black and white, twenty-two color) capture the broad, busy rivers, bridges, highways, and of course skyscrapers of the island city. But more awesome to the stranger perhaps than the complex of concrete, steel, and glass is the human complex of daily living that goes on behind the famous skyline. The first impression is of crowds in perpetual, perplexing motion. But Manhattan is after all made up of men, women, and children, and the camera catches the individuals, too, stepping out of the blur to become shopkeepers, students, artists, models, beatniks, and business executives.



"Staircase—New York City Hall"

"A stroll in the park"

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Baro Led a Barren Life

Back to China, *by Leslie A. Fiedler (Stein & Day. 248 pp. $4.95), concerns a middle-aged philosophy professor in Montana and the tangled web of faulty human relationships from which he can never manage to extricate himself. Samuel Bellman of California State Polytechnic College (Pomona) is the editor of "The College Experience" and the author of several articles on Fiedler.*

By SAMUEL BELLMAN

CONSIDERED in the abstract, Leslie Fiedler's second novel, *Back to China*, seems a slight work filled with improbable characters and corny flashbacks. Baro Finklestone, a middle-aged Jewish philosophy professor at a university in Montana (Fiedler warns that the book "is the product of invention, not gossip, recollection, or research"), finds himself at the end of his lasso. His beloved protégé, an American Indian named George Ducasse, has killed himself after a drug orgy, and Baro does not know what to do with George's passionate widow (a Japanese girl named Shizu, who is also Baro's mistress) or his own gentile wife, Susannah, from whom he is somewhat estranged.

Baro is also unable to cope with his guilts and confusions about what he did in China at the end of the war: befriended a Japanese physician, got him to make him (Baro) sterile, unwillingly arrested the physician as a war criminal, represented the side that dropped The Bomb, etc. But most of all it appears to be George's death that Baro cannot adjust to. At the end of the story, Baro and Susannah strike a kind of truce, under ludicrous circumstances. From a surface standpoint, what a tale! What a farrago of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, *The Strange Case of Mrs. Crump, Seidman and the Geisha*, *Susannah and the Elders*, and *Scenes from the Life of Leslie Fiedler*.

But there are reasons for not reading *Back to China* in the abstract, for not writing it off as a fizzle. For one thing, Fiedler often does better on short runs; he has trouble sustaining himself in a distance effort, despite the fact that he is capable of formidable spurts. Moreover, he is still one of the most imaginative and provocative critics around, and a fictionist of real power: a number of the tales in his story collection, *Pull Down Vanity* (1962), are excellent.

And there are reasons for not taking Fiedler too much to task for violating his own critical strictures about American literature: "our writers have no history, no development"; they fail "to deal with adult heterosexual love" and are consequently obsessed "with death, incest and innocent homosexuality"; "in the realm of fiction, to be inept, whether unwittingly or on purpose, is the single unforgivable sin." He seems not to have intended *Back to China* as a major work, or even as serious an effort as his first novel, *The Second Stone* (1963), echoes from which appear in the new book. More importantly, *Back to China* contains a number of themes and ideas that are of genuine importance, whatever the quality of the narrative itself.

Back to China is a harrowing picture of academic futility and aridity; the barren Montana terrain ("steep rock and sparse trees") seems an objective correlative of rootless, enervating pedagogy. In a nightmare vision we see a projection of the Montana Fiedler as a sterile, academic clown who realizes that all his father-figures and son-figures have failed him just as he has failed them, who can't get along with anybody, and who continues to eke out an absurd and unbearable existence. Although he will father a son, he tells himself at the end, "yet I am sterile." Always, we are told, Baro feels "caught between an impulse to play the clown, and a resolve to act the professor."

The clown business, okay; but why the sterility? For a man who has fathered a large family and begotten countless books and fugitive writings (in and out of Montana) this is, as they say, a real grabber. Is Fiedler saying that had he not gotten out of Montana again (he is now at the University of Buffalo), barrenness would have been his burden? Or is he equating the sterility with the payoff of the youthful naïveté of his earlier, and Baro's unceasing, left-wing crusades (Ban the Bomb! Justice for the American Indian! Etc.)? The failure of Fiedler's Communist-utopian illusions he has been divulging for more than a dozen years now, but in *Back to China* he puts himself down with a vengeance. Shizu gives her lover Baro the real dope on the Bomb and America's alleged war guilt, and George and his compatriots on the reservation beautifully puncture the "Lo, the poor Indian" dream bubble. "And yet I am sterile" applies as well to what Baro has learned about the heroes of his fond fables and about his own capacity for self-deception as it does to what happened to him on the operating table.

Then, too, *Back to China* gives Fiedler another opportunity to explode a few more stereotypes and anti-stereotypes about Jews, Indians, liberals, Japanese, and other too-easily-labeled groups. The question of "who am I?" and the card of identity he has already dealt with in most of his fiction to date, but here he seems to be extending his investigation into certain new areas. Lastly, the novel marks a decided shift in mood on Fiedler's part. *The Second Stone* featured a "No!"-thunderer of relentless persistence who then sold out to the philistines (another secret fear and self-suspicion of Fiedler's?), while crowing a self-exultant "cock-a-doodle-doo." *Back to China* has a weak, fatuous agonist who is always ready to cry or say or do the wrong thing. What does this betoken for one of the few really challenging gadfly writers of our time?

"We'd be glad to publish your manuscript, M. Proust, if you would write a cheerful chapter or two at the end."

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Enthralled by a Lovable Demon

***The Cook,** by Henry Kressing (Random House. 244 pp. $4.95), follows a diabolical master of cuisine as he systematically destroys two families through their own desires. Nicholas Samstag is the author of "The Uses of Ineptitude or How Not to Want to Do Better."*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

EVERYBODY should read *The Cook*. It is good for you. And after everybody has read it, everybody should get together with everybody else and try to describe what he has read. In this way we may find out what kind of curious phenomenon the author has created.

It is a weird story—and, to me, weird in a new and disturbing way. Nowhere in it does the pseudonymous author indicate disgust, horror, or even disapproval of his revolting creation. It is a tale of evil, told so objectively that the book and "Harry Kressing" seem even more evil than the events they record. As one reads the first fifty or so pages, it is as if the book (the physical volume) were a quaintly carved, legendary animal, fashioned, let us say, of jade. You hold it in your hands examining its peculiar features, its strange expression, the droll abnormalities of its legs, trunk, neck. Then suddenly the jade begins to soften, to take on a certain cool dampness. Abruptly you realize that something sub-alive is sitting in your hands exuding a sort of colorless, heavily perfumed sweat. Then it grunts—and you drop it with a scream. But by that time you are almost at the end of the book. And you have to pick it up again between thumb and forefinger and gingerly finish it. After which you are no wiser —and no less horrified.

There has also just been published a new book by J. R. R. Tolkien, creator of what may well be the world's greatest fairy story, *The Lord of the Rings*. *Tree and Leaf* discusses the fairy tale in so scholarly and exhaustive a fashion that I cannot say without rereading *The Cook* more attentively if it would qualify for that category. But Tolkien says some things that clearly are relevant here. "If fairy-story as a kind is worth reading at all," he points out, "it is worthy to be written for and read by adults. They will, of course, put more in it and get more out of it than children do."

I wish I knew who put what into *The Cook*. And I wish I could stop getting things out of it. There is a verse by Tolkien that sets the tone pretty well:

> And see ye not yon braid, braid road
> That lies across the lily leven?
> That is the path of Wickedness
> Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

There is no moralizing in this terrible tale about the wages of esurience. Only by his works do we come to know Conrad, the Cook. He arrives out of nowhere and wrecks the lives of both the Hills and the Vales, the two families who own everything of value in the vicinity and whose members, at the book's end, are either contentedly dead or happily alive in unspeakably humiliating circumstances.

Engaged by the Hills, Conrad slowly turns the household upside down through his warlock's mastery of his art and his knowledge of how to please. One by one, the four members of the family are enslaved by their own gluttony and his food, his drink, his charming ways. The fair Daphne Vale is melted down from an "incurable" mountain of suet into a sylph, making possible her marriage to Harold Hill, longed for by both families because only through such an alliance can they recover "The Prominence," a great moated palace which belonged to their common ancestors and has remained untenanted for generations. As though in reciprocation, the Hills' daughter, Ester, is rescued from an "unsuitable" marriage and fattened until she cannot move unaided.

At some point (I went back several times to see if I could put my finger on the line) the reader is suddenly aware that the Cook has become the master, while the head of the Hill family has become the butler, his wife the housekeeper, Harold the cook.

As the tale unfolds we see that is tragedy as well as fantasy, that it is all inevitable. And, most monstrous thought of all, why do they all submit to the Cook? Because they love him so.

Nuggets and Dross: The author of *Forever Amber* has written a 947-page novel that has already earned her more than a quarter of a million dollars for the reprint rights. The regular edition of *Wanderers Eastward, Wanderers West* (Random House, $7.95) is also certain to earn Kathleen Winsor many thousands of readers and is almost as certain to earn her some snide criticism along with deserved praise.

The story alternates between a family in the mining towns of Montana and their in-laws in New York. Beginning during the Civil War, it continues into those years of robust expansion and corruption characterized by Mark Twain as the Gilded Age. The rugged West is pictured with much authentic detail, as is New York during the days of Boss Tweed; however, they seem little more than stage settings against which to play out the intimate lives of a variety of characters. In fact, if the novel has a grand meaning, it is that ambition and greed and going to bed, accompanied by either love or lust, are the same in New York or Montana.

Miss Winsor has a wonderful ability to delineate character, to make people come alive, seem real. She does it best with girls or young women, although one man in particular stands out, Joshua Ching, a powerful financier. Proud, ruthless, crooked, an aristocrat of the newly-rich, he is thoroughly unlikable, and as thoroughly believable.

While there is a great amount of felt life in the novel, there is no build-up of dramatic power. Characters die; younger ones take their places; but the love affair of the son has gained nothing of depth or significance because the reader experienced the father's love affair hundreds of pages earlier.

The first draft of *Wanderers Eastward, Wanderers West* was cut drastically. It is unfortunate that the manuscript was not cut and edited further. Within its pages there are at least two novels, one about Joshua Ching, one about two brothers who went West; either of them might have been better than the present book, which to many readers will have the flavor of a soap opera. —BENJAMIN CAPPS.

A Man I Know

By Jeannette Nichols

A man I know
is building
a motorcycle

and has no legs

and we are begged
to listen how the motor runs

and we who listen
are building a sky

and have no wings.

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—Rochelle Girson.

Farmers in the countryside of Madurai, a city in the southern tip of India—"an instinctive blindness to the misery around them."

A Disenchanted Journey

An Area of Darkness, *by V. S. Naipaul (Macmillan. 282 pp. $5.95), records the Trinidad-born author's visit to his ancestral India, a "sentimental journey" that ended in profound disenchantment. Joseph Hitrec has spent fourteen years in India and written several books with Indian background, including the novel "Son of the Moon."*

By JOSEPH HITREC

OF THE countries of Asia none leaves so traumatic an impression on the Western mind as India. The phenomenon has given rise to a whole literature of "Indian shock," beginning with Abbé Dubois's *Hindoo Manners,* published in 1848. The thread runs through Thackeray, E. M. Forster, and Katherine Mayo to Aldous Huxley's *Jesting Pilate,* Beverly Nichols's *Verdict on India,* and Arthur Koestler's *The Yogi and the Commissar.* With the exception of Forster's and Huxley's, the unifying feature of these chronicles is a stance of intellectual arrogance and offended fastidiousness. What the authors are writing, with slight modifications, is a complaint book of irritants—facts at variance with *their* ethics, sociology, and religion, their practice of sanitation and human relationships. The whimsey of Huxley's motto to his own book—" 'What is truth?' said Pilate, and passed on"—could be applied to all of them.

Happily, it does not apply to V. S. Naipaul's *An Area of Darkness,* the current addition to the Indian-shock bookshelf. A Hindu born and reared in Trinidad, Mr. Naipaul is well known here for *The Mystic Masseur* and other novels; he is even better known in England, where he has won just about every literary prize including the Hawthornden and the Somerset Maugham.

Mr. Naipaul's discovery of India, the land of his forebears, during a long visit in 1961-62, began as a sentimental journey and ended in a profound rejection. He was hardly a footloose outsider. As a Hindu, he could not help being involved; as a man with a lucid Western mind, he resisted the involvement even as he sought to justify it. The dilemma was bound to generate the sort of passion, anguish, and bitterness a man might feel on learning that his family has badly let him down. Since Mr. Naipaul is a perceptive and exceptionally articulate writer, this analysis of a trauma is indeed a blistering document.

The trail leads from Bombay to Kashmir and to Shiva's *lingam* in a high Himalayan cove; from there to Delhi, South India, Calcutta, and to the author's ancestral village in Uttar Pradesh. Along the way, as Mr. Naipaul's childhood notions of India are quashed one by one, the pilgrim becomes a fighting apostate. The "area of darkness" he had come to explore yields only skeletons; and it helps little that some of them are ancient, fabled, or of elephantine proportions. For example, caste: "India deals in symbols, inaction, arising out of proclaimed function, function out of caste. . . . Every man is an island; each has his private contract with God." But this recap of the known is also a key to an understanding of Gandhi's failure: "He strengthens the private contract with God of all who revere him. Nothing remains in India of Gandhi but his name and the worship of his image. . . . India undid him. He became a Mahatma . . . reverenced for what he was; his message was irrelevant."

Gandhi's ability to look at India "directly" was, and still is, revolutionary. But it is not shared by the mass of Indians, who practice an instinctive blindness to the misery around them. "A people with a sense of history might have ordered matters differently," says Mr. Naipaul; "but this is precisely the saddening element in Indian history: this absence of growth and development. It is a history whose only lesson is that life goes on. There is only a series of beginnings, no final creation."

Fantasy has replaced the creative impulse. It comes in two popular varieties: ancient culture and spirituality. Two centuries of the Indo-British encounter have compounded the fantasy to a point where every resolute act is an immense self-violation. "Their new self-awareness makes it impossible for the Indians to go back; their cherishing of Indianness makes it difficult for them to go ahead. . . . Shiva has ceased to dance."

That he has was rudely demonstrated when the Chinese invaded the Himalayan territories a few years ago. "The Emergency became words. . . . 'THIS IS TOTAL WAR,' *The Bombay Weekly* said on its front page. All the swift violence of which the country was capable was gathered into one ball. . . . If will alone had counted, the Chinese would have been pushed back to Lhasa in a week. But from the politicians there came only speeches, from the administration correct regulations. The famous Fourth Division, the pride of the Indian Army, was cut to pieces. . . . Independent India was now felt to be a creation of words. Presently the passion subsided into fatalism."

The disenchantment grows with each new mile and encounter. It is climaxed in the author's ancestral village, the last phase of an aborted pilgrimage that finally exhausts itself in India's immemorial dust. Here, in a setting worthy of the theater of the absurd, communication ceases altogether. Mr. Naipaul packs his bags and flees India. His valedictory is a gasp of relief: "Only then was I released from the delirium of seeing myself magnified out of recognition."

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Dictator's Democracy

Mohammed, Marx and Marhaen: The Roots of Indonesian Socialism, *by Jeanne S. Mintz (Praeger. 246 pp. $6), recounts the events that led President Sukarno to power and helped form his theory of "Guided Democracy." Lionel Landry lectures about in Southeast Asia, with which he has been identified since 1950.*

By LIONEL LANDRY

THE READER who comes to Jeanne S. Mintz's *Mohammed, Marx and Marhaen: The Roots of Indonesian Socialism* expecting to find three essays on the principal elements of Indonesia's current theories of government will find the title a misnomer. Fortunately, Clifford Geertz on religion, Arnold Brackman on Indonesian Communism, and Willard Hanna—devastatingly—on Marhaenism (President Sukarno's eclectic thinking on Java's common man) have already provided the enlightenment we might have been led to seek here.

What Miss Mintz does give us is a compact, well-informed account of the events in Indonesia's recent history that brought Sukarno to power and produced his doctrine of "Guided Democracy." The author recapitulates the accelerating flow of revolutionary ideas, from the first attempts at Islamic reform and the vague stirrings of a new sense of Indonesian identity at the apogee of Dutch rule, through the first symbiosis of Marxism and Javanese tradition after World War I, to the initial glimmerings of Sukarno's notion of the socially just state.

Independence from the Netherlands seemed at first to be the essential condition for the realization of these ideas; yet when sovereignty was finally wrung from the Dutch it brought little but balm for national pride. Miss Mintz skillfully points up the baleful accompaniments to newly-achieved independence: inexperience, ambition and personal rivalries, grandiose visions of prosperity. The concept of representative government, eagerly embraced at the birth of the Indonesian Republic, was first paralyzed and then died, a victim of parliamentary ineptitude.

Sukarno's role is presented by Miss Mintz in its proper perspective: he emerges as neither the Cagliostro of modern Asia nor the sacred priest-king of Javanese history, obeying arcane laws known only to himself. Rather, he appears as a gifted orator, the rebuilder of a nonrational view of the universe, and, above all, the superb manipulator of his colleagues' weaknesses, failures, and desires. As maneuver succeeds maneuver, as political parties, parliament, press, and cabinets crumble, either from their own flaws or under Sukarno's increasingly bold fiats, the leader with growing confidence, adds another story to his jerrybuilt political structure.

The theory of "Guided Democracy," which is at once the result and the justification of Sukarno's personal eminence, is a patchwork of Indonesian slogans and myths embroidered with the vocabulary of numerous schools of socialism. The resulting fabric is "a cloak for a power struggle." Besides Sukarno, only two power elements remain on the landscape: an army of waning political influence and a thriving complex of Communist activities. Since both have espoused "Guided Democracy," they offer neither check nor challenge. Yet, despite the increasing deprivation in which they live (largely as a result of Sukarno's shortcomings as leader of a modern state), most of Indonesia's millions revere him.

Miss Mintz has been observing the Indonesian political scene for nearly twenty years, and has acquired a sense of the country's human realities such as only a close, constant, and sympathetic interest can generate. We may assume that the faults in her book (*e.g.*, omission or bare mention of important events) result from the impossibility of compressing into one short volume the enormous complexities of the Indonesian experience. Yet, even allowing this qualification, one must question such statements as "Islam in Indonesia has never been a potent political or economic force on a national scale." And one must regret such technical flaws as the unsatisfactory index and the too-frequent use of Indonesian names, words, and slogans without prior explanation.

But, for all that, Miss Mintz has made a helpful contribution whose chief and most immediate value is, perhaps, its firm tying in of the figure of Sukarno with the people, history, and culture of which he is both the bane and the glory.

Book Letters

Continued from page 35

be glad to hear the nightingale warbling, "Dug, dug,/Jug, jug!"; in John Lyly's "What bird so sings, yet so does wail?/O 'tis the ravished nightingale./'Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu,' she cries"; in the refrain of Thomas Nashe's poem beginning, "Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king"; in the eighteenth-century *Courtship . . . of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren* ("And charming nightingale,/Whose sweet jug sweetly echoes/Through every grove and dale."); and in Coleridge, who speaks of the nightingales' "murmurs musical and swift jug jug."

PEGGY MUNSTERBERG.
New Paltz, N.Y.

The Ignoble Phrasal-Verb

THINGS GENERALLY are relaxed here in the West, and this applies to language too. But I was appalled to read the phrase "messed up" in Marghanita Laski's review of *Dearest Child: Letters Between Queen Victoria and the Princess Royal* [*SR*, April 3]. "Messed up" is a verb that literary people choose to use? "Messed up" is a verb? . . .

MARGARET MCGRAW.
Fort Morgan, Colo.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Shucks, literary people are just folks. Anyway, according to* A Dictionary of American-English Usage Based on Fowler's Modern English Usage, *by Margaret Nicholson,* "Up *as an intensive is accepted idiom* (burn up the trash, clean up the room, eat up your food). *It is unnecessary but often used with other verbs* (settle up the account, finish up your work, &c.)." *In* Webster's International Dictionary Second Edition Unabridged *definition 4. for* "mess, *v., trans.,*" *reads: "To make a mess of; to disorder; muddle.* Colloq." *Even so, without the* up, *Marghanita Laski's phrase " . . . Sir James Clark, who, having . . . messed up the Lady Flora Hastings situation . . . " might be misunderstood.*

Abused Female

UPON READING the review of Shirley Mezvinsky's book, *The Edge* [*SR*, March 20], my reaction was "here we go again" . . . about that poor, abused female, the bright, secure, unemployed housewife. . . .

To say that being a housewife occupies about one-tenth of a bright woman's intelligence, abilities and emotions is downgrading the art of housekeeping to its nadir. I think rather than disparage the role of housewife it would be better to recognize that many well-to-do college women do not have adequate mental resources to make a happy life for themselves and their families with a surplus of leisure time. Using one's time profitably is a major challenge which many women seem unprepared to meet. . . .

Let us sympathize not with the *bright,* well-to-do housewife, but rather with the secure housewife who is unable to cope with the problem of leisure time, and emphasize ways in which she may use it to advantage.

KATHARINE MCCORMACK.
Tarzano, Calif.

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SR-Anisfield-Wolf Awards

By RUTH BROWN

ESTABLISHED in 1934, the *SR*-Anisfield-Wolf Award is given annually to the book or books published during the preceding twelve months that have contributed most to improved intergroup relations. Although traditionally presented to two books, the prize was split among three last year and that for 1964 has been divided among four volumes. Further narrowing down the selection would have been a grave injustice, comments Ashley Montagu, chairman of the judges' panel (whose other members are Pearl S. Buck, Lillian Smith, and Oscar Handlin); whenever an award is given there are usually half a dozen worthy entries that have to be unjustly slighted.

The four winning authors, who will receive prizes of $750 each, are James A. Silver, for *Mississippi: A Closed Society* (Harcourt, Brace & World); Milton M. Gordon, for *Assimilation in American Life* (Oxford University Press); James M. McPherson, for *The Struggle for Equality: Abolitionists and the Negro in the Civil War and Reconstruction* (Princeton University Press), and Abram L. Sachar, for *A History of the Jews* (Knopf).

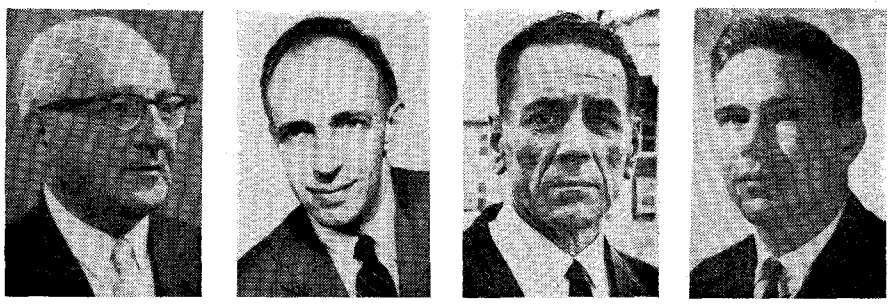
Although James Silver was born in Rochester, N.Y., his family moved to the South when he was twelve. Educated at Southern schools, he received his doctorate in 1935 from Vanderbilt University, and the next year joined the faculty of the University of Mississippi, where he is now professor of history. Dr. Silver regards the state as his home, and his book is primarily addressed to his fellow Mississippians. To them, he offers his credentials ("Perhaps immodestly . . . for no other reason than to counteract the current rumor that my life has been absorbed in carping criticism."): in addition to his work in education, Professor Silver helped re-establish the Mississippi Historical Society, worked on the Mississippi Historical Commission, and spent two years of his spare time collecting and editing materials for *Mississippi in the Confederacy*, a state publication. *Mississippi: A Closed Society* was directly inspired by the sickening manifestations of mob madness that attended the court-ordered admission to "Ole Miss" of its first Negro student, James Meredith. "In a very real sense the insurrection at the university freed me," writes Dr. Silver, "released me from whatever obligation I might theretofore have assumed of maintaining silence for fear of possibly hurting the institution to which I had devoted most of my adult life." But Professor Silver does not focus on this unhappy episode. He seeks rather to relate it to its historical context. Mississippi, he observes, was by the time of the Civil War already in the grip of a rigid orthodoxy, which has been perpetuated to the present. "The only option Mississippians have is whether to make an inevitable transition peaceable or bloody." Professor Silver's reasoned appeal for peaceful acceptance reflects his love for the people of his state, as well as his shock and grief at the barbaric behavior of otherwise civilized people.

At twenty-eight the youngest of the award winners, James McPherson, who is currently an instructor at Princeton, has devoted his first book to a scrutiny of the Abolitionist movement from 1860 to its climax in 1870, when the Fifteenth Amendment was ratified. There is a widespread assumption, accepted in most standard historical works, that during the Civil War Abolitionism merged with the Republican Party and ceased to possess a separate identity. Mr. McPherson, drawing heavily on contemporary periodicals, letters, and other materials, demonstrates that Abolitionists remained far in advance of the Party; for instance, they foresaw that the wording of the Fifteenth Amendment would allow Southern states to apply unequal tests of education or property to prevent Negroes from exercising the rights it was intended to guarantee. The Abolitionists were, in fact, the direct ancestors of the civil rights workers of today; their success will be at least partly built on foundations laid by these early crusaders.

Abram Leon Sachar, president of Brandeis University since its founding in 1948, earned his Ph.D. at Cambridge University, taking as the subject of his dissertation "The Victorian House of Lords." He published the first edition of his *History of the Jews* in 1930. When he approached the task, as a junior member of the History Department at the University of Illinois, he felt considerable trepidation; 3,000 years in the life of a people would, he felt, be better served by a multivolume work, "a kind of Cambridge Jewish History, the collective effort of many historians. . . ." Since no such work existed nor was there prospect of one, and because books dealing with the Jewish experience were (and still are) essentially religious or social in their interpretation, Dr. Sachar undertook to set down in his study the secular forces, ideas, and influences that have shaped the destiny of the Jews, and, drawing on his training as a European historian, to pay proper attention to economic and political factors. His book, which stresses the interaction between Jewish and non-Jewish life, promptly became a classic in the field and has run through nineteen printings and four editions. The new fifth edition has been extensively revised and enlarged to include such recent events as the Eichmann trial and the problems of modern nationhood that face the young state of Israel. It has particular value for the non-Jew, whose knowledge of Judaic history is apt to be patchy and largely confined to the Old Testament and the twentieth century.

Assimilation in American Life, which bears the subtitle "The Role of Race, Religion, and National Origins," defines the social organization of the United States as "structural pluralism." The author, Milton Gordon, is professor of sociology at the University of Massachusetts, and was at one time Consultant on Race Relations to the City of Philadelphia. Employing the professional sociologist's

(*Continued on page* 70)



The *SR*-Anisfield-Wolf Award winners for 1964: (l. to r.) Abram L. Sachar, Milton M. Gordon, James A. Silver, James M. McPherson.

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SR Recommends

BOOKS

Nonfiction

AN END TO ARMS, Walter Millis. Atheneum, $5.95 (*SR*, Apr. 3)—The director of the Fund for the Republic's study of demilitarization explains why he believes that "it is impossible today to draft a generally acceptable disarmament treaty"—and why he foresees changes growing out of the revolution in weapons systems that will make possible a draft constitution for a demilitarized world by, perhaps, the 1980s.

DETENTE: COLD WAR STRATEGIES IN TRANSITION, ed. by Eleanor Lansing Dulles and Robert Dickson Crane. Praeger, $5.95 (*SR*, Apr. 17)—Essays setting forth in detail the lurking ambiguities contained in such expressions as "détente" and "peaceful coexistence," and pointing out some shortcomings in the present conduct of our affairs.

SITUATIONS, Jean-Paul Sartre; tr. from the French by Benita Eisler, Braziller, $5.95 (*SR*, Apr. 17)—Ten brilliant essays examining the works and ideas of some of the great figures in literature, philosophy, art, and music of the present and one of the past: Tintoretto.

DREISER, W. A. Swanberg. Scribners, $10 (*SR*, Apr. 24)—For the first time, the whole record of the life of this great American novelist, with all its contradictions, is set down.

THE WRETCHED OF THE EARTH, Frantz Fanon; tr. from the French by Constance Farrington. Grove, $5 (*SR*, Apr. 24)—A psychiatrist and one of the most significant theoreticians of colonial revolution tells why colonials don't like colonists and what he thinks both should do about it.

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, Samuel Eliot Morison. Oxford, $12.50 (see page 36)—Sparkling, living history brimming with personality and anecdote by one of America's most fastidious historians.

DEAREST CHILD: LETTERS BETWEEN QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL, ed. by Roger Fulford. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95 (*SR*, Apr. 3)—This correspondence (hitherto almost all unpublished) presents the Queen as a woman, wife, and mother. The most intimate glimpse of her ever published, it also illustrates clearly why certain attitudes toward sex have been called "Victorian."

BISMARCK, Werner Richter; tr. from the German by Brian Battershaw; Putnam, $6.95 (*SR*, Apr. 3)—This fresh look at a familiar career concentrates on the Iron Chancellor's complexes as well as his achievements.

KEPLER'S DREAM, John Lear. University of California Press, $5 (*SR*, Apr. 3)—Contains the text, with a modern interpretation, of a seventeenth-century astronomer's surprisingly accurate appraisal of the problems man faces as he prepares to embark for the moon.

AGE OF EXCESS: THE UNITED STATES from 1877 to 1914, Ray Ginger. Macmillan, $5.95 (*SR*, Apr. 10)—An assessment of the cultural ferment of post-Civil War America that is strikingly different from the perfunctory treatment usually accorded it in social histories. Brisk, colorful, brilliant, crowded with personalities and anecdotes.

CRISIS: THE INSIDE STORY OF THE SUEZ CONSPIRACY, Terrence Robertson. Atheneum, $6.95 (*SR*, Apr. 17)—A Canadian journalist gives us a fast-moving, nonvindictive account, including material provided by the Canadian government that has not been made public before. It leaves none of the principals (including the United States) with much claim to honor or statesmanship.

FREEDOM BOUND, Henrietta Buckmaster. Macmillan, $3.95 (*SR*, Apr. 10)—Describes without heat the Reconstruction as an attempt at a social revolution "on a scale never before envisioned by man," and tells why it failed. (**THE ERA OF RECONSTRUCTION** by Kenneth M. Stampp, another well-balanced analysis of the same period and taking much the same point of view, contains an exhaustive bibliography.)

INTEGRATION AT OLE MISS, Russell H. Barrett. Quadrangle, $4.95 (*SR*, Apr. 10)—A man who was a member of the faculty at the time (and still is) deals devastatingly with the double role played by Governor Barnett as well as other aspects of the ignoble, sham rebellion.

THE FREE MEN, John Ehle, Harper & Row, $5.95 (see page 38)—A study in depth of the civil rights movement in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, by a man who was on the faculty of the University of North Carolina during the time he wrote it. It tells why young Americans have poured their dedication into the movement and what happened to them when they did.

Fiction

THE FERRET FANCIER, Anthony C. West. Simon & Schuster, $4.95 (*SR*, Mar. 27)—Few writers have explored more authoritatively the mind of a boy or shown more aspects of boyhood experience. The richness of West's imagery has reminded critics of Dylan Thomas.

RAGE, Lorenza Mazzetti; tr. from the Italian by Isabel Quigley. McKay, $3.95 (*SR*, Mar. 27)—As honest a revelation of the young female as *The Catcher in the Rye* is of the young male—without being in any way similar in story or setting.

THE COOK, Henry Kressing. Random House, $4.95. (See page 41)—A diabolical master of cuisine systematically destroys two families through their own desires. You can't put it down but you may drop it with a scream.

THEATER

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER, REVISITED (*SR*, Apr. 17)—Taking the thirty-five Cole Porter songs least likely to be heard on Musak, Ben Bagley and five musical comedy stars have fashioned a contagiously joyous evening of camp.

JUDITH (*SR*, Apr. 10)—Giraudoux probes deeply and wittily into the nature of woman as prostitute who would be virgin and virgin who would be prostitute. In repertory with the excellent *War and Peace* and *Man and Superman*.

MAURICE CHEVALIER AT 77 (*SR*, Apr. 17)—What the famous performer has gained in genuineness and sense of humor compensates for any loss of vigor.

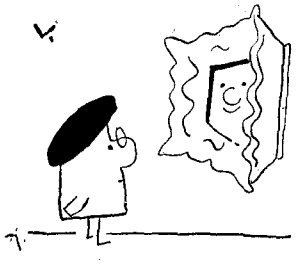
THE ODD COUPLE (*SR*, Mar. 27)—Neil Simon's comic view of two not-so-gay divorcés.

GOLDEN BOY (*SR*, Nov. 7)—Sammy Davis in an excitingly produced musical.

TINY ALICE (SR, Jan. 16 and 30)—Edward Albee's confounding parable.

TARTUFFE (*SR*, Feb. 6)—Merry presentation of Molière's great comedy. Also . . .

THE FANTASTICKS, THE KNACK, THE TROJAN WOMEN, THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES, and, if you can get tickets, **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** and **LUV.**



Exhibitions

ENGLISH PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, AND WATERCOLORS, 1700-1850. From the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mellon. Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven. More than 300 works document a hitherto almost neglected area of British art. Seen earlier at the Royal Academy in London, this exhibition will be shown in America only at Yale.

THIRTEENTH- AND FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ITALIAN PANELS AND MANUSCRIPTS. Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut. Lent by museums and private collections in Europe, Canada, and the United States, this exhibition of early Italian paintings, illuminated manuscripts, and embroidered textiles honors the seventy-fifth birthday of Richard Offner, eminent American scholar of Italian painting.

MINGEI: FOLK ARTS OF OLD JAPAN. Asia House, New York City. Most of the works in the exhibition date from the Edo Period (1615-1868), though some are earlier. Furniture, pottery, textiles, lacquers, and paintings range from famous kimonos of Okinawa to rough farm utensils. Opens May 7.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

THE GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNUAL 1965, Hastings House, $11.50—This impressive collection of both veteran and virtually unknown practitioners attests to the vigor of the current German photographic scene in editorial, advertising, and industrial camerawork.

CHICAGO'S FAMOUS BUILDINGS, ed. by Arthur Siegel, with essays by Hugh Dalziel Duncan and Carl W. Condit, and photos by Siegel. University of Chicago Press, $1 paperback, $2.95 cloth—A photographic guide to the city's newest structures and oldest "landmarks," many of which revolutionized architecture the world over.

PRECIOUS STONES AND OTHER CRYSTALS, by Rudolf Metz and Arnold E. Fanck. Viking, $25—Pliny the Elder said, "In a single stone we can perceive the masterpiece of creation"—and in this fascinating volume each pictured stone reflects mastery of the camera as well.

Exhibitions

THE PHOTO ESSAY, Museum of Modern Art, New York. Forty-five picture stories—photos, text, and graphics—trace the growth of this communications technique in an exhibit that is itself a large-scale photo essay. Closes May 16.

MOVIES

WILD SEED (*SR*, Apr. 24)—The first of Universal's low-budgeted "New Horizon" productions introduces a new actor, producer, director, and cameraman—all of great talent. It may not stand as one of the great films of our generation, but it will be remembered as one of the few films that have attempted to say something honestly about our generation.

THE PAWNBROKER (*SR*, Apr. 3)—Distinguished by a remarkable performance by Rod Steiger as a former concentration camp inmate who recovers, among the prostitutes and drug addicts of Harlem, the capacity for feeling.

MISCELLANEOUS

Poetry Center, New York

MEMORIAL PROGRAM OF READINGS FROM T. S. ELIOT and **DAME EDITH SITWELL** by Irene Worth and Sir John Gielgud. Sundays, May 2 and 9. 8:30 P.M. $3.50.

LANCELOT LAW WHYTE, British humanist philosopher on "The Next Development in Man." Monday, May 3. 8:30 P.M. $1.50.

GUNTER GRASS and **UWE JOHNSON** reading from their work in German. Monday, May 10. 8:30 P.M. $1.50.

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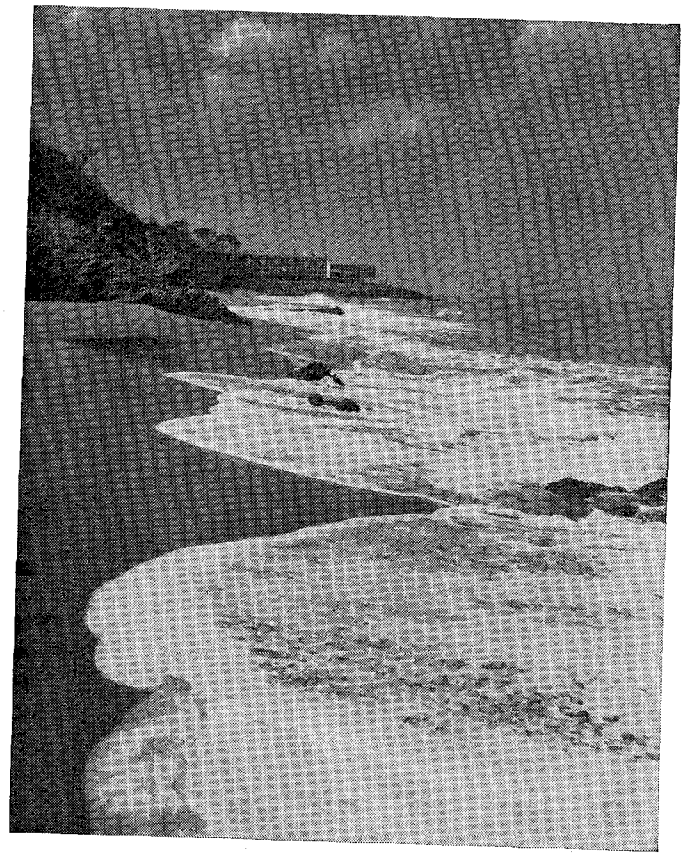
Butterfly Wings in the Caribbean



The two Guadeloupes—Left, Creole girl in traditional dress; right, seaside and posh Fort Royal Hotel

THERE ONCE was a day, and it was only a few years ago, when the French West Indies was the private preserve of the *planteurs* who cut their cane, took their profits, and cooled off, noon or night, with a rum *ponch*. While the Dutch and the British and the Americans cultivated their Caribbean islands not only with cane but with tourists, the *planteurs* took a different attitude. Tourists would only raise the cost of labor, they said, and they effectively maintained a quiet blockade.

When I fetched up on Guadeloupe some years ago the best resort hotel was an informal establishment that had eight rooms and functioned variously under three names, Au Grand Corsaire, Chez Mario, and La Pergola. It was decorated with musty cannons and an enormous collection of monkeys kept in cages on the grounds. A guest had to be careful to keep from tripping over the owner's pet ocelot, which frequently curled up in the lobby. No airline, not even Air France, bothered to send planes down from New York, and it was necessary to filter in through the islands by way of Puerto Rico.

Chez Mario is still there and so is its owner, Mario Petrelluzzi, a man of singular tastes and opinions who refuses to do business with travel agents and will take clients only if they write him directly. The rooms haven't improved noticeably, but the monkeys, who took to biting people, have been dispatched, perhaps to their own reward. The ocelot is still in residence, however, as Mario attested by showing me his well-scratched arm, and the place was otherwise just as I remembered it, unkempt and redolent with the garlicky perfume of good provincial French food.

But Mario's place is now only a relic of Guadeloupe's sleepy days. Two splendid and very French hotels have sprung up on the beaches. Air France has let out the word that it will begin sending jets down from New York to Point-à-Pitre next winter, and Pan American will be forced, I suspect, to provide more direct service.

When I landed here some weeks back, a long line of taxis waited at the airport and I soon found myself being bundled off in one of them, to be borne off into the night. After a forty-minute excursion through the moonlit cane fields we emerged at the Fort Royal Hotel, an eminently French establishment that seemed to have been transplanted whole from the French Riviera. It sits high on a promontory that juts out to sea and has an apron of long beige beach stretching out on either side. Although windows on either side of the hotel sweep off to vast views of water, only one of the beaches has been developed. The other has been left in its pristine state, flat, hard, shaded by overhanging trees, and ideal for strollers and seekers of solitude.

The action is on the developed side, of course, which can be reached in a minute by bus or in five by foot down a long, curving pathway. The centerpiece of the beach club is an enormous pool cut in odd angular shapes, spanned in the center by a bridge and decorated with a floating beach ball only slightly smaller than a zeppelin, and placed there, I judge, through the courtesy of Air France. Tables shaded with umbrellas are scattered around the deck, where a bar manned by a bartender imported from France is ready to serve Amer

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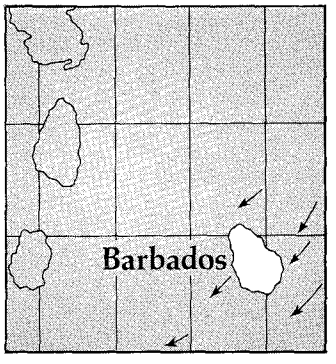
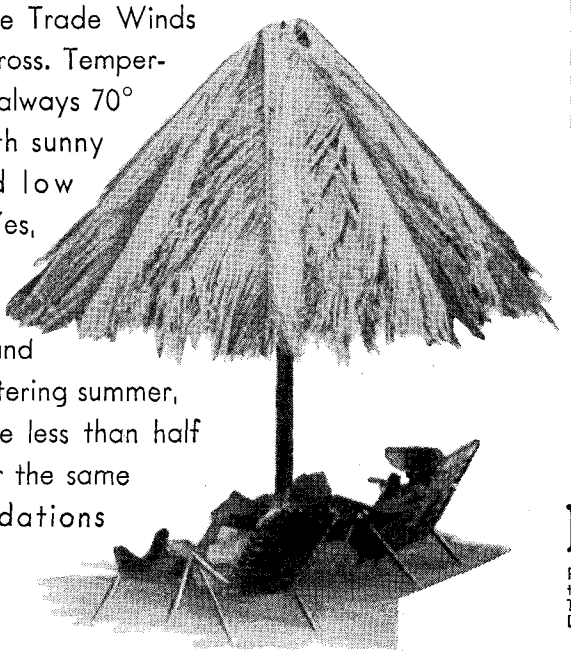
Why does Barbados have such low summer rates when Barbados has no summer?

Devilishly hot competition.

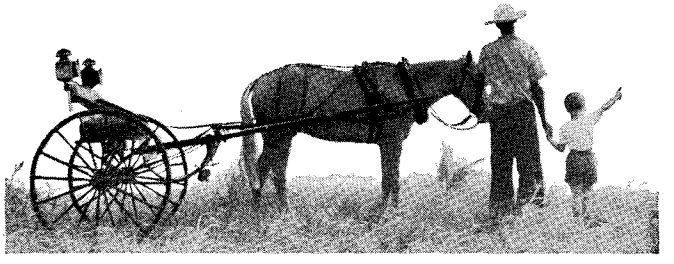
Barbados has one heavenly season year 'round. But we must compete with resorts that reduce rates when it's hot as the devil.



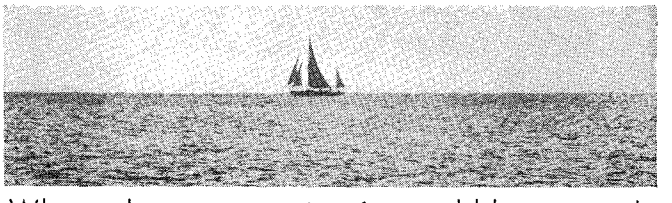
This little map shows you why Barbados doesn't get hotter in the summer. It's the Eastern-most Caribbean island. So it gets all the cooling Eastern Trade Winds first. There is no land between Europe and Africa where the breezes come from. They refresh Barbados first. It's the only place in the world where you can stand in Trafalgar Square and actually feel the Trade Winds blowing across. Temperatures are always 70° to 85°, with sunny skies and low humidity. Yes, you can come to Barbados and escape blistering summer, yet average less than half the cost for the same accommodations and lovely climate.



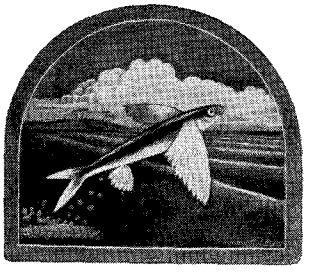
Barbados has a hundred and one new sights to see, people to meet, memories to bring home.



Where else can you order flying fish for dinner? Watch cricketers in the morning on the beach? Swim in two seas (the Atlantic or Caribbean)? Enjoy an atmosphere of British tradition and charm?



Where else can you stay in an old buccaneer's castle, as well as hotels, clubs and guest houses? Feel that everyone is delighted you came and sorry you must leave? Where else? Nowhere else but Barbados. The singular island that gives you hot summer rates though it gets no hotter in the summer.



Barbados

For complete information consult your travel agent or write Barbados *Tourist Board*, 355 Lexington Avenue, Dept. SA-1 New York, N. Y. 10017.

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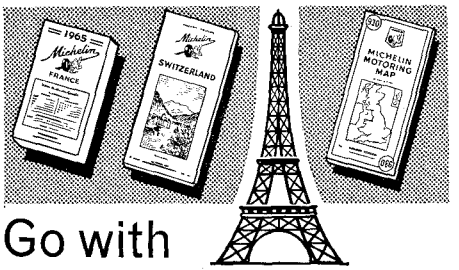
Going to Europe?



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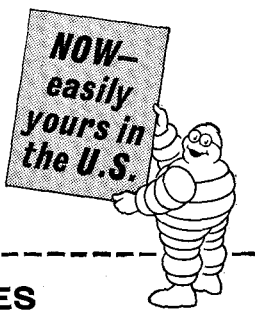

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Picon, Suze, or St. Raphael just as if it had been transplanted from a corner in Cannes. A buffet lunch is served in a longhouse, but there are also sandwiches put together of long sections of crackly French bread.

Half hidden away in trees are twenty-five beach houses, which, since they were built by the architect responsible for the famed Mill Reef Club in Antigua, represent the only un-French influence at the Fort Royal. They are, however, perfectly wonderful hideaways, and those who engage them can eat both breakfast and lunch al fresco, hard by the sea, journeying up to the main dining room for dinner. Since eating is a major industry with the French, dinner at the Fort Royal is a major production. The architects have built a grand stairway for ladies to display their gowns and their suntans, and music plays for dancing. Dinner makes no allowances for the tropics and it journeys, as it might in metropolitan France, through a creamy soup to fish or lobster and then on to the meat and potatoes. As you might expect, there follow a tray of assorted cheeses and an extravagantly rich dessert, after which the customers frequently ascend the stairway, admittedly with some difficulty, for coffee in the lobby. The bar, which brims over with the French exuberance and a civilized class that one might associate with a small hotel on the Côte d'Azur, percolates far into the night.

Once a week the entire proceedings are transplanted down to the beach for a French version of a barbecue. There are no American-sized sirloins, for the beef is brought in frozen from New Zealand. But the chefs have found a local manufacturer of *boudin*, the rich blood sausage, and what with the imported beef they do present a respectable grillade. After dinner the guests are entertained by a large troupe of dancers done up in the gorgeous folk costumes that have become a part of the culture of the French West Indies. The costume is Norman in origin, but it has been greatly modified by circumstances, climate, mood, and the availability of fabric. Bright materials, so popular in the Caribbean, have replaced the somber black wool of the Normans. Gold beads and bangles are said to be a souvenir of the days of the buccaneers. The white headdress is no longer white but a swatch of madras artfully tied in a way that is said to reflect the current condition of the wearer's heart. The scarf or *foulard* is supposed to have been adopted from the matadors of Spain and the whole rig is sometimes called "matador."

The women sing songs of welcome, songs that pulsate with tomtom rhythms and reflect African origins, songs that eased the labor of pounding manioc root into flour, and always the beguine. Although Cole Porter popularized it in modern idiom, the beguine began here and is celebrated as a dance that shakes the West Indian from his island indolence and transports him into a frenzy. As always in the French West Indies, folkloric presentations end with the sentimental song "Adieu Foulards," which concerns a beautiful Creole girl who has captured the affections of a naval officer. His ship has orders to sail and the lady goes to the governor to beg him to leave her sweetheart to her. But the ship is close to the buoy and is ready to sail and there is nothing left but for all broken hearts to sing:

Adieu foulards, goodbye madras,
Goodbye golden necklaces.
My sweetheart is leaving me;
Alas, alas it is for ever.

Guadeloupe is in reality two joined islands that some observers have likened to the wings of a butterfly. One wing is called Basse-Terre, the other Grande-Terre. Basse-Terre, the western half, is lush and beautiful, creased by mountains including the dormant volcano La Soufrière, and running over with ferns, bamboo, cashews and guava, hardwoods and coconut trees. Soufrière rises more than 4,800 feet into the West Indian

(*Continued on page* 70)

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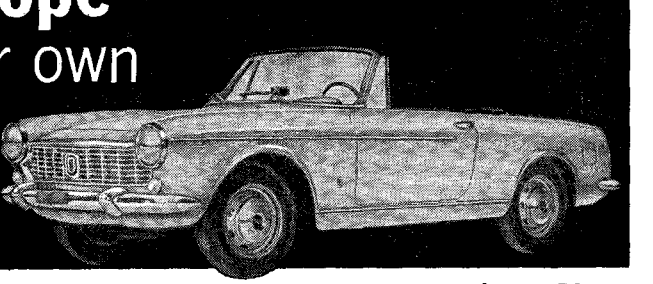

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The Gospel Untruth

NOVELIST James Baldwin's 1954 play, *The Amen Corner*, has come here following a one-year run in Los Angeles. While its Harlem characters, its locale of the storefront gospel-singing church, and its juxtaposition of jivey talk and religious sanctimony is peculiar to Negroes, the play deals with racial discrimination not at all, and the deeper problems of its three central characters are universal.

At the beginning of the piece we see Sister Margaret, a woman who has rejected her husband and dominated her now eighteen-year-old son in order to answer what she believes to be the call of the Lord. We hear her preach with quiet confidence to her flock, and her interpretation of the gospel is as amusing in its way as are Tevye's misquotes from "the good book" in *Fiddler on the Roof*. Particularly droll is her explanation of why the king calls on Isaiah when in trouble but never invites him to his parties. Why should the best people be so treated? "Well, amen," she says. "They just holy."

But Mr. Baldwin is out to demonstrate that Sister Margaret's holiness is not so all-sufficient and noble as it seems. We soon see that her son, David, is being torn by the desire to live his own life and yet to live up to his mother's vision of puritanical virtue. And when his estranged father, Luke, a jazz trombonist dying of tuberculosis, shows up, the untruth of her life begins to descend upon her. David learns that his father did not desert them, but that she walked out on him when she interpreted the death of her baby as a sign from God.

The horror of her act is beautifully revealed when Luke tells David that the most terrible time in a man's life is when everything that had held him together is suddenly gone and he can't find it. He laments, "Then that man start going down. If don't no hand reach out to help him that man goes under."

Luke explains how a man can survive the most drastic losses if he has one thing. "That one thing is *him*, who he is inside—and I don't believe no man never got to that without somebody loved him, somebody *looked* at him, looked way down *in* him, spied him way down there and showed him to himself, and then started a-pulling, a-pulling him up so he could live."

When David asks his father why the wonderful jazz music he has created didn't give him enough satisfaction to keep him proud and happy, Luke sadly replies, "Music ain't kissing. Kissing's what you want to do. Music's what you got to do, *if* you got to do it. Question is how long can you keep on with the music when you ain't got nobody to kiss. Music don't come out of the air, baby!"

In the remainder of the play we watch Sister Margaret lose everything, too. Her church rejects her, her son tells her that he cannot stand lying to her any more and leaves to live his own life, and Luke dies. Margaret is now faced with harsh alternatives. One parishioner tells her, "I hope you make it to Heaven, because you is too late to catch any other train." And, looking back at her mistakes, she first defends her behavior toward her husband by saying, "Every time a woman's heart is grieved, a man is sleeping somewhere sound." Then she bewails what she did by exclaiming, "A woman's life is nothing but one long fight with a man, and Lord, you looks the most impossible man there is."

The scene in which she faces her catastrophe is remarkable. Bea Richards, who has appeared deceptively assured for two acts, explodes into agonized desperation and tears, but suddenly, in the middle of it all, the grotesque disproportion of her life's farcical pretense strikes her and she laughs violently. It is one of the most effective and daring moments in our current theater. At the end of the play she is left disillusioned but joyously fortified.

Director Frank Silvera's staging of the play in a unit setting that places important scenes far left front and far right front without completely blacking out the rest of the stage is awkward, and we frequently find ourselves tuning out on the kind of detail that is more appropriate to a novel than to a play. Similarly, the director's "theater of being" approach has led to performances that are often more convincing than dramatic. Miss Richards is unnecessarily complacent until her last-act eruption into high emotion. Frank Silvera appears a little too inspiredly wise as the wreckage of a returning ex-husband, and Art Evans overly cowed as David. One is apt to be more impressed with Isabell Sanford and Josie Dotson, who shine in briefer moments, and with the compassion of Mr. Baldwin's writing. For without compromising his convictions, he has in *The Amen Corner* told what appears to be a more timelessly true story than he did in his more temporal and more categorically unforgiving *Blues for Mister Charlie*.

—HENRY HEWES.

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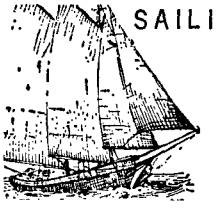
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Billie Sol Estes's Civil Rights

ADVOCATES of television coverage of trials found small encouragement recently in questions asked by Supreme Court justices during oral argument in the case of *Billie Sol Estes vs. The State of Texas.* No one can predict with certainty how the high court will rule in any action—but who asks what of whom, and how, is often a clue. Estes was convicted of swindling in Texas in 1962, but the state judge permitted television cameras to broadcast the proceedings live and on tape, and Estes sought reversal of the Texas verdict before the Supreme Court on the grounds that he had been denied due process and equal protection of the law under the Fourteenth Amendment. At one point in the questioning of adversaries, Chief Justice Earl Warren commented that TV coverage is "contrived" not for the protection of the defendant but for "commercial reasons." (He seemed to question whether a judge could control coverage outside the courtroom.) At another point, John D. Cofer, of Austin, Texas, a lawyer for Estes, asserted that TV cameras "dramatize" trials, whereupon Justice Arthur Goldberg interjected: "You mean television puts on a performance, not a trial." Justice William O. Douglas's general views on televising of trials are known. Writing in the *Rocky Mountain Law Review* in 1960, he said: "The trial is as much of a spectacle as if it were held in the Yankee Stadium or the Roman Coliseum. When televised, it is held in every home across the land. No civilization has ever witnessed such a spectacle." Justices Black and Brennan have demonstrated strong feelings in the past about the necessity for safeguarding the fundamental rights of a defendant in criminal procedures.

In deciding *Estes vs. Texas,* the Supreme Court will be aware of the pervasive sentiment among jurists and lawyers that fair trials and television coverage are incompatible. The American Bar Association and the American Civil Liberties Union submitted briefs in the case, arguing against television in courtrooms. The Bar Association's Canon 35, which forbids TV in trials, is adhered to by all states except Texas and Colorado. Eminent legal authorities have widely condemned extensive television exposure of those suspected of crime. Dean Erwin N. Griswold of Harvard Law School believes that judges should be denied all discretion to grant permission to televise trials in order to insulate them from the requests of the news media and from political pressures. The Canons of Judicial Ethics of the Texas Bar Association permit the judge to decide whether or not television shall be permitted at a trial. In 1907, Justice Holmes held that "the theory of our [judicial] system is that the conclusions to be reached in a case will be induced only by evidence and argument in open court, and not by any outside influence, whether of private talk or public print." The ACLU brief asserts, "This admonition becomes meaningless when a trial is allowed to be televised."

IN 1963 the Supreme Court reversed a defendant's conviction because his out-of-court "confession" had been telecast three times to the community in which he was tried. The court held that "any subsequent court proceedings in a community so pervasively exposed to such a spectacle could be but a hollow formality." In the Estes trial "the proceedings of the first day were televised live and repeated on tape later that evening in lieu of the usual late-night movie, reaching an estimated 100,000 local viewers, as well as a potential network audience in the millions." There were fifteen different sponsors. Texas (joined by Colorado and the National Association of Broadcasters) argued before the Supreme Court that telecasting the Estes trial did not impair due process. Only video portions of the trial were recorded, Texas argued equipment was noiseless and unobtrusive; the presiding judge said he had no trouble with TV coverage; and jurymen, in affidavits, testified that they were not "discommoded" by the TV cameras. Broadcasters generally hold that TV should be allowed in courts to educate and inform the public and protect against abuses of justice. They claim that a fair trial can be reconciled with a free press if proper standards are worked out for covering trials. Don't, they say, make a blanket prohibition of television; leave it to the judge to throw the cameras out if they are misused.

It seems improbable that the Supreme Court will decide to "leave it to the judge." The history of recent high court rulings shows a strong preference for uniform standards governing state as well as federal courts in the safeguarding of individual rights. Conceivably, the Supreme Court could rule narrowly on the Estes case and suggest a liberalization of the rules of the American Bar Association under clear guidelines to local courts. Given the present state of the television art and the almost unanimous resistance of the American bar to any relaxation of Canon 35, the better guess is that the Supreme Court will find a fair trial more important than television's access to the courts.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

SEASON TO TASTE

So many spicy novels have attained best-sellerdom that writers have frequently contrived to spice even the titles of their books. Margaret O. Slicer of Needham, Massachusetts, challenges you to match these tasty titles to their gourmet authors. Quench your thirst on page 70.

1. The Rosemary Tree	( )	Margery Sharp
2. Sesame and Lilies	( )	Jorge Amado
3. The Almond Tree	( )	Norah Lofts
4. Mustard Seed	( )	Lawrence Durrell
5. Ginger Griffin	( )	Louis Bromfield
6. Rosemary	( )	Ann Bridge
7. The Scent of Cloves	( )	Grace Zaring Stone
8. Honey and Salt	( )	Elizabeth Goudge
9. The Green Bay Tree	( )	Tobias Smollett
10. The Nutmeg Tree	( )	Charles Norris
11. The Silver Nutmeg	( )	Mary Slattery Stolz
12. Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon	( )	John Ruskin
13. Salt	( )	Carl Sandburg
14. Bitter Lemons	( )	Vicki Baum
15. Peregrine Pickle	( )	Norah Lofts

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It's Great, Man

IT IS traditional for the film reviewer to encourage every faint attempt made by our domestic producers to deal with pressing social problems, but I, for one, must break with tradition in the case of *Synanon*, a feature film directed and produced by Richard Quine for Columbia Pictures. Synanon, an organization formed on the West Coast to experiment with group therapy in the treatment of drug addiction, has gained a large amount of national attention, and a movie made about its work would seem, on the surface, a laudable undertaking. But, to this viewer, it seems a mistake from beginning to end.

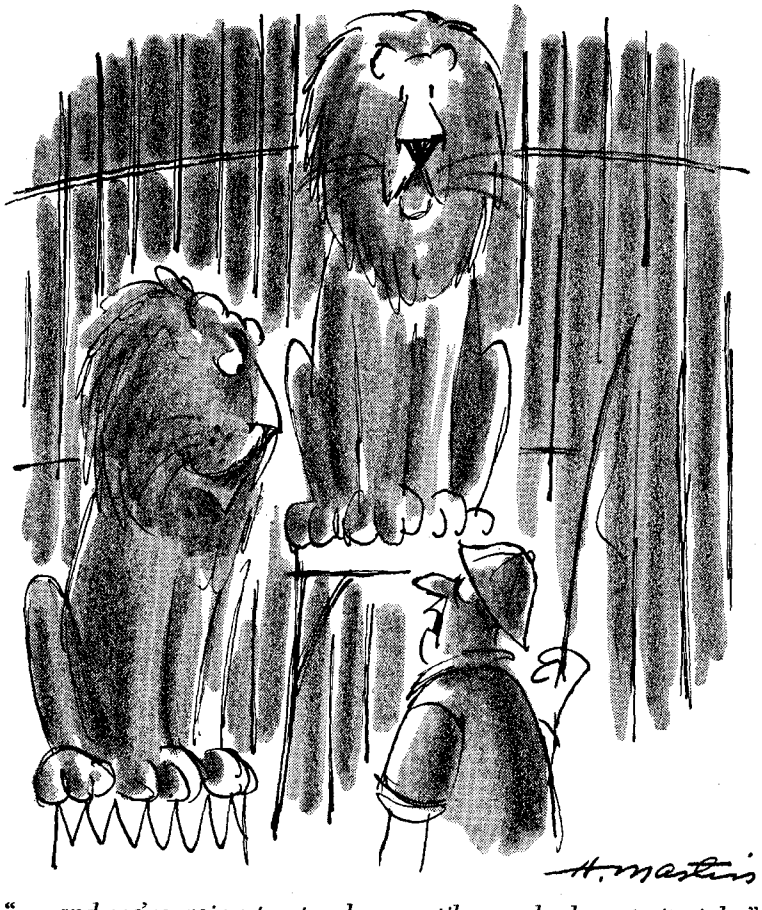
Mr. Quine is an expert director, but his very expertness has done him in, and his film though obviously conceived with a constructive purpose in mind, may well turn out to do a lot more harm than good. For, whether intended or not, *Synanon* glamorizes its subject, sexes it up, and prettifies the whole degrading, will-sapping, and destructive nature of the problem. More than that, it offers to the youth of this country and the world at large some heady examples of the rewards for shooting oneself full of the stuff. One big reward is Stella Stevens, a pretty blonde sex symbol of the type currently favored in Hollywood, and twice a full-color nude feature in *Playboy*. When a creepy addict (played by Alex Cord) decides to enter Synanon, who does he at once encounter but this very Stella Stevens? Soon enough, both break the rules of their institution and are steamily involved in an irresponsible affair.

Oh, sure, Stella (or Joanie, as she's called in the film) is *said* to be a former prostitute, an abandoner of husband and child, and a totally mixed-up kid, but she *looks* like that gatefold in a magazine and a lot sultrier than life. And she isn't the only attractive denizen of the movieland Synanon. There's Chuck Connors, another handsome, stalwart addict; Barbara Luna, a tempting little dish; Eartha Kitt, who makes speeches to the unbelievers about the worthiness of the home for addicts; Richard Conte, a nice guy trying to straigthen himself out; and several other pleasant people. Not bad at all, to belong to a club like that, but first it's necessary to get yourself hooked. After you're good and hooked, and desperate, and driven to thievery and other crimes, you merely have to wander into the Synanon house, and there you can lounge around, smoke, munch peanut butter sandwiches, listen to jazz, and try to make out on the sly with Stella, Barbara, and all the other cute kids.

In other words, Quine has taken standard Hollywood movie personnel and used them for a purportedly documentary study of a truly horrendous problem. Nice, fatherly Edmond O'Brien runs the place, hides his heart of gold under a rough exterior, and sadly has to go to jail because of some infraction of municipal law. And the one bad apple is that creepy Zankie Albo, who just won't play the game. So you wait for him to break out of the cozy shelter and start plunging the needle again. Big mistake. He's the victim of an O.D., passes out and away. And poor Stella (or Joanie), who really loved the guy and followed him out of Synanon, realizes that true sex and dope don't mix and heads back to Synanon.

THIS sorry mess of incidents was concocted by screenwriters Ian Bernard and S. Lee Pogostin. Presumably they had every opportunity to study Synanon and its inhabitants, and this was about all they could come up with: violence, sex, and instructive scenes showing the use of the needle. Technically the film is very well made but is almost entirely dishonest otherwise. Instead of approaching its subject with understanding and the aim of enlarging our own understanding, it aims straight for the box office (which, in this case, means an audience of young people) and spices up its "story" with shock effect and humor of incredibly bad taste. Naturally, when Zankie and Joanie steal off to the beach house for a roll on the floor, you see a lot of Stella Stevens in the flesh. This, too, should build box office. The young people should get an unaccustomed (from Hollywood) kick from these scenes, and addicts can safely take their friends to the flick to show what wholesome people they are basically. Wonderful guys like Chuck Connors and Richard Quine. Pretty babes like Stella Stevens, Barbara Luna, and Eartha Kitt. And *honest*, too. I mean, they all sit around and tell each other the *truth* about themselves. Be *proud* to be an addict. Hollywood is on your side. Why, that whole fan magazine crowd is doing it, and if your own family can't or won't help you, if society at large turns its collective shoulder, don't worry, man. There's always Synanon.

I hope I've made clear that it's not the actual organization of Synanon that I'm referring to here, but merely the movie. I'd think any responsible parent would want to keep his children away from it. —HOLLIS ALPERT.



"... and we're going to stay here until everybody gets it right."

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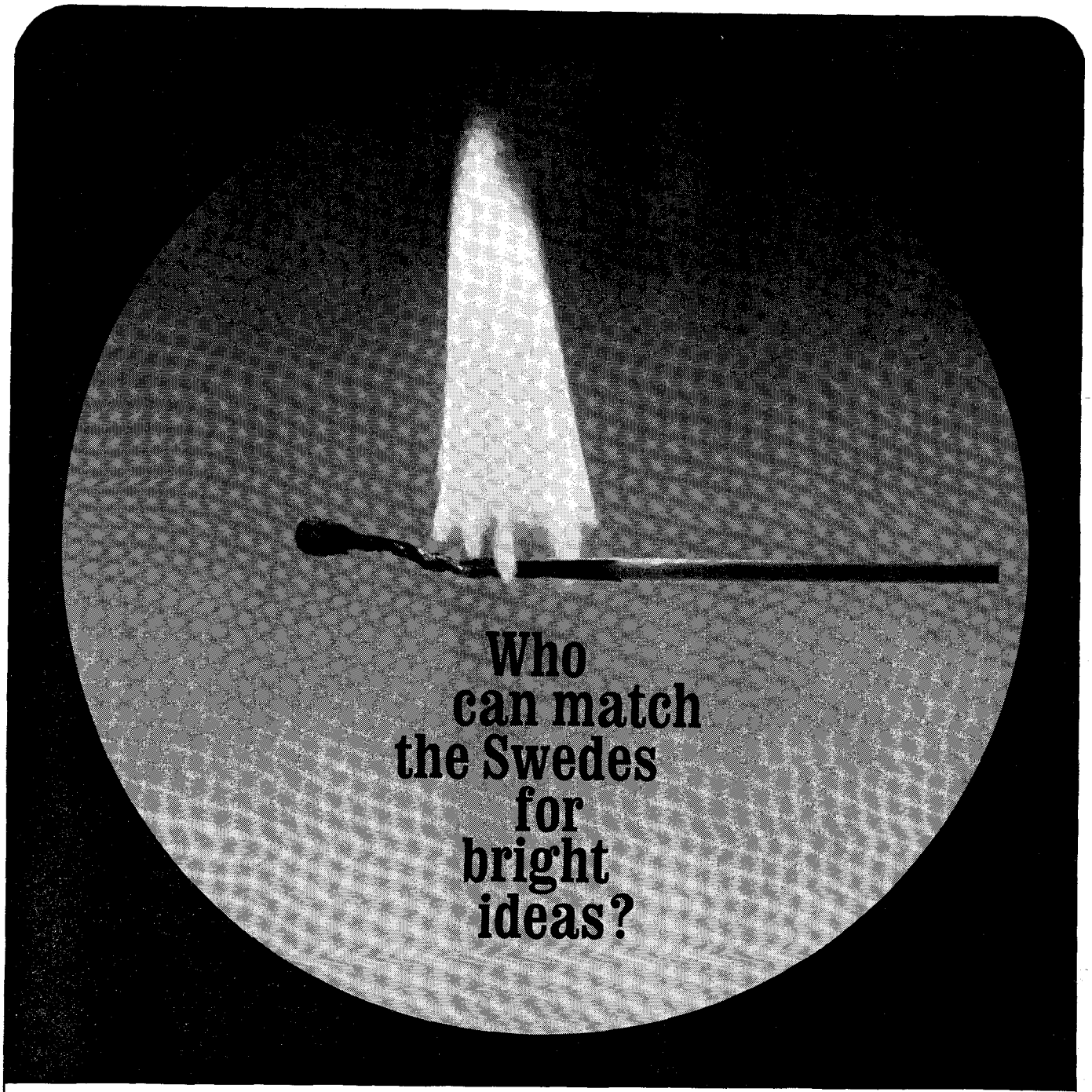

Swedes have been doing a lot of experimenting over the past few centuries. Often one of them comes up with an extraordinary invention. And just as often a Swedish company or industry turns a brilliant idea into a commercial success. ☐ Take safety matches for instance. Swedes made them a common commodity around the world. Then the country's most famous inventor, Alfred Nobel, created a variety of explosives including dynamite. Mining and construction men combined flame and fuse with earth-shaking results. ☐ Swedes earned their reputation for being exacting with a variety of inventions that include calculators, precision gauges and self-aligning ball bearings. It was Swedes that invented the automatic light house beacon and the steam turbine. ☐ And it is Sweden that keeps changing steelmaking practices—by being first in the world to use the Bessemer process commercially; then by producing a pure iron in powder form called "sponge iron"; and now by introducing the Kaldo oxygen process to make quality steel in volume. ☐ What are the Swedes up to today? They're pioneering scores of technological frontiers—new ways to transmit electric power over long distances, new electronic systems, new designs to quiet noisy machinery, new ways to build ships, even new ways to seal food in tube containers. ☐ Next time you consider accepting a concept or buying a product you'll ask yourself if it's the best. If it is, Swedish skill probably played a major role in creating it. And that's your assurance of top value. ☐ MEET MODERN SWEDEN, 8 East 69th Street, New York.

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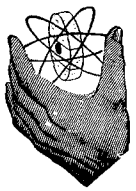

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ARTICLE: Engineering Project No. 1: Lift the Human Spirit

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

THE NATURAL LANGUAGE GAME

IF you share the now widespread fear that robot calculators, or computers, will in time make men obsolete, you may find some reassurance in playing a word game called "natural language."

Natural language is any language people use in speaking ordinarily to one another, as distinct from the artificial languages scientists use in communicating with each other through mathematics or logic. The distinction is necessary because the artificial languages are the ones through which men tell computers what to do.

One of the special attributes of natural language is susceptibility to insertion of sentences inside other sentences.

EXAMPLE: *The king who said, "My country for a horse," is dead.*

Here we have the sentence *My country for a horse* inserted in the middle of the sentence *The king is dead.*

In listening to this sentence-within-a-sentence, we must interrupt our consideration of the meaning of one sentence while we consider the meaning of the other sentence, and then go back to the meaning of the first sentence. But the task is not difficult. We do it all the time.

The next step in the game is to insert a third sentence and see how we fare. The whole statement now reads:

The person who cited, "The king who said, 'My country for a horse,' is dead," as an example is a psychologist.

Here we must interrupt our thought about the meaning of the first sentence, then interrupt that interruption, then return to complete the meaning of the first interruption, and finally go back to the meaning of the original sentence.

If you are still in the game, try another step:

The audience who just heard, "The person who cited, 'The king who said, "My country for a horse," is dead,' as an example is a psychologist," are very patient.

Are you still playing? I admit I am groggy. If you have mayhem in mind, I plead that this game isn't my idea. I read about it in *Nature*, the British scientific journal, which picked it up from another British journal, *Advancement of Science*. *Advancement of Science* got it from the Granada Lecture delivered in Guildhall, London, on October 13, 1964, by George A. Miller, professor of psychology at Harvard University.

Professor Miller says almost anyone can handle one inserted sentence, many people can dispose of two inserted sentences with relative ease, but almost everyone has trouble with three or more inserts.

THE point of the game is that computers, with their artificial languages, deal in long strings of inserts-within-inserts continually. A computer can do nothing without being instructed, or, in the language of the moment, "programmed." A "program" is made up of repetitive routines, which are stored in the form of numbers in the computer's memory—usually the surface of a metal drum or tape capable of holding electrical charges (representing the zeros and ones of binary arithmetic) magnetically. The "program" tells the computer to look in its memory for a particular routine. In the midst of that routine will be instructions to refer to sub-routines and then come back to the main routine. Sub-routines sometimes even refer the computer back to earlier parts of themselves. And the computer doggedly hunts its way (always following the previously calculated instructions of a human mind) back and forth thousands of times in the course of a single job.

People can't begin to duplicate this performance. As Professor Miller points out:

"If you will recall the everyday situations in which you were able to resume what you were doing after your interruptions had been interrupted, I think you will agree that you were able to resume because the interrupted task itself remembered for you. If you are interrupted while painting a wall, when you return the wall will provide an unmistakable reminder of how far you had gone and where you should resume. It is only when you cannot count on the environment to remember your re-entry point that your cognitive limitations become a handicap. Perhaps it is because we can usually count on the task to remember for us that we have not evolved more extensive powers for recursion."

WHATEVER the reason for our failure to cope with repetitive interruptions may be, we do fail. Yet, despite our lack of this remarkable property that computers possess, our minds perform feats unattainable by the robots. So, Professor Miller insists, we aren't really faced with the prospect of reducing men to machines. The genuine dilemma is to discover the general principles that are applicable to men and machines alike, the purpose being to determine how best to use computers to perform those functions that men find difficult.

"In the future," Professor Miller predicts, "we will become increasingly better able—on the basis of our increasing understanding of what men can and cannot do—to use machines to supplement our own competencies. Surely, this prospect is nothing to inspire dread or despair. In my private catalog of absurdities, I put the man who fears the mechanical aids of the future along with the teacher who fears the printing press because its books will put him out of business. If it is possible to spare ourselves the onerous mechanical chores, we will be just that much freer to do those things that only human beings can do, or want to do. . . .

"Computers will continue to amplify our intelligence for just the same reason that engines continue to amplify our muscles. The question we must ask is not whether we shall have computers or not have computers, but rather, since we are going to have them, how can we make the most humane and intelligent use of them?

"Fear of future technology seems to derive from two assumptions, both of which are highly dubious, if not demonstrably false. These assumptions are, first, that the amount of work to be done in the future is finite, and, second, that anything men can do, machines can do better.

"Concerning the first, the argument of despair goes as follows. Automation means that long years of performing a job manually are sacrificed for a smaller amount of work required now to build a machine that will do the long-term job

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automatically. Doing future work now may give a present boost to some sectors of the economy, but it is feared that this boost will quickly spend itself and future generations will be left with nothing to do. . . .

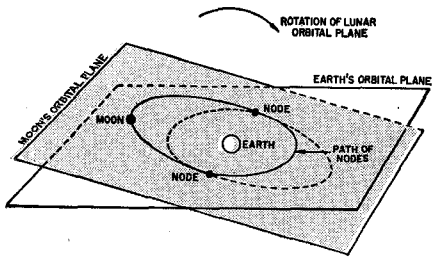
"If the total amount of future work to be done were limited, there might be some plausibility to this argument; future work, being limited, should be left for future generations to do. But there is little reason to believe that this is true. The amount of work involved merely in achieving full automation of industry is enormous, and no one who can contribute to it will need to go unemployed for centuries to come. Moreover, this enterprise will almost certainly be supplemented by the further development of new products and new technologies.

"Automation does not mean future unemployment. What it *does* mean, however, is a redistribution of our working force into new occupations, with all the attendant social stress that such shifts always generate. The demands that this shift will place on our educational system are, of course, staggering —but not impossible to meet if we foresee them and begin to plan for them immediately."

SPECULATION about the makeup of the moon continues. One of the newest proposals is that the moon may be made like the earth in reverse, with a heavy outer shell surrounding a core of lighter stuff.

Improbable though it sounds, even to the men who suggest it, this possibility has been raised by five years of calculations just completed at the International Business Machines Corporation's Watson Laboratory of Columbia University in New York.

Six thousand equations, containing 6,000 unknown factors, were worked out by Columbia Celestial Mechanics Professor W. J. Eckert and one of his graduate students, H. F. Smith. The purpose was to determine the orbit of the moon more precisely.



Sketch above shows how plane of moon's elliptical path around the earth is rotated by competing gravitational pulls of sun and earth. Nodes of intersection describe a circle around earth.

When the calculations began, the observed position of the moon lagged 440 feet behind its theoretically correct position for a period of nine months, and then jumped 440 feet ahead of the theoretical position for the next nine months, before lagging again for a similar period, and so on.

At the end of the calculations, the discrepancy between theoretical and observed positions of the moon was down to a few feet—25 seconds of arc per century.

Although other factors, such as the gravitational attractions of the other planets, are involved in the solution of this problem, the principal forces that decide the orbit of the moon are the gravitational pulls of the earth and the sun versus the pull of the moon itself on those much larger bodies. In response to the opposing tuggings, the plane of the moon's orbit rotates in space about six times in a hundred years. The points at which the rotating plane of the moon's orbit intersects the plane of the earth's orbit (see accompanying sketch) are known as nodes. The difference between the observed positions and the theoretically correct positions of the nodes was the basis of the Eckert-Smith study.

A significant element in such calculations is what astronomers call the *moment of inertia*, or the resistance of a body to acceleration at any angle that departs from a straight line of motion. An orbit, of course, is a series of angular departures from a straight line. And the *moment of inertia* depends on whether the mass of the body concerned is evenly distributed throughout the body, or, if the distribution is uneven, whether the heavier portions are near to or far from the axis of the body.

If the moon had a heavy core like the earth, surrounded by a mantle of lighter rock, 12 seconds of the 25 second per century orbital discrepancy found by Eckert and Smith would still remain unexplained.

If the moon were homogenous, 10 of the 25 seconds would be unaccounted for.

If, however, the moon had a light core enveloped by a heavy shell, all 25 seconds of the discrepancy would be understandable.

Are there reasonable ways in which a heavy shell could have enveloped a lighter moon?

Yes. Debris from meteorites crashing during millions of years of time could have done it.

But if this process actually has occurred, the U. S. Air Force Office of Aerospace Research has been drawing wrong conclusions from some of its experiments. The Air Force conclusions are that the moon is losing 600 tons of its shell every day. According to those calculations, meteorites are striking the lunar surface continually, but they are knocking off four times as much material as they add to the moon's mass.

It may be that one of the other planets is differently composed than astronomers think. If so, the variation in its gravitational pull on the moon could explain the now unexplained lunar wobble.

AMONG THE letters that have come to *SR*'s science desk in reaction to Professor Arthur Selwyn Miller's analysis of the constitutional questions imbedded in fluoridation of public drinking water, two propound an identical argument that many proponents of fluoridation find persuasive. One of the two, reader Michael Rappeport of Matawan, New Jersey, has phrased it as follows:

> In all the discussions of fluoridation, one point is consistently ignored. Fluorides occur naturally, in widely varying amounts, in all water supplies. When a city adds or subtracts fluorides from its water supply, basically what is being done is regulation of the local level of a natural substance. Unless one is prepared to argue about the small amount of tax money involved, to do nothing is to set a fluoride level no different philosophically from other levels. Now if some level of fluorides is unavoidable, the only question seems to be whether the good to the community equals the cost of the fluoride. Moreover, if some level is to be set, then it should certainly be the level considered optimum by predominant informed opinion at a given time (obviously changeable as informed opinion changes). To compare fluoridation to vaccination or thalidomide is completely erroneous. In the latter two, doing nothing is intrinsically different from doing something. In fluoridation, doing nothing is simply accepting "divine will" as to the local level rather than man's present best judgment.

This argument omits to mention that nature rarely, if ever, adds fluoride *alone* to water.

One of the historical bases of opposition to fluoridation has been that the elements other than fluoride in naturally fluoridated waters play a crucial role in preventing tooth decay. Recent research reports tend to confirm this role.

At the 1964 annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Montreal last Christmas week, for example, a paper read by the senior research officer, Dental Research Facility, Great Lakes Training Center, U.S. Navy—Captain Fred L. Losee, B.S., D.D.S., M.S.—began by saying that "because fluoride does not give total protection against dental caries, it is mandatory to broaden our outlook and expand our efforts" and ended by

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naming a dozen or more naturally waterborne chemicals that work sometimes in conjunction with fluoride and sometimes in absence of fluoride to prevent dental caries.

"In closing," Captain Losee told the AAAS, "let it be said that the recent vast number of experimental, clinical, and epidemiological studies leads the observer to believe that dental caries results from the interaction of multiple factors operating within the framework of time. It seems increasingly foolhardy to envision this complex problem as the simple result of any single factor, despite the attractiveness of a single cause-and-effect relationship."

At Harvard University, one of the major centers of agitation favorable to fluoridation in this country, the report of the Dean of the School of Dental Medicine covering the year 1962-63 includes this passage: "Dr. Finn Brudevold and his associates have presented compelling evidence that acid fluoride phosphate solution is greatly superior to solutions of sodium fluoride for topical treatment of teeth. Their discovery has won international attention as the first major advance in a decade toward more complete control of tooth decay." Dr. Ward Pigman and colleagues at the University of Alabama Medical Center at a 1964 symposium in New York City disclosed findings even more supportive of the idea that fluoride alone is not the ultimate preventive of tooth decay. In the Alabama experiments, topical application of phosphates and fluoride together prevented decay in teeth while application of fluoride alone did not prevent decay.

Research grants are being made by the National Institutes of Health to explore new ground that logically should have been explored before the campaign for fluoridation of public drinking water was inaugurated.

INSTANCE: A research team of geologists at Lehigh University has embarked on a three-year NIH study which a Lehigh press announcement says is intended "to determine the conditions under which the mineral apatite or other minerals form to make up teeth and bone. They [the Lehigh team members] will be specifically searching for an answer to the basic problem of whether apatite crystallizes from body fluids to form teeth and bone, or whether some other compound forms and recrystallizes to form apatite. They will also research apatite's solubility, or ability to dissolve in various fluids. At the present time little is known about crystallization conditions necessary to form teeth and bone, and the values for solubility currently reported differ by as much as an almost unbelievable factor of 100 billion."

JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

Intuition in Science: Why Cover It Up?

A STUDY of the career choices of the top stratum of high school seniors about to enter college shows a decline of interest in scientific research and a very sharp decline of interest in engineering. The same study shows that such traditional professions as medicine and law are holding their own or increasing in popularity.

There is evidence that the scientist also occupies a relatively low position in the general scale of social values. A recent study of the attitudes of college women indicates that those who would like to marry a doctor or a lawyer are thirteen times as numerous as those who prefer a scientist as a husband. Other studies indicate a generally hostile attitude toward the scientist, in which fear and respect for the power of his techniques are mingled with contempt for him as a person.

There is a tendency in the scientific community to feel that indifference to science as a career is a product of the public's unwillingness or inability to make the effort required for the mastery of scientific disciplines. I believe, on the contrary, that certain attitudes in the scientific community itself are at least partly, if not substantially, to blame.

What are the reasons for the deterioration in the position of science and engineering?

FIRST, the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake has been elevated to the highest position in the temple of science. This was not always so. Francis Bacon wrote that the purpose of science is the enrichment of human life. At the time of the formation of the British Royal Society in 1661 it was generally considered that the object of science was the betterment of man, either by direct practical application or in the broad sense by the acquisition of knowledge. But today the separation of basic scientific research from other human activities is a canon of scientific attitude.

A pecking order has come into existence in science, in which the highest rank is assigned to the "purest" subjects, those whose connection with the directly observable elements of our physical environment is least obvious. Problems relating to the structure of the earth, the origin and history of the solar system, the conditions under which life developed on this planet—all the questions which directly concern the planet earth and man's physical existence on it—are considered impure and of lower intellectual content. Scientific investigations which have a direct bearing on human affairs are ranked at the bottom. The difficult and important problem of the weather is beneath the notice of most physicists

SECOND, scientists have permitted (and occasionally encouraged) the development of a public image of science as an impersonal and dehumanized field of work, unintelligible and inaccessible to all but a gifted few. This stereotype portrays the scientist as a man who starts with a premise of established fact, proceeds by a formal reasoning, and arrives in this way at an incontestable conclusion. It represents the scientist as a logically perfect but alien being, dealing in facts and truths, a man who works like a machine.

This is a false image because a scientist goes about his business in the same manner as everyone else, relying heavily on subjective and intuitive judgments. However, when he has reached a significant result, he covers up his tracks and replaces his intuitive reasoning by a formal discussion designed to convince his colleagues. These traditional methods of presentation in the scientific literature, which conceal the intuitive element in scientific discovery, serve to alienate the general public.

THIRD, scientists have little interest in teaching and generally look down on it. If they give advanced courses it is to acquire students trained in their fields for assistance in their research. If they give elementary courses, the courses are presented as a collection of problem-solving techniques and formal methods, designed for the student who is going on to advanced work in the field. Such a desiccated account of science extinguishes the interest of all but the most strongly motivated students. There is an urgent need for a kind of education which will give the intelligent person in law, business, and other fields an understanding of science as one of the forces which shape his society.

I do not believe that scientists bear the sole responsibility for his problem. But they can make an important contribution to its solution if they will expose the intuitive basis of their work and its relation to other human experience, devote more effort to teaching and to the translation of their jargon into normal language, and broaden their definition of respectable intellectual labors to include some of the pressing "impure" problems of our civilian economy.

—ROBERT JASTROW
in a lecture to the
American Orthopsychiatric Assn.

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THE CULTURE OF ANIMALS

A Lesson in Evolution

THE animals have a "culture," just as human sets of habits are cultures, and their culture is transmitted in much the same way—for the most part no doubt by example but there may also be purposeful guidance. All vocal animals have sounds that mean *no* and *all right* and *watch out*, and they communicate with their postures and gestures and actions. It is likely, however, that most things are learned by simply the long and close association with a mother and sometimes a father. Mammal young mature slowly. Meanwhile, it may be for years, they share the adults' world even though they can't function there yet. They learn what the social relationships are, both amicable and otherwise, and they see what is done in a great variety of situations, again and again, and a pattern of adult behavior, in all its details, is formed in their minds. Later they will live out the same patterns for their own offspring.

What habits make up this culture packet depends largely on where an animal lives. In the ground, on it, above it, or far away from it: The conditions in each specific environment are different from any other, and the young mammal must learn how to get along best in his own surroundings.

No natural habitat is more singular than the bed of kelp which is the home of a sea otter. As the incandescent sun drops towards the rim of the ocean, touches and then moves below it, the last licks of silver light on the water fade into its molten pewter. The day has ended, and the pup in his mother's arms learns how an otter prepares for sleep. At dusk she is often idly afloat on her back among fronds of kelp, and he lies on her chest. Now she tightens her arms around him and rolls the two of them over and over until they are wrapped in strands of the giant seaweed. Just under the surface these uppermost leaves of the kelp spread out like the flat tops of trees, though more limber, with the stems—the stipes—fixed in the sand and rocks seventy-five feet below. As the wide, heavy swells of the ocean approach and pass during the night, the kelp in which they have entwined themselves will prevent the otters from drifting away. The fronds will hold them, the waves will rock them. Safely the mother and pup can sleep.

Close around them are their companions, a friendly herd of nearly a hundred sea otters who live in this kelp bed. The maze of fronds is their watery, unsubstantial island. One can swim in and out of its tangles, dive down through the foliage past the bare, rubbery stipes to the more delicate plants, like bushes, growing out of the ocean floor. The pup's mother has taken him down many times. Clasping him in one arm, she dives by backward thrusts of her strong hind feet, which are webbed. There below they find sea urchins, crabs, and clams that the pup will eat when he is no longer drinking her milk. The way she opens the shellfish when they are back on the surface is something to watch with delight as he floats in the water beside her. Whenever she brings up a shell, she also brings up a flat rock. Laying this on her chest, she lifts the shell over her head in both hands and brings it down on the rock with a crashing blow! Sometimes it takes two or three tries, but the shell breaks at last, and she takes a piece in her hands and eats out the meat within. The pup cannot do that yet, but at least he sees how it is done.

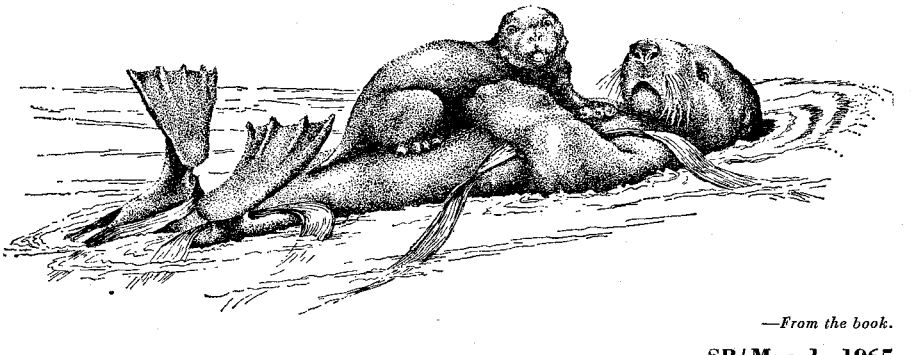
Some parts of the kelp are denser than others, and those are good hideaways. Now that the otters no longer are hunted by men, their worst enemies are the killer whales. The pup doesn't need to be taught that the killers are dangerous, but sensing his mother's fear has increased his natural caution. The whales are both watched and listened for—those lines of black whales that travel abreast, cutting up and down through the water together with a cold, rhythmic regularity which makes a pulse in the sea far ahead of the swimmers. When the whales approach, the otters all instantly stop the tumbling and splashing play that occupies much of their time and lie very still, like old drifting logs. Actually they do look like logs—a little short, being about four feet long, but with bodies quite round and fur the same nearly black color of water-soaked wood.

It would seem that a baby born in the water would know instinctively how to swim, but the otter didn't, or at least he did not want to. He could float on his back from the start. His mother would lay him up on her chest, and then, very quietly, she would let herself sink until she was entirely under the water and he would float off. She would come up a few feet away and stay near him, never making a splash or sound till he woke, maybe an hour later. He would cry for her, and she would pull him onto her chest again, and let him nurse, and clean him all over, getting every tangle out of his fur, which was the infant kind then, thick and woolly. She was very clean herself, grooming her own soft and glossy fur two or three times a day, and even more often she cleaned the baby.

She also taught him to play with her, and took him for rides out away from the kelp. Holding him on her chest, she propelled herself either with one hind foot or both, or by sculling with only her tail. He loved that, but his own swimming, properly face-downward and dipping under the waves, had to be mastered. Now when his mother put him into the water, it was face-down, and then she would swim a short distance away from him. He tried to swim after her, but he didn't go forward, his feet just made a big splash, and he was very unhappy and cried. She came back and swam around and around him, and then drew away, urging him in a soft voice to come with her. He tried again and failed and was miserable.

Many lessons were necessary before he could really swim, and even then he could not dive. He wouldn't stay *down*. In that too she encouraged him, but he didn't make progress until his back muscles strengthened so that his feet could push harder.

Meanwhile there were many more things to learn and discoveries to be made—for example, the fact that the grownups often took food from one another. One would be eating a crab, start-



—From the book.

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ing perhaps with its legs, when a second otter would swim up and take the rest of the crab off the chest of the first. He would not even bother to go away with it, just roll over and eat it right there. The original owner never complained; he simply dived down for another crab, if he could find one. Was the thief one of the older otters, who therefore considered himself entitled to anyone's food, not a real thief at all? One of the eldest got all of his food in this way, and no one objected. But then, he was the ruler of the herd. Two other important members were guards, who stood watch while the rest of them slept.

The male most familiar to the pup was the one who spent most of his time near his mother. This fellow didn't pay any attention to him, but didn't seem to resent him either. Perhaps he was his father.

Wherever the herd went, they went together, and sometimes they felt like traveling without going anywhere, really. There were two other kelp beds not afternoon swimming from one to the far away, and they might spend a whole other. They would all start at the same time, going along at a leisurely pace; at the second bed they would rest and then go on to the third, where they would rest somewhat longer. They could float from there back to their home bed—the tide carried them—and so they were ready to start out again immediately. They kept going around and around the triangle till the sun went down, an exercise no one might understand, but it was fun. Maybe that was its only meaning.

These are some of the things that sea-otter pups must learn. In their case the learning is especially important, because this way of life, being out in the ocean continually, is almost new to their species. Some of the habits which may become automatic in time—after thousands of years—are adaptations that sea otters only now are developing. Though men call them sea otters, they have classified them, not as marine mammals, but amphibians, like their small relatives, river otters. Until only a hundred years ago sea otters lived largely on beaches, at the northern edge of the Pacific Ocean. On the shores of the islands they found their food, slept, sunned themselves, mated, and bore their young. They spent much of their time in the water, loving its motion, the freedom it gave them to dive, swirl about, splash, or float and let the waves swing them up and down. No animal that could only walk or run had as much chance to enjoy himself. But the land was another home.

Aleuts, a people very much like Eskimos, shared the otters' islands. They were not numerous. They did kill a few of the animals to make clothes of their fur, but there were so many sea otters then, hundreds of thousands, that the men were not much of a threat. Later they were discovered by white men, Russians, who considered that sea otters were the most beautiful animals in the world and organized expeditions to kill hordes of them, taking their skins back to China and Europe, where single hides sold for as much as five hundred dollars. When the United States bought Alaska in 1867, a new kind of white men killed even more wantonly (it had been a rule of the later Russians not to kill mothers and pups), until finally all the otters were gone from most islands—slaughtered. Then the men, seeing their species so nearly extinct, made a law that no one could kill a sea otter. That was in 1916, but already the last of the otters had taken steps themselves to save the few that were left: they had moved out to the kelp.

They learned how to wrap themselves in the fronds so the waves would not carry them in to shore while they slept. They learned to find all their food in the depths of the ocean. The mating act, in the watery foliage, was indeed something new, as was the birthing of young ones there—but the animals managed those things. They learned the best ways to hide. About twenty years later they found a small cove on the shore which seemed safe because a high cliff rose behind it. They began coming out there in the old ways of their kind. But some people discovered them, and on the Fourth of July from the top of the cliff threw lighted firecrackers down among them. The otters left then, for good.

Displaced animals, emigrants from the land which had been their home since immemorial time, they are making themselves a new culture. And it is interesting to wonder whether a young otter feels deprived of some deep-rootedness, having to stay forever out in the sea, whereas his ancestors, for so many centuries, went to the land. If so, does his mother's unfailing devotion help to give him a sense of belonging there in the kelp? She might well have a feeling of rootlessness too; can she nevertheless reassure her pup? The same questions can be asked about human parents and young, for we all are living in changing environments, especially those of old rural stock who have moved to the cities.

* * *

GIBBONS have fascinated travelers to Southeast Asia for centuries, and there is now the excellent and detailed report of the biologist, C. R. Carpenter, who spent hundreds of hours observing twenty-one gibbon families in Thailand. Although gibbons stay most of the time in the upper boughs of tall trees, Carpenter was able to watch them intimately, for he found, in a wildlife reserve surrounding a Buddhist temple, cliffs which rose steeply out of the forest.

—Doug Anderson.

Some of the time the animals were only thirty feet from the biologist, sitting up on a cliff with his binoculars and recording equipment.

In Thailand, as everywhere, dawn came first to the treetops. The frothy green plumes were in sunlight while the river below in the canyon still was a vein of the night. Grades of gloom hung in the mists above it; knots of shade were caught in the festoons of mosses. Moisture from heavy dew dripped from the giant ferns. But the day was already a bloom on the tips of the tallest trees, and the gibbons were there to proclaim it. They had slept on the middle boughs, but today, as on all days, they had climbed to the highest branches as soon as the sun had touched them. Perched there, with knees under their chins and long arms grasping the boughs for support, the gibbons began their dawn chorus.

They sent their songs ringing across the dark canyons, and from opposite ridges came the answers of neighboring gibbon families.

From the infants with thin piping voices to adult males, whose vocal volume is said to surpass any man's, the gibbons all sang the same tune. A real tune it was, begun in the key of E and rising by halftone steps to exactly the height of an octave, where the voices trilled with great flexibility. Each tone was introduced with a grace note, the keynote E, and the whole up-flung roulade had the effect of expressing triumphant joy. At the top, during the trill, the gibbons quivered through all their bodies. Finally they let the song ease away in a few diminishing quarter tones.

The gibbons have a whole repertory of calls and cries, all somewhat musical, but this morning performance is considered a marvel. For these apes are the only animals below man who can sing true tones, with voices organized like the human voice.

—Sally Carrighar
in *Wild Heritage*,
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by Sally Carrighar
(Houghton Mifflin, $5.95).

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LIFT THE HUMAN SPIRIT!

By JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR.

OUTWORN stereotypes of the engineer need to be cast aside. The quarterly publication of the Engineers Joint Council recently pointed to one of these in C. P. Snow's novel, *The New Men*. In noting the absence of engineers from a meeting of scientists called to express their grave concern about the awesome danger to mankind of nuclear weapons, Snow says, in the words of a character in the novel:

"It struck me that all the top scientists . . . were present but none of the engineers. As an outsider, it had taken me years to understand this rift in technical society. . . . The engineers . . . who used existing knowledge to make something go, were in nine cases out of ten conservatives in politics, acceptant of any regime in which they found themselves, interested in making the machine work, indifferent to long-term social guesses.

"Whereas the physicists, whose whole intellectual life was spent in seeking new truths, found it uncongenial to stop seeking when they had a look at society. They were rebellious, questioning, protestant, curious for the future and unable to resist shaping it. . . ."

This episode expresses a cliché that dies hard. Even had it ever been true, it is wide of the mark today. It is an out-of-date stereotype to type engineers as not interested in seeking new truth. Engineers are working side by side with scientists in many research programs, and more and more the education of engineers provides them with the fundamental training and the motivation to enable them to become highly successful innovators. And this kind of intensive creativity encourages independence and nonconformity.

So we need to dump these stereotypes, frequently held by engineers themselves, if the engineer is to be of maximum usefulness in the public domain. Our societies need independent-minded, questioning, concerned engineers as well as scientists with these traits.

New educational programs that are underway seek to give new dimensions to engineers so that they can perform effectively in the public arena. Not only have there been changes in the undergraduate program giving greater emphasis to the fundamentals of science and the humanities, and a steadily lengthening of engineering education by graduate and postdoctoral study; increasingly, engineers choose to study management and public administration either through electives in undergraduate school or full time at the graduate level. I, among others, have become convinced of the importance of a continuing study of the impact of technology on government and on foreign affairs and of a cross-fertilization between engineering and political science.

For the past several years I have had the stimulating experience of giving an occasional graduate seminar to engineers, scientists, and political scientists on science, technology, and public policy. Both undergraduate and graduate students have afterward come to me to inquire how they can enter the service of the government or contribute to the public service. In general, my inclination is to tell them that they must first establish themselves firmly in their professions, achieving a record in the practice of science and engineering. They are then in a much stronger position to make their talents effectively available in government. At the same time, however, it must be recognized that with the preparation now available in public administration and in political science in an increasing number of universities, increasing numbers of young people find it possible to move immediately into the government service.

Let me note five areas of public service where the specialized skills of the engineer are increasingly in demand and where the profession is qualified to make an even larger contribution. I leave out such major but obvious areas as defense and space technology which, taken together, constitute the largest government use of engineering talent.

FIRST, there is the difficult area of arms limitation. The engineers of our generation face a magnificent challenge to join in interdisciplinary concert with military and political experts in supporting our government leaders in finding sound, safe approaches to arms limitation. Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, for example, working with other engineers and with scientists, has assisted policy-makers in shaping those national policies that led to our treaty with the Soviet Union for a limited nuclear test ban. All efforts to achieve arms limitation require a very high level of technical study and judgment, and engineers have special qualifications to be helpful.

SECOND, with increasing frequency our society must make knotty, vexing decisions on the desirability of costly technological ventures such as the supersonic transport plane and the accompanying system of airports and air traffic control. The engineering profession must provide men of statesmanlike judgment to help make these decisions, which involve finance, technology, industry, government, and social priorities, not to mention sonic booms.

THIRD, our society faces the job of deploying a new technology that is regional, continental, or even global in scale, and must look to engineers for guidance.

Take transportation. It becomes increasingly clear that we cannot solve our transportation problems by a piecemeal approach. Highways, rapid transit, railroads, and air transport must be treated as a system requiring a new order of technological, financial, political, and managerial ingenuity. We now have on the agenda bold proposals for an integrated transportation system for the northeast corridor stretching from Boston to Washington. This concept, made both possible and necessary by technological advance, may involve the development of really high-speed rail transport with other collateral transport systems deployed in association with it, and all breaking across municipal, county, and state lines requiring new political arrangements.

We hear spectacularly bold engineering proposals to meet current national

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and international needs. For example, there is the international North American Water and Power Alliance proposal to store water at high elevations, mainly in Canada, after collection in Alaska and Canada, and to distribute it throughout the southern provinces of Canada, and in the United States and northern Mexico. Similarly, there is the proposed Hamilton Falls hydroelectric project to generate economically useful power not only for Canada but for parts of New England and for New York City. These great concepts represent the regional and continental scale of that modern engineering which we must have to serve the nation; they point up the importance of leaders who are masters of the technology required but who also understand the confluence of technology with government, finance, management, regional planning, and sociology.

The spectacular growth of computers and data processing, a technological revolution that is really just beginning, leads to conjectures about utility systems devoted to data processing.

We must have engineers of an intellectual scale and scope to match these great enterprises, to evaluate them, to master their social and political complexities, and to discipline them to serve man and not to dominate him.

FOURTH, the impact of science and technology on foreign affairs has created a need for engineers with many different kinds of orientation to serve our foreign policy. The State Department now has Scientific Attachés, some of whom are engineers, in its major embassies, and of course our technical aid programs have enlisted many engineers for foreign service. Even so, there is still need for more engineers in the foreign service—and a greater recognition on the part of government that it needs them.

In this era of awakening nations the engineer has an unprecedented opportunity to work sensitively in strange cultures to give them in their own terms the technology they need and can use to become self-sustaining. In all of these ways he performs a unique service for the human community.

Since our principles and policies impel us to aid the new and less developed nations, we must face the fact that our knowledge of how to do it is frequently as underdeveloped as the nations we would help. Our aid programs should be supported and guided by a research program as intensively and professionally pursued as the research and development programs underlying our defense. An idealistic impulse to aid is not enough; we must bring together teams of specialists—engineers, economists, agriculturists, sociologists, educators—carefully prepared and armed with research results for work in the specific area to be aided.

LET me give a striking example of this. In 1961, the President of Pakistan, who had been primed by his science adviser, described to President Kennedy the problem of water-logging and salinity that was progressively reducing the fertility of vast acreages of irrigated farm land in Pakistan. President Kennedy promptly asked his Special Assistant for Science and Technology, Dr. Wiesner, to see what he might do in helping to find a solution to this problem. Dr. Wiesner mobilized a panel of twenty U. S. specialists, both technical and nontechnical, and a solution was found. Computer models were constructed at Harvard's School of Applied Science which not only yielded a solution to this specific problem but also went further and yielded a balanced, comprehensive plan of soil improvement, agricultural development, including the use of fertilizers, weed killers, and pesticides, the development of suitable plant varieties, and sound marketing.

Another case in point is the study undertaken by our Center for International Studies at M.I.T., jointly with the General Electric Company, to determine the feasibility of certain electrification projects in India and in South American areas. This joint effort on the part of social scientists and engineers concluded that such electrification would not be economic and thus they were able to save large sums of money for the countries involved.

For a most interesting example of the secondary effects of technological development on societies and on international relations, I am indebted to Henry M. Boettinger of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. He has called attention to one of the underlying causes of what is currently happening in the Arab world, where we note today a growing sense of destiny, nationhood, and unity, some of it creating problems for our own foreign policy. He reports that a perceptive journalist has explained the sudden renaissance of Arab unity after a lapse of nearly a thousand years as being greatly influenced by the Japanese transistor radios distributed widely in that area. The journalist pointed out that "every camel driver, every oasis, every little village now had Japanese transistor radios which tuned to the Voice of the Arabs, the characteristic name for Radio Cairo. . . . Now these widely scattered people, many illiterate, are suddenly able to receive a message in their own tongue which calls them to power and glory." When Brittain, Bardeen, and Shockley were inventing the transistor around 1948, they hardly visualized this ultimate kind of impact of their invention.

FIFTH, increases in population, growing urbanization, and the deterioration of urban environments are together creating undesirable changes in our urban life. Indeed, we face a crisis in avoiding blight and the dehumanization of our crowded cities.

ALL about us today we see the encroachment of ugliness and crass utility on the beauty and benignity of our living environment. We are in a constant struggle against ugliness and bad taste, with ugliness too often triumphing. We see our wilderness areas invaded and our streams and harbors polluted. We see ugly structures built and land developments misplanned that in the long run can only be an economic waste and hurtful to the human spirit. We are in the midst of changes in which America the beautiful is in danger of becoming America the slum and America the blotched, unless courageous citizens and especially courageous engineers and economists and architects and politicians, both as professional men and as citizens, are willing to stand up and work and vote for a new level of

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humaneness and benignity and conservation in our land.

If our society is to alleviate these ill effects of population growth, bad planning, bad taste, and misused technology, the engineer must bring to the battle his special insights and specialized competence, his knowledge of technological trends and alternatives, pooling them with the specialized insights and competencies of other kinds of concerned professional men, including the politicians.

WE hear too often today the excuse that the misuse of technology is not the responsibility of the scientists and engineers who create it but rather of those nonscientists and nonengineers who misuse it. The new engineer of whom I speak believes that this is not a defensible position for any professional man to take in our society. On the contrary, he believes that, if the engineer is to be genuinely professional, he must be concerned with the social impact of his labors. He must feel his responsibility to join with other professional men in shaping technology to enrich the human condition and not to dehumanize it.

When beautifully conceived and designed communications systems, such as TV, are put to tawdry and meretricious use, the engineer, no less than sociologists or ministers, has a responsibility to speak up for higher standards of taste.

When a new highway, even though competently engineered, destroys recreational areas, or in other ways does avoidable damage to communities in its path, or is ugly and hurtful to the human spirit, engineers in that community share a responsibility to seek better solutions. Some of my colleagues at M.I.T., notably Professor Kevin Lynch, who have been studying the visual aspects of roads, emphasize the possibility of designed highways to enhance the visual quality of a city and to be more nearly works of art.

When engineer-designed plants or devices, through improper use or regulation, pollute our air or waters or cause avoidable hazards to man, the engineer, with his specialized understanding of these plants and devices, has a responsibility to give other citizens the professional insights he, and only he, can bring to the problem and join them in seeking solutions. When advancing technology, even though it be temporary, causes dislocations and loss of jobs, the engineer must share in the management responsibility of cushioning the effects of the technological change he produces. He should not be neutral or indifferent or take the position that engineers can be responsible only for the quality of the engineering and not for its social consequences.

I am not trying to encourage engineers to move out of industry or education into government or other kinds of public service in a way that would reduce the engineering strength of any field. I am arguing for a greater recognition of engineers for their immense contributions to the common account and a greater recognition by engineers themselves of the unfolding opportunities for still greater service in the public domain. Our objective should be to have enough engineers well enough educated to serve the needs of the civilian sector as well as of the governmental sector for engineers. It is especially important today that scientists and engineers not be diverted from our civilian economy in a way that would weaken the technological strength of this sector in the face of increasing competition from abroad, and we must be aware of our current acute shortage of teachers of engineering.

Neither do I urge that all engineers should include service in the public arena in their career patterns. There must always be an honorable estate and ample opportunity for those engineers whose talents are most productive when narrowly applied. Many creative minds find themselves most creative when working in monastic seclusion or highly specialized ways. And always the engineer's first responsibility is to be competent as an engineer.

I emphasize finally that I have no sympathy with "technocracy" or any other concept of society that fails to recognize that government decision-making must be in the hands of political leaders accountable to the public. These political leaders in the end must rely on their own good judgment, insights, and values, but increasingly, as our society grows more technologically complex, they find it helpful to call upon specialists and scholars for expert advice. Increasingly, our political leaders draw upon expert counsel from all the great disciplines—from science, engineering, social sciences, and humanities—favoring none above the other except the one most relevant and useful for the problem at hand.

The engineering profession has a place of its own in the public service because of that diversity of roles among its members which I have noted, a many-sidedness that encompasses a concern for men as well as things, the humanities as well as science. The engineer has a style, a professional individuality arising out of this range of interests. He is marked by a commitment to be innovative while giving his creative accomplishments practical utility. He is concerned with feasibility, manufacturability and reliability; and is accustomed to weighing the value of his works against their costs, to meeting schedules and budgets, to making judgments about priorities and choices among technological alternatives. But he is also expected to be sensitive to humane values in discharging these essential utilitarian tasks. He is expected to mobilize, lead, and inspire the loyalties of the men required to achieve these other objectives.

What I have been describing is a new kind of engineering—Simon Ramo has called it "the greater engineering"—deeply committed and sensitively attuned to the humanistic goals of our society. This kind of engineering, as a tie between science and the humanities, stands for a technology shaped, disciplined, and controlled first and last to enhance, not to corrode, humanity.

POET LAUREATE OF ENGINEERING

—M.I.T.

DR. JAMES RHYNE KILLIAN, JR., is chairman of the board of the corporation of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was the first man ever to be appointed as Assistant President of the United States for Science and Technology. As personal science advisor to former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, he helped to brake a headlong dash for the moon, giving priority instead to research on such prickly earthly problems as the future development of the African continent. Last December, in the annual Roy V. Wright Lecture to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, he summoned the engineering community—then in the throes of organizing a new National Academy of Engineering—to loftier levels of expression akin to poetry. His text here is derived from those remarks, briefly echoed in M.I.T.'s own *Technology Review* but otherwise neglected up to now in the public prints.

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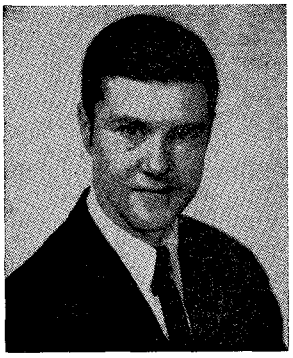
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Canada Agriculture.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Among the most dependable of early indicators of direction are confidential reports exchanged at the Gordon Research Conferences, symposia in chemistry held annually on the campuses of a half dozen Atlantic and Pacific coastal schools during academic recess. In each of these meetings, a single subject of study is discussed exclusively and exhaustively for an entire week. Subjects assigned for the summer of 1965 include organic photochemistry—the study of the effects of light on biological systems. Below is a brief description of the growing edge of knowledge of this continuing mystery of creation. Dr. Douglas J. C. Friend is a plant physiologist in the Canada Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, momentarily assigned to the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Organization in Australia. His report here originated with an item in the "Canadian National Research Council News."*

DOUGLAS J. C. FRIEND

Canada Department of Agriculture

WHEN light falls on an object, one of two things happens: The light is either reflected or absorbed. To have any effect on a living system, absorption of light must take place. The absorbing substance is often a brightly colored pigment such as the green chlorophyll in the leaves of plants or the visual purple in the retina of animal eyes.

One way to identify the particular pigment responsible for light-stimulated reactions is to irradiate a plant or animal with light of different colors. In this way it has been found that red and dark-red light can have very profound effects on many aspects of plant growth. The pigment responsible has now actually been isolated by plant physiologists of the U.S. Department of Agriculture at Beltsville, Maryland, and given the name of "phytochrome."

Although normally present in plants in extremely low concentration, extracts from about three pounds of oat seedlings have been sufficiently concentrated to establish that the pigment is a protein, blue-green in color. This pigment has some remarkable properties; it is energized by red light in some way not yet understood to set in action a whole train of chemical reactions that can profoundly alter the pattern of plant growth. Seed of lettuce and many other plants is stimulated to germinate by this activation of phytochrome; in other plants, the greening of seedlings when they come into the light, the reddening of the skin of apples, and the formation of a yellow pigment in the skin of tomatoes all depend on the activation of phytochrome.

Only a low intensity of light is needed to activate phytochrome. Bright moonlight just about reaches the level of effectiveness for some plants, and the duration of illumination is usually more important than the intensity of the light.

The flowering of fall-blooming plants such as chrysanthemum can be prevented if the naturally short daylengths of autumn are extended by artificial light. In summer-blooming plants such as snapdragon, use of artificial light to lengthen the effect of winter sunlight has exactly the opposite effect: Flowering is hastened by the activation of phytochrome.

Once phytochrome has been activated by red light it is either used up in further chemical reactions, or else converted back into "inactive" phytochrome. This conversion can take place in the dark, or, more rapidly, under the influence of dark-red light. The exact proportion of red light and dark-red light in the illumination determines the amount of phytochrome activated and the response of the plant.

In addition to phytochrome there is increasing evidence of the existence of another pigment that is activated most by dark-red light and can promote flowering in wheat and barley. This pigment has not yet been isolated.

The most important action of light on living organisms is photosynthesis, the building up of sugars from the carbon-dioxide of the air in the green leaves of plants. Without photosynthesis there would be no green plants, no food for animals, no coal or oil—in fact, no life as we know it!

The energy that is used to make the sugars comes from the light absorbed by the green pigment, chlorophyll. It now appears that the color of light can determine the type of organic compounds that are formed. For example, more glycine is created in red light than in blue.

Field measurements of both the quantity and quality of light help us to understand the way in which light is trapped by different crops, and may perhaps eventually lead to further improvements in yield through better utilization of sunlight. New instruments have been constructed for measuring the quantity of light falling on a crop and for measuring the energy in different regions of the spectrum. Some of these instruments are portable, for use within the crop itself; one is even able to "put out a feeler" which measures the light while moving along between the leaves of a crop. A photocell mounted on the end of a boom travels horizontally through the leaf canopy. This sampling is automatically repeated at different heights from the ground to give a complete three-dimensional picture of the pattern of light absorption within the crop.

The forests forming such a dense cover over much of our land are one of the most efficient "crops" for using the light energy from the sun; methods have been worked out for measuring the light energy that filters through the forest canopy and is therefore available for plants underneath. One such instrument is similar to a photographic light meter, but contains a special photocell that mimics the effect of light on photosynthesis. Unlike the photographic light meter, which is most sensitive to yellow-green light—the same as the human eye—the response of the forest instrument has been adjusted to have highest sensitivity in the blue and red, the regions of the spectrum most active in photosynthesis.

HUMAN beings and animals are sensitive to light in a surprising number of ways. For instance, the effect of light on pigments in our skin must be evident to anyone who has ever been sunburned! When we "see" light or color, we are actually responding to nerve impulses triggered by the absorption of light in the pigment of the eye. The pigment that absorbs light is situated in special cells of the retina called rods and cones; the rods are more sensitive to low light intensity than are the cones.

Many animals, such as rats and mice, are active at night, quiet by day. It has recently been found that the Arctic lemming remains far more active in light than the deer mouse. A correlation has been found between this difference in activity and retina composition. The retina of the deer mouse

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is composed mainly of rods, while there is strong evidence that the retina of the lemming contains only cones.

The attraction that light has for insects is well known, but the reason for it is not yet completely clear. Sometimes it seems to be advantageous for insects to avoid light; for instance, the maggot of the common housefly moves away from light shining in a certain direction, although it can't "see" the light because it has no eyes.

The length of day controls the reproductive cycle in some animals as well as plants, but the pigment responsible is not yet known. In the aphids (greenflies) the *length* of the daily period of illumination determines whether the female gives birth to living young or lays eggs. In the short days of fall, eggs are laid, but lengthening the days by means of artificial light causes the birth of living young, as occurs under the long daylengths of mid-summer under natural conditions.

In some plants and animals there are strong rhythmic processes that may be only partly determined by the daily change from light to darkness. Some plants will continue to lower their leaves in "sleep" movements every twelve hours even if kept in continuous illumination or continuous darkness. Such "biological clocks" are also found in animals; the nocturnal activity of mice will continue to show a more or less daily rhythm even in continuous darkness. The main action of light in these cases is to keep the "biological clock" on time, and here again phytochrome may be involved.

There is some argument as to whether the timing mechanism for the "biological clock" exists within the organism itself or is maintained by outside influences such as daily changes in the earth's magnetic field. Dr. B. G. Cumming here in Ottawa has been accumulating experimental evidence of a relationship between storms on the sun and germination of seeds here on earth. He has reported a significant correlation between changes in the solar radio flux (measured at 10.7 centimeter wave lengths) and germination of seed of a common weed, goosefoot. Periods of high sunspot activity coincided with periods of increased germination, over a two-year period. As these seeds were germinated at weekly intervals under constant conditions of temperature, light intensity, and humidity, we can only surmise that seed germination is stimulated by some physical factor associated with sunspot activity. Whether increased radio emissions from the sun at this time or parallel changes in the earth's magnetic field are responsible remains to be determined.

THE frontier that stretches ahead of us in photobiology is exciting enough to give the illusion of a new science. In truth, photobiology is an old science that is attracting new attention, as witnessed by the recent formation of photobiology societies in countries all over the world. An International Photobiology Congress was held in Oxford last year. The search for trace pigments capable of absorbing light, participating in photochemical reaction, and triggering biological responses (the latter often expressed at a much later date) is being intensified as the result of new insights, new methods, new instruments, and new training.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Fluoride's Side Effects

IN "Fluoridation vs. the Constitution" [*SR*, Apr. 3], Professor Arthur Selwyn Miller stated that the case for holding fluoridation unconstitutional would be strengthened if there existed soundly documented medical evidence that fluoridation threatened the health of the population. My own research, as well as the research of others, strongly suggests that fluoridation constitutes a hazard to the health of a significant portion of the population.

I have been engaged in the diagnosis and treatment of allergy since the inception of this specialty in the early 1920s and have contributed to development of the discipline through clinical research. I established and directed allergy clinics in five Detroit hospitals. Currently, I am consultant in allergy at Harper Hospital, Detroit, and attending physician at Woman's Hospital, Detroit. I am a Fellow of the American Academy of Allergy, the American College of Allergists, and the American College of Physicians.

In 1953 I was first to report, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (vol. 151, page 1398), a new disease caused by smoking. This disease, which I termed "smoker's respiratory syndrome," simulates asthma and eventually leads to emphysema. I would not have recognized the illness in my patients had I not by chance suffered from it myself. Because I recovered upon ceasing to smoke, I began to take a closer look at some of my patients who, presumably suffering from allergic asthma, had failed to respond to the conventional treatment for that ailment. A large percentage of these patients recovered without treatment when they stopped smoking. Since publication of my article in *JAMA*, numerous physicians have corroborated my observation and have thus prevented chronic emphysema in their patients.

In that same year 1953, Mrs. S. S., aged forty, a resident of Bay City, Michigan, was referred to me by her physician for allergic studies in order to determine the cause of a gastrointestinal disorder accompanied by migraine-like headaches. My tests revealed that her illness was not due to allergy. She wondered why her condition always tended to clear up when she was away from Bay City but became aggravated upon her return. She questioned whether the Bay City water might be involved. At that time neither she nor I was aware that Bay City's water had been fluoridated since 1951, when her illness began.

I had dismissed this case from my mind when, in September 1954, a patient from Highland Park, Michigan, consulted me because of a serious, progressive illness. The description of its initial stage resembled that of Mrs. S. S. of Bay City. Careful studies in a Detroit hospital, laboratory tests, and consultations with nine specialists ruled out illnesses with which these specialists were acquainted. I would not have linked the Highland Park patient's disease with fluoridated water had I not noted that the patient's teeth were mottled, an indication that she was intolerant to fluoride. In questioning her subsequently, I learned that as a child she had lived in an area in China where water naturally contains fluoride in appreciable concentrations. Upon eliminating fluoridated water for drinking and cooking at her home in Highland Park, she recovered without medication. She agreed to participate in controlled studies with minute doses of fluoride in water; these tests proved that she was unusually susceptible to ill effect from fluoride.

A few weeks after fluoridation had been discontinued in Saginaw, Mich., in November 1954, I had an opportunity to examine thirty patients, nine of whom appeared to be afflicted with the same condition. Their own attention was drawn to fluoride in drinking water because during the weeks since fluoridation had been abandoned they had, for reasons unknown to them, markedly improved or completely recovered from an otherwise progressive chronic illness.

In November, 1955, I encountered additional cases during a visit to Charlottesville, Va., just after fluoridation had been discontinued there. Most impressive was the case of Mr. R. R. H., whose illness had baffled leading clinicians at two medical centers. He had not obtained a diagnosis of his illness nor had he received benefit from treatment. Like the others, he had no knowledge that fluoride was being added to his drinking water until he recovered his health following discontinuance of fluoridation.

As a medical practitioner in a city where the water is unfluoridated, I am likely to encounter only a limited number of cases of this sort compared with those that might occur in medical practice in a fluoridated area. Nevertheless, I have had experience with more than 100 patients in the last decade. At least fifteen were hospitalized for detailed studies, two within recent weeks. Others have been examined in my clinic. The salient symptoms have been sharp pains in the stomach area associated with nausea, spasticity of the bowels (ileitis, colitis), arthritic pains especially in the lower spine, migraine-like headaches, numbness and pains (paresthesia) in arms and legs with loss of muscular power. Some patients have had ulcers in the mouth, some

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have had visual disturbances identified by eye specialists as beginning retinitis. Some have had frequent episodes of lower urinary tract disease. Several patients have shown mental deterioration, loss of memory and of ability to concentrate. Most striking has been their extreme exhaustion, which eventually caused many of them to be bedridden.

In order to confirm the relation of the illness to fluoridated water, I reproduced the disease by a controlled procedure advocated by the editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in a letter to me dated April 2, 1958: ". . . Place the patient on a fluoride-free water supply until the symptoms have subsided and then, *unbeknown to the patient*, add 2.2 parts per million of sodium fluoride to the water." This concentration is equivalent to 1 ppm of fluoride, the concentration recommended for fluoridation.

Since a wide variety of symptoms is encountered in chronic poisoning from other chemicals, such variety is not unexpected in poisoning from fluoride. The slow, insidious onset of the disease and its nonspectacular course render diagnosis difficult. It is especially difficult for American physicians to recognize the disease when they are confronted with it because they are not alerted to the illness and are constantly being assured by health authorities through medical journals and the lay press that fluoridation is absolutely safe for everyone. Few hospitals in the United States are equipped to carry out fluoride analyses in suspected cases.

Physicians who do occasionally establish the diagnosis usually feel that they must remain silent. Speaking out is likely to involve them in controversy with some of their colleagues. This might interfere with their standing in the community and jeopardize their practice. On three occasions of which I know, physicians have treated illnesses by advising patients to abandon fluoridated water, but have expressly requested patients not to disclose the diagnosis.

Doctors in other countries are more familiar with the truth. Hydrofluorosis, *i.e.* chronic intoxication from fluoride in water, is endemic in Italy, Argentina, South Africa, and other countries with hot climates where people drink large amounts of water, such as India, Arabia, and North Africa. The medical literature from these countries includes reports of ill effects where the natural fluoride content of the drinking water is near or even below the concentration termed "safe" by public health agencies in the United States.

In order to secure a broader base for evaluating fluoride's effects in the United States, I visited centers of fluoride research in Europe. There I observed the same clinical characteristics that I had observed at home in Michigan. At the University of Palermo, Sicily, I saw cases of crippling fluorosis due to fluoride naturally in water at concentrations of the order of 3 to 5 ppm. When a disease occurs at this concentration *on a large scale*, it is axiomatic that *some* individuals are bound to be adversely affected at the slightly lower concentration of 1 ppm because of wide biological variations in people and differences in their drinking habits.

I have in fact encountered in experiments wide, unpredictable variations in the response to ingestion of fluoride from one person to another. For instance, one individual eliminated through the urine in twenty-four hours as much as 99 per cent of a test dose of fluoride; another individual excreted as little as 3 per cent. Analyses of tissue removed during surgery and at autopsy likewise show variations in the amount of fluoride stored in internal organs. For instance, in fourteen out of sixteen eye lenses removed because of cataracts, no fluoride was detectable; but in the remaining two lenses, 77.3 ppm of fluoride was found in one and 176 ppm in the other. Similarly I observed in human skin, which is usually almost free of fluoride, levels ranging from 4 to 300 ppm. Some of these data are reported in *International Archives of Allergy and Applied Immunology* (May 1962), *Acta Medica Scandinavica* (1963), and *Archives of Environmental Health* (February 1961). And my observations agree with those recorded by other investigators. In low fluoride (0.1) New York City, Dr. J. R. Herman and co-workers reported (*Journal of Urology*, vol. 80, page 263) cases of up to 290 ppm of fluoride in the skin and 181 ppm in kidneys. The aorta is known to store more fluoride than any other soft-tissue organ. So fluoride may play a role in the hardening of arteries as well as in the hardening of teeth.

If physicians in the United States were open to the idea that damage from fluoridated water is possible, if they knew what to look for in terms of chronic symptoms, if they would advise those patients suspected of ill effect to discontinue drinking fluoridated water and, in the event of recovery, would observe the patients' responses to resumption of fluoridated water—many more cases of illness would undoubtedly be accounted for in fluoridated communities.

Unfortunately, even scientists are not without emotions concerning fluoridation. The subject therefore has not received adequate unbiased attention in medical circles as a new health measure should—as, for example, my 1953 report on one of the adverse effects of the smoking habit did receive.

On November 2, 1963 (vol. 185, page 508), the *Journal of the American Medical Association* editorialized as follows:

"In an age of conformism and 'team work,' where compromise and harmony are offered as watchwords of human activity, being critical may be considered antisocial. But science without criticality is unthinkable, for the only route to scientific objectivity is to question, not to 'accept.'"

GEORGE L. WALDBOTT, M.D.
Detroit, Mich.

Minimistake

IN A LETTER to the science editor [*SR*, Apr. 3] R. F. Steinhart notes an improper usage of the term *milliwatt* in an article by Dr. Alvin Weinberg, an error that proved to be one of translation instead of a Weinberg bungle.

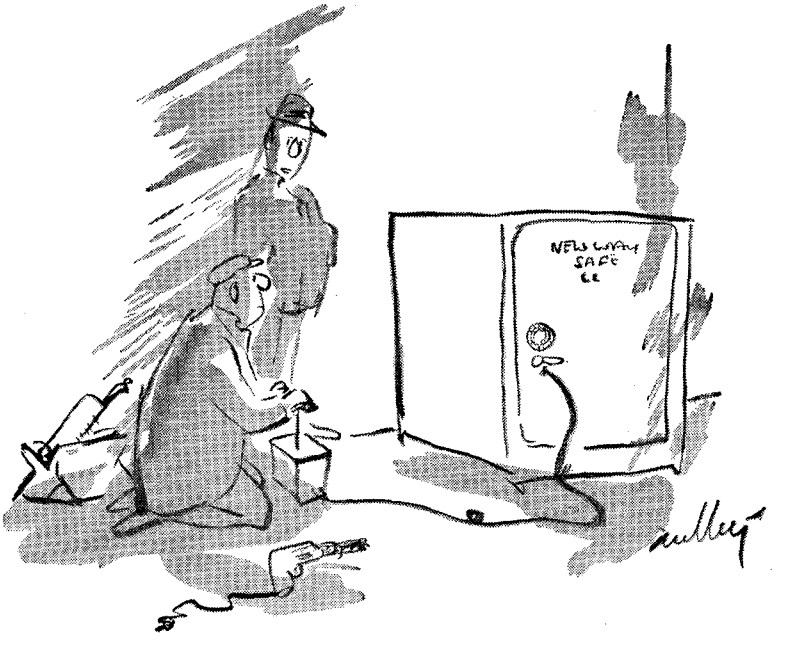
Steinhart's letter, while reaffirming my faith in the future of American science, contains an error of its own. Less significant in terms of modern science, perhaps, the same would have been heavily discounted by my high school language arts instructors. Steinhart says, ". . . A megawatt equals one million watts; a milliwatt equals one one-thousandths of a watt." He should, of course, have said, "*one one-thousandth* of a watt."

LYLE G. BOUNOUS.
Edinburg, Tex.

Voice Mutation

MRS. MURIEL BEADLE'S insistence [*SR*, Apr. 3] that her husband, the renown geneticist and educator, write his book in English is quite commendable. I have found that not only scientists but also philosophers and theologians are inclined to express themselves in cryptic language which mystifies their readers.

I also agree with her editor's pruning away all tendencies to use polysyllables when shorter and often more pungent words would do as well. There are many of us, I



"I suppose in a few years we'll be doing all this with atomic energy."

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fear, whose use of big words is more to impress our listeners than to express our thoughts.

However, when it comes to avoiding the "passive tense" I am at a loss.

STEWART H. LONG.

Tampa, Fla.

No Supersnarl

JOHN PAUL SCOTT AND JOHN L. FULLER [*SR*, Mar. 6] point out that no dogs have become superwolves and argue that "An all-around development means great adaptability, but not superb performance." It is easy to see that the development of some physical characteristics necessitates the sacrifice of others: that the speed of the greyhound is inconsistent with the sheer muscular strength of the wolf. But is there a necessary incompatibility between physical hardihood and intelligence, or between beauty and creativity? Messrs. Scott and Fuller do not make clear why it is impossible, by breeding if not by natural selection, to produce Einsteins and Beethovens who also have clean-knit limbs and attractive features, are inherently hardy and without physical defects. Intelligence, it can be argued, is not a specialization at all, and is therefore in no way inconsistent with hereditary all-around development.

LAURENCE PERRINE.

Dallas, Tex.

THE PASSAGE to which reader Laurence Perrine refers [*SR*, Mar. 6, page 49, paragraph 2] has to do not only with the passage immediately preceding it but with the entire text of our book, *Genetics and the Social Behavior of the Dog*. Two findings stated in early chapters of the book are relevant.

FIRST, there is very little evidence that behavior and physique are correlated except in obvious ways (a short-legged dog cannot run as fast as a greyhound). Therefore, it might be possible for a person to be both physically attractive and creative (*e.g.*, Lord Byron). Nevertheless, selection of an arbitrary standard of beauty can in certain cases interfere with intellectual function, as the history of the dog breeds shows. Selection for a broad forehead and prominent eyes in one breed resulted in selection for mild hydrocephaly, or "water on the brain."

SECOND, we obtained no evidence of a "general intelligence factor" in dogs, nor is there any convincing evidence that such a factor exists in human beings. Rather, selection for good performance on one task will improve performance only on very closely related tasks. There is the same possibility of incompatibility between unrelated intellectual capacities as between physical capacities. For example, the characteristic slow habit formation in beagles is helpful in independent hunting and a handicap in learning to be a house dog.

As we pointed out, the superman or supercanine exists not as an individual but as a group of specialized individuals whose abilities complement each other.

JOHN PAUL SCOTT.

Bowling Green, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It might be recalled, too, that Beethoven was deaf.*

Reality Therapy

I WOULD LIKE to comment on two issues that were raised in the RESEARCH FRONTIER by Dr. William Glasser [*SR*, Mar. 6].

First, the question is asked, "If the Freudian treatment of emotional crisis is wrong, what treatment is right?" Perhaps rather than making such a general evaluation of Freudian treatment it might be more functional to ask, can we define a use for Freudian psychotherapy in terms of the emotional crises it can help patients overcome? Perhaps there exists a spectrum (or hierarchy) of therapeutic knowledge, and techniques from Rogers to Freud that can be usefully applied to various classifications of emotional crises or stages of the therapeutic relationship?

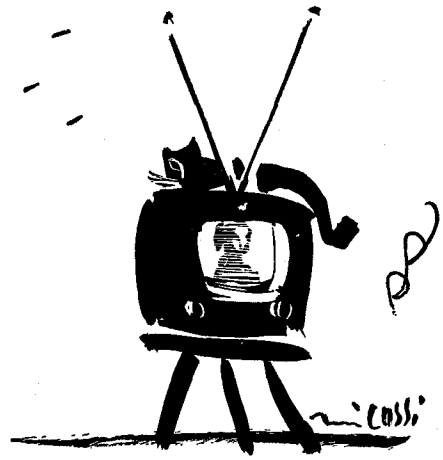
Second, the statement is made that, ". . . do not discuss whether his behavior is right or wrong." Why create this false dichotomy which may induce unnecessary anxiety and conflict in the patient? Why not use "appropriate behavior" as a description of the behaviors which are most useful in a patient's day to day activities? "Appropriate behavior" seems to be more consistent with *Reality Therapy* than "right or wrong behavior," which smacks of conservative Freudian notions about therapy.

MILAN MORAVEC.

London, Canada.

IN THIS AGE of technological marvels that outshine anything merely human, it is reassuring to find an editor who will bring to public attention the less glamorous struggles of men like Drs. William Glasser and Kazimierz Dabrowski who are attempting to make sense of the human predicaments that could ensnare any of us. The responses of readers to the review of Dr. Glasser's book impressed me as reflecting our great need for a much broader medium of communication than can ever be afforded by the journals of special interest groups.

Reader Epstein reacted with a characteristic Rogerian-existentialist position; we do not need more clinics, training or research, but those who "know how to give themselves." Raymond Wittl seemed to favor the soft-pedaling of orthodox Freudianism and emphasized the need for greater attention to individual responsibility (conscious processes?). At the same time he raised a vital question: Is Pavlovian conditioning the fundamental process whereby maladaption is generated and its alleviation achieved? Analyst Seidenberg, on the other hand, was appalled at the possibility that a therapist "somehow knows better ways of behaving than do his patients."



As a psychotherapist, teacher, and researcher, I should like to submit that all of the views of the aforementioned readers are vitally relevant to the area of human problems and methods of their alleviation. I feel that we are on the threshold of recognizing that human functioning is related to perceptual, cognitive, motivational, learning, and social processes which operate lawfully in good living and in misery. The application of such knowledge surely requires persons who can "give themselves." Freud's genius did not provide all the answers nor will Pavlovian principles alone. With broader knowledge, a therapist would not have to prescribe "better ways of behaving" but rather could help a sufferer discover better ways of *perceiving* and *thinking* so that his own intrinsic motivation would lead him to better ways of behaving. To these ends we need help such as you are contributing to achieve a broader sharing of ideas. Hopefully as communication is encouraged for the soft spoken as well as the hyperarticulate, our cultistic allegiances can begin to give way to a genuine quest for knowledge and a reconciliation of differences more apparent than real.

H. J. WAHLER,
Director,
Outpatient Psychological Services,
Ohio State University Health Center.

Columbus. O.

IN THE RESEARCH FRONTIER by William Glasser, M. D., about "Reality Therapy" [*SR*, Mar. 6], I was much interested in the prologue which stated, "Since the theory of evolution necessarily entails a built-in responsibility of living organisms to cope with their environment, Freud would seem to be wrong." I have much wonderment as to when the world of science ever treated the mechanisms of evolution at large in such a teleological manner! The statement led me to believe that it was evolution at large to which the statement applied, and it would require a considerable stretch of the mind to believe that all the numerous organisms that have apparently undergone evolutionary changes on this earth did so because they had a built-in responsibility to cope with their environments. The parameter called "responsibility" is, so far as I've ever read of it, a matter of the higher psyche of the human, and is not ascribed to circles outside of the human race unless we redefine it considerably.

WENDELL V. SHOWALTER.

Hastings, Neb.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition, unabridged) defines responsibility as "the state or quality of being responsible." Among the definitions of responsible are these: "likely to be called upon to answer," "involving a degree of accountability," "chargeable with the result." The theory of evolution necessarily entails a built-in responsibility of living organisms to cope with their environment because those organisms that fail to cope are held accountable for the failure—the incompetent species dies out.*

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Pacem in Terris

Continued from page 26

The United Nations

POPE PAUL VI (to Cardinal Spellman)*: "Increasingly important is the irreplaceable mission of the United Nations in promoting mediation of disputes and restoration of peace. We pray, in the words of our venerated predecessor John XXIII in his encyclical 'Pacem in Terris,' that soon 'every human being may find in this organization an effective safeguard of his personal rights.' And we add, every nation a forum in which right and reason may replace force and might as principles of justice and peace."

VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY: "The strengthening of the existing world organization—the United Nations—is one of our most urgent tasks. . . . To abandon the U.N.—or to immobilize it through crippling restrictions or failure to support it—would only prove that our generation has forgotten the lessons of half a century of nationalism. . . ."

LUIS QUINTANILLA: "Our first effort should be to concentrate on making the United Nations work."

HAROLD STASSEN: "The President should send now a special representative to talk forthrightly . . . to the top men in the Russian government about a solution to the United Nations crisis."

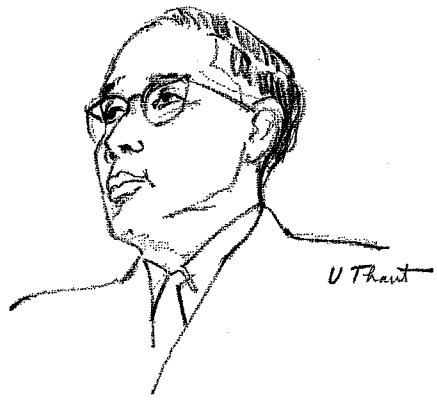
SENATOR FULBRIGHT: "I couldn't agree more that the United Nations is much more important now than any of the individual issues. The United Nations is not only a great organization but, as has been stated, it is a kind of an attitude; it is symbolic of a new attitude, of a new element in international relations. If we cannot overcome the present difficulties and make it survive, then I don't see much hope for an international society at all."

CHIEF S. O. ADEBO: "Many people have asked whether the United Nations has not proven a failure, and I want to say with all the emphasis at my command that while I think we have had a very disgraceful session, we have no right to say that the United Nations has been or is going to be a failure."

WALTER MILLIS: "I was rather surprised by the confidence shown in the possibility of setting up an international police force when at the moment there is a great danger that the U.N. will collapse just because this particular issue has been raised."

Peace-Keeping

WALTER MILLIS: "The issue on peacekeeping is this: on the general question neither the Soviet Union nor France opposed the peace-keeping force in the Congo *per se*. I think maybe both of them were rather glad the force was there. What they did oppose was passing the power to decide on these matters to the General Assembly, or at least allowing it out of the hands of the Security Council. That is why they refused to pay, because if they paid they would be accepting an independent U.N. police force that could operate under its own principles."



U Thant: "Our approach to peace is often old-fashioned. . . ."

ABRAM CHAYES: "The United States was at fault in having permitted the controversy to get stated in terms of a confrontation between us and the Soviet Union. I don't think it was that at all. It was a question of whether a nation, any nation, was prepared to submit to the compulsory jurisdiction of the United Nations. And, in fact, our nation had taken that position and was prepared to accept it. The battle that was lost was the battle of the small nations, whose only mode of expression and of authority is the General Assembly."

HERMAN KAHN: "In regard to peacekeeping troops, the problem is authorizing their use. In the first Congo operation, the U.N. did not play a neutral role. They were against Katanga, but most people could agree on that. It is practically impossible to intervene neutrally in the Congo today, because it would have to be either for the rebels or for the Leopoldville regime."

JAMES PATTON: "We may very well have to call for a convocation to discuss the U.N. Charter in a very broad way so that in the case of providing for a police force those nations which want it . . . can contribute to it in manpower and funds and still keep the basic element of political discussion going."

U THANT: "Our approach to peace is often old-fashioned and more attuned to former times than to our present state. The United Nations Charter peacekeeping provisions stem from the experience of Axis aggression in the thirties, a kind of situation which is unlikely to recur in our world of superpowers armed with hydrogen bombs amid a vastly increased number of smaller independent states."

STUART HUGHES: "I think part of the hostility of the Soviet Union to certain police actions results from their memory of what happened in the Stalin era when they were virtually quarantined and the United Nations went on without them—or, to put it another way, the Soviet Union was boycotting the U.N. The whole idea of police action got started in Korea on a basis that was, to say the least, unpalatable to the Soviet Union. But a great deal has happened since then. . . . There needs to be a complete rethinking of how and under what auspicies police actions may be mounted, how a permanent international army could be set up. . . . It might even eventually be possible on questions of wars of liberation and disputed regimes of different countries for the United States and the Soviet Union to agree on what sort of regime was best for the country in question. So often in foreign policy we ask all the wrong questions. We ask what is good for our national interest. The proper question is what regime is good for the population of the territory in question—good meaning advancing the welfare of the majority of the people."

Big Powers vs. Small

STANLEY SHEINBAUM: "One of my concerns is that the power in the United Nations is shifting from the Assembly to the Security Council, and there the veto power would negate a police force of the sort we have been talking about."

ABRAM CHAYES: "What was at stake in the General Assembly for the past several months is exactly what we have been talking about here: the power of the General Assembly to act in a way that is binding upon the participants in peace-keeping activities. And what has been rejected is that power."

HERMAN KAHN: "I am certain very few people in the West would be satisfied with a one-country, one-vote principle. As it is, the leaders of about three or four hundred million people can muster sixty votes, which is more than half. These are underdeveloped areas. If they

*Read by the Most Reverend George H. Guilfoyle, director of Catholic charities for the Archdiocese of New York.

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were to have the authority, I think it would work out badly. Somehow one-fifth of the world's population shouldn't have the majority vote. And in most cases their governments don't represent the people."

STANLEY SHEINBAUM: "As long as sovereignty and nationalism remain a problem, then I think you have to give these small countries an equal vote. You have to give the voice to all countries, including the smaller ones. You have to give it to those countries so they can go on and make a decision without totally giving up their sovereignty but giving up enough of it to provide the protection we all want in the world community."

JAMES PATTON: "I sincerely believe that we are going to have to find a way of getting rid of the Security Council in the United Nations. It is a big power complex sitting upon the small nations of the world."

ABRAM CHAYES: "I just don't see how anyone can think that countries will vote in a charter revision conference to eliminate the veto when for the whole past year they have voted to retain it."

U.N. Charter Revision

U THANT: "I must say in all frankness that . . . the charter provisions are somewhat out of date. It is this anachronism in the charter that is partly responsible for the present constitutional and political crisis in the United Nations. . . . We are now witnessing the beginning of the great debate—whether the big powers in unison, through the agency of the Security Council, should take exclusive responsibility for maintaining international peace and security while the General Assembly functions as a glorified debating society in political matters, or whether an attempt should be made to secure a fair, equitable, and clearly defined distribution of functions."

STUART HUGHES: "I agree with Mr. Patton and others that we need a renegotiation of the United Nations Charter to take advantage of all the changes since it was drawn up."

HAROLD STASSEN: "There is a need for an initiative from the United States."

ABRAM CHAYES: "We are lucky to have the U.N. Charter we have. We have it as a result of a historical accident that is unlikely to be repeated, and we had better work with it as it is."

World Government

GRENVILLE CLARK: "There is only one way in which we can obtain genuine peace as distinguished from a precarious balance of terror, and that is through a supernational body equipped with powers that can honestly be described as those of government."

HERMAN KAHN: "A rather bad world government might be better than no world government."

LUIS QUINTANILLA: "Steps should be taken to make the present United Nations into a world government by increasing the Security Council to at least twenty-five members; creating two chambers of the General Assembly so as to take account of population factors of each member state; including all countries in the world, regardless of economic systems, political ideologies, or forms of government; and giving the U.N. a monopoly of force, including a monopoly of nuclear weapons."

Economic Assistance

LINUS PAULING: "The already enormous disparity in the standard of living of different peoples has been increasing rather than decreasing in recent years. I believe it is a violation of natural law for half of the people of the world to live in abject poverty, without hope for the future, while the affluent nations spend on militarism a sum of money equal to the entire income of this miserable half of the world's people."

GERARD PIEL: "The American share in an adequate international program of economic assistance—if we were to go on carrying it as we ought to in view of the world's wealth we command within our borders—would be at least $15 billion a year. In terms of true economic aid we are doing only 10 per cent of this necessary objective. And we must recognize that aid on the needed scale cannot be conducted on a bilateral basis between our country and the developing nations and that we must make it through the multilateral channels under the auspices of the U.N."

Luis Quintanilla: "The Security Council should be increased. . . ."

CHIEF S. O. ADEBO: "If Pope John's encyclical is to be understood correctly and applied responsibly, we must recognize two sets of duties—the obligations that fall on the poor nations and the obligations that fall on the affluent. Most of the new nations recognize that the poor must do as much as lies within their power to help themselves; this is the fundamental condition of getting help from elsewhere. But it is not sufficient to say it; it requires sacrifice. On the other hand, the affluent not only have a duty to profess readiness to assist but they have to practice what they profess. . . . The older and more developed nations usually do not give the kind of aid we want. Aid intended to promote exports of the donor is bad aid. Aid intended directly or indirectly to bribe the recipient into being a satellite or fellow-traveler is bad aid. Aid given with an air of condescension is also bad aid. The type of aid required is aid given for the right purpose to the right people for the right things, given with no improper strings and given in the spirit of the encyclical, so that the giver has the satisfaction in his conscience that he is not only indirectly helping his country but that he is doing something for the world."

VIDA TOMSIC: "It is not only in the interest of poorer countries that international economic aid and trade must be developed but it is in the interest of the richer countries as well. What it is really is economic cooperation. In a nuclear age when we are prepared to transform weapons to instruments of work and peace, it is important to have new markets. But when developed countries seek economic integration on the basis of rich countries alone, then the poorer countries are weakened for some new form of exploitation."

M. MILLIONSHCHIKOV: "The basic principle the Soviet Union has followed in helping development of emerging nations is that it is necessary to create in the country itself its own intellectual and professional cadres. . . . Assistance should, of course, include economic aid, but the best aid is contributed in ways that help the nationals of the countries themselves improve their welfare."

ABDUL MONEM RIFA'I: "I am afraid we are still thinking within the concepted of limited forms of aid that is bilateral or direct. That is certainly taking place, but sometimes it is creating in itself an unpleasant situation affecting harmony and stability in international relations. We are aware of certain spots in the world which, because of the magnitude of bilateral aid, have become spots for international conflict which could lead to more serious clashes and in turn endanger the peace."

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CHIEF S. O. ADEBO: "There is no doubt that, given the choice, recipient countries prefer the international channel of aid to the bilateral."

SENATOR PELL: "Our foreign aid should be done through multilateral agencies for our own national interest. We are deluding ourselves if we think we make friends by giving aid. It is almost to our advantage to mask the fact we are giving it. Also, the results of the aid program administered internationally could be achieved with a great deal less money. Also, it is hard to get our people to work in the aid program where they have no security and are open to attack by us in Congress all the time. They cannot do the same kind of a job that the international civil servant can do."

GRENVILLE CLARK: "Isn't it true, psychologically, that so long as we are spending $50 billion a year on armaments it is impossible to get through congress even $5 billion a year in foreign aid?"

SENATOR MCCARTHY: "I think we could safely continue a budget of $46 to $50 billion for defense and armaments and still raise the amount we might spend on foreign aid. Military expenditures are used as an excuse by some, but I think their bearing on foreign aid is minimal."

EUGENE BURDICK: "Fifty billion dollars in aid next year would be a disaster; but if it were done carefully two years from now it could change the shape of the world."

War and Man

EUGENE BURDICK: "No one at the convocation has directed himself to the problem of whether the human animal is pacific. Does he want peace rather than war? In the opinion of many anthropologists, war is instinctive in man."

N. N. INOZEMTSEV: "Wars are not the consequence of manifestations of 'animal instincts' and 'irrational destructive emotions' organically inherent in people, as is alleged by some philosophers. Wars are not the result of 'psychological inferiority' of some people and 'superiority' of others, as racists claim. The basis for conflicts resulting in war is in deep social factors. As changes occur in the arrangement of class forces, more favorable conditions for the struggle for peace are being created."

JEROME FRANK: "I agree that man is the most vicious creature, the most destructive creature on earth. We are the only creature that destroys its own kind in the wholesale fashion we have. But I think

Arnold Toynbee: "The prophet of the Atomic Age is Gandhi. . . ."

it is very important to distinguish that fact from war. War is a social institution, and it has to be learned afresh every generation. There have been societies without war; there have been societies warlike at some periods in their history and not at others. This seems to me to create an area of hope."

GERARD PIEL: "The record of history shows that man's ugliness was the creation and expression of his social institutions, which were set up to provide for inequity in the distribution of goods. Until the industrial revolution goods were chronically in scarce supply throughout the world. Now the institutions of the world must be reorganized to provide for abundance and for its equitable distribution."

HENRY LUCE: "My suggestion is that man has born in him some sort of tribal instinct, or in more civilized terms national instinct, but does not necessarily have an instinctive feeling for his species, especially in relation to thermonuclear war in which, we are told, the whole species could be destroyed."

HUDSON HOAGLAND: "It is interesting that the concern of man for his species is not inborn in any of us. It has to be learned intellectually against great competition with our loyalties. . . . But the unique thing about man is that he is the only animal that can control and direct his evolution, both his biological evolution and his psycho-social evolution. He has seldom done it, but he has tremendous potentialities to do it."

JEROME FRANK: "We get our tribal allegiance out of our intense communications with, first, our own family and then a wider family. The reason there has not been a feeling for mankind is because we have not been able to communicate so fully and intimately with mankind. One of the great new hopes of the world is mass communications."

JAMES FARMER: "Underprivileged and oppressed people have got to have some means of struggling. It is not enough to say to them that they must accept the status quo because if they don't they might produce war. I would suggest that the alternative is nonviolent direct action of the sort that has been used with considerable effectiveness in our own country. But in order for it to be effective, it has got to have the support of other people. I think the resisters in South Africa might use it effectively if the United States backed them up with economic and political support."

PAUL TILLICH: "What Mr. Farmer offered was an alternative, but I am not sure this is enough. I believe sometimes it is not enough."

ARNOLD TOYNBEE: "The prophet of the Atomic Age is surely the Mahatma Gandhi. He demonstrated that radical political changes can be carried out without resort to violence."

'Pacem in Terris'

VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY: "The encyclical presented to the world a public philosophy for the nuclear area. It represents not a utopian blueprint for world peace, presupposing a sudden change in the nature of man. Rather, it represents a call to action to leaders of nations, presupposing only a gradual change in human institutions. The challenge of the convocation is to provide statesmen with further guidelines for applying the philosophy of 'Pacem in Terris' to the problems confronting our world in 1965."

JAMES PATTON: "The most significant contribution Pope John made in the encyclical was that he make it respectable to discuss peace on a world-wide basis. For a long time, anybody who discussed peace, at least in America, was considered a nut or a Communist or a fellow-traveler. He has also given us a moral basis for this discussion."

STUART HUGHES: "The point of both 'Pacem in Terris' and 'Mater et Magistra,' Pope John's earlier encyclical, was that if we do not immediately act to reduce the intolerable suffering in the Asian and African world we will get explosions. This is also in the major tradition of Catholic thought, which has been skeptical about human perfectibility but constantly insistent on reducing human suffering."

FRED WARNER NEAL: "The most important political fact about 'Pacem in Terris' is that it is the first Western-based theory of coexistence. Khrushchev declared coexistence was necessary for the triumph of Communism. Pope John denies this and says coexistence is necessary for the triumph of Western, Christian

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values. This is important in itself, and it is important it was the head of the Roman Catholic Church who said it."

U THANT: " 'Pacem in Terris' is very much in harmony with the spirit and objectives of the United Nations Charter."

BARBARA WARD: "The underlying assumption of the whole encyclical is that mankind forms a single human family, that it must express this relationship in mutual love and solidarity, and that its urgent need is to institutionalize the forces of reason and compassion instead of only the drives of greed and war."

ADAM SCHAFF: "I come from a quite different philosophical creed than the encyclical, and I can't accept even the foundation of its reasoning. Yet at the same time, I have the highest esteem of the core of the encyclical, which consists in the search for conditions of peace and what we call 'peaceful coexistence.' Rejecting the very foundations of the encyclical's reasoning, I accept its goal and its aim."

PAUL RAMSEY: "I doubt if it is at all fair to the encyclical to proceed as if we are talking about the same peace and its consolidation without the philosophy, without the concepts of justice and freedom and truth which the Pontiff sets forth."

JOHN COGLEY: "What has happened to me in the past two years is that I am now convinced that Pope John is more of a realist than Mr. Ramsey in the way things have worked out. If the encyclical were just a matter of philosophical substance of the type Mr. Ramsey refers to, I think it would be nothing but a moralistic tract. But I think there is more than the substance to be considered. The Pope is setting up a mood—a kind of spirit—a way of approaching the situation, a way of looking at the world we are in. And it is a very humanistic mood. It is a very open-minded mood. It is a very tolerant mood. It is a very 'Johannine' mood, which manages to combine humanism with tolerance and with realism."

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS: "To the Center, the encyclical has appeared as one of the most profound and significant documents of our age. In it a great man states the issues and calls for action. . . . The reason why the encyclical is refreshing is that it breaks through the cliché curtain and talks a kind of hard, common sense."

PAUL TILLICH: "Considering the encyclical in a larger sense, with other acts of the Pope and the Ecumenical Council meetings in Rome, it was a definite historical event, namely the end of the period of the Counter-Reformation."

Harold Stassen: "The President should act now. . . ."

Public Action for Peace

ABBA EBAN: "I must express a deep skepticism about the utility of peaceful talk without a new impetus to peaceful action. Peace is not something to be inherited by aspirations alone. It will be attained, if at all, by action in its service."

ROBERT BURON: "I am a politician, and I know that there are many things politicians know they must do and want to do that they cannot do unless they are pushed. Politicians have to be pushed. They want to be pushed. They like to be pushed. It is the job of the people to push us."

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Some specific policy recommendations on immediate problems were proposed by Convocation participants. Here are a few of the major ones:

South Vietnam

SENATOR MCGOVERN: "It is impossible to separate the implications of 'Pacem in Terris' and of this convocation from what I regard as the most dangerous international crisis that has confronted us in many years, and that is the worsening crisis in Southeast Asia. This is not a crisis that can be solved if either side insists on what the Pope referred to as the spirit of triumphalism. It is not possible to settle the conflict as long as both sides insist on negotiating from a position where they feel they must be on top. That is a self-defeating position. It is neither appeasement nor weakness to recognize that problems which cannot be settled on the battlefield have to be settled at the conference table. Pope John said this and so has the Secretary-General of the United Nations. I hope that renewed support for that sentiment will be one of the things to come out of this great convocation."

LINUS PAULING: "Now the time has come to obey the exhortation of Pope John and to cease military aggression, to bring this evil war in South Vietnam to an end, to meet and negotiate and make a great practical application of the principles of morality and justice."

VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY: "Today peace in Southeast Asia can be obtained if the violators will cease their aggression. Our policy is clear. We will resist aggression. We seek no wider war. We seek no dominion. Our goal in Southeast Asia is today what it was in 1954 and what it was in 1962. Our goal is peace and freedom for the people of Vietnam."

STUART HUGHES: "In the case of South Vietnam, let us give our government the benefit of the doubt. Our action started off by defending a government and a people that were defending their liberties. But somewhere in the past year or two we crossed the line, and we are no longer defending liberty in any meaningful sense of the term. We are exporting counterrevolution. This is the great distinction between the Korean war and the Vietnamese war."

YEVGENYI ZHUKOV: "I consider it my duty to let this high assembly know that the Soviet public condemns United States intervention in Vietnam as an actual retreat from the peaceful statements made recently by the United States."

MADAME PANDIT: "Even as we talk here serious developments take place in Vietnam. A dark shadow falls over that part of the world. This is not the forum to go into the character and nature of that conflict . . . , but I would like to emphasize that this is the forum to condemn any action by any power that might lead to or contribute to the escalation of conflicts. History shows us there have been moments when countries or governments become prisoners of their own errors. At such moments, outside intervention, however well meant, only leads to further deterioration of the situation."

Nuclear Weapons

KENZO TAKAYANAGI: "I humbly suggest that the United Nations recommend to its members a multilateral treaty for a constitutional amendment banning nuclear weapons, reducing armed forces to the extent necessary for territorial defense against foreign aggression, and prohibiting employment of them outside territorial limits except where requested by the U.N. The issue of general and complete disarmament as the condition for human survival would thus be kept alive by the hot discussions which would take place in every country prior to ratification of such a treaty. It would check a dangerous tendency to view the disarmament question solely in the light of

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the balance of armed forces. Such a view brings about a fatal drift toward tolerance of the ultimate intolerance."

VIDA TOMSIC: "The attempt to limit the possession of nuclear weapons, however much we may hope to do so, will prove to be a failure unless serious steps toward the final banning and destruction of all nuclear weapons are made a matter of urgency. There is great danger of stagnation after the Moscow test ban treaty. This treaty opened the hopes of all of us that we are going to destroy the atom bomb stocks, but it has not been followed by other treaties on the question."

VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY: "Nuclear competition is no longer limited to two superpowers. The efforts of the United States and Europe to enable the nations of Europe to have a greater share in nuclear defense policy—without encouraging the development of independent national nuclear deterrents—constitute a recognition of this. In addition to Europe, we now have the problem of finding ways of preventing further proliferation of nuclear weapons in Asia, Latin America, Africa, and the Middle East. As President Johnson has stated, 'The nations that do not seek national weapons can be sure that if they need our strong support against some threat of nuclear blackmail, then they will have it.' "

GEORGE F. KENNAN: "I see no reason why a primary reliance on nuclear weapons should be considered permanently essential to the defense of my own country or of Western Europe. I fail to see why we could not at least explore and discuss seriously the various proposals that have been brought forward by the Polish government looking to a restriction of the place of nuclear weapons in Europe's defenses. I think we could usefully re-examine our acceptance of the principle of 'first use' of any and all weapons of mass destruction, and thus place ourselves in a position where we could proceed more effectively toward the eventual elimination of these weapons, and above all their delivery systems, from national arsenals. Without such a change, I can see no possibility of halting the present trend toward proliferation of control over such weapons to a point where all hope of preventing their eventual use would have to be abandoned."

CARLO SCHMID: "We Germans know that if this arms race persists, we can only lose. We are willing to do anything toward achieving a far-reaching limitation of armaments. . . . The Rapacki Plan in its present tenor does not seem to us appropriate to the political situation today. A reunified Germany, however, could join the security system proposed therein or a similar system. But the Federal Republic cannot do it. It would mean recognition of the legitimacy of the regime ruling East Germany today."

HAROLD STASSEN: "As a first step I propose an experimental zone on both sides of the Bering Strait in Alaska and Siberia to develop arms control machinery, and then, on the basis of what was developed there, to move to another zone in the center of Europe, and from there to other areas."

Germany

GEORGE F. KENNAN: "We should not leave the rearmament of Western Germany effectively open-ended, as it must today appear to be in the eyes of people in the East. Greater reassurance could be given on the question of Germany's Eastern borders, if not as a unilateral concession then at least hypothetically as one component in a possible accommodation of East-West differences. If, as it appears, there is to be no military disengagement in Germany, then one must learn to accept with better grace at least the provisional existence of a separate East German political entity. . . ."

CARLO SCHMID: "The principles of coexistence demand the reunification of Germany and normal relations between Germany and her neighbors. These can be settled only through a peace treaty. We Germans know we have to make sacrifices, especially to Poland. But a peace treaty can be signed only with a reunified Germany, for only an all-German government has the right to speak in the name of Germany when German territory is being decided upon."

ADAM SCHAFF: "Why is it impossible to have the denuclearization of Germany, the Rapacki Plan, first, and then the reunification as a consequence? Isn't it true that the reverse means to have a unified Germany with nuclear arms, which you Americans were prepared to give them, in any case, not so long ago? All of us want a reunified, democratic Germany, but just the condition of reunification is to have a warranty that it will be a democratic and not a militarist Germany. Not only Poland and not only Europe is afraid of a nuclear militarization of Germany."

Pietro Nenni: "Three conditions have to be fulfilled."

Kenzo Takayanagi: "I humbly suggest . . . a multilateral treaty. . . ."

HAROLD STASSEN: "The President should act now to bring the most intense dangers of nuclear war, the problems of the divided Germany and of the divided Vietnam, into the jurisdiction of effective United Nations jurisdiction."

International Cooperation

PIETRO NENNI: "At least three fundamental conditions have to be fulfilled to achieve the political and economic unity of a Democratic Europe. The first is to abandon the idea of a Europe united on the basis of international alliances of the traditional type and promote direct participation by the people by election of a European parliamentary assembly on the basis of universal suffrage. The second is association of England and the Scandinavian countries in this effort. The third is to seek a gradual solution to the German question."

ABBA EBAN: "I propose that the heads of all sovereign governments devote a week of their time to consider the problems not of any one nation but of the human nation, to make a blueprint for a Great Society in international terms. . . . I do not delude myself that a solution would be found at such a week's meeting. The world was created, according to biblical reckoning, in six days. It will take longer to repair the damage we have been doing ever since."

HAROLD STASSEN: "The President should act now to establish a major bipartisan group in the United States Government to concentrate on a clear study of the mutual interests not only of Russia and the United States but of all humanity."

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Booked for Travel

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sky, still hissing sulphurous gases, steam, and boiling water. At its base is an East Indian village where, it is said, goats are still sacrificed live according to the ancient rituals. Grande-Terre, the eastern wing, is a spread of cane fields rimmed by reefs and fringed with beaches, altogether more traditionally Antillean in its atmosphere and appearance.

One day I drove from the Fort Royal in Deshaies over the north rim of Basse-Terre through the neck of land that joins it to Grande-Terre, through Pointe-à-Pitre and along the littoral past Gosier and Ste. Anne, which is already being talked of as the new Riviera. The road ran through cane fields, and then along the sea, through groves of bananas and breadfruit, past trucks loaded with cane and sudden rushes of bougainvillaea and black women in bright bandannas. My driver amused himself by listening to Radio Barbados as it came over the car radio, though I'm sure he understood not a word. In the hamlet called Ste. Rose the statues were painted avocado green, but the square was barren of people; they had all flocked to a nearby field to gaze upon the helicopter of the Point-à-Pitre gendarmerie that had landed there.

Trees lined the ridges the way poplars do in France and when we got to Vernou the knolls were cleared and had become rolling lawns capped by sprawling villas. Now we had come to the cool highlands and there were pines growing among the palms. We stopped, as most tourists do, at the Fort Fleur de l'Epée, the remains of two forts that figured in the back-and-forth battles between the English and the French. A wooden bridge has been stretched now over the moat and the flamboyant trees are waiting to explode into a red June umbrella. The view from the ramparts sweeps over the shallow waters of Grande Baie, etched by the wake of the fishing boats flying their triangular sails. Far in the distance rises the outline of the island called Marie-Galante.

For years the forts lay abandoned, but now in the new era of French West Indian tourism even history is being recruited. A museum has been built and a sound-and-light spectacle, reliving the days of the French and English contests, will be mounted here. I looked in the museum and found it artfully done, decorated with a portrait of Sir John Moore, the admiral of the British fleet, with the text of the surrender forced on the British in 1794 when the French ran in fresh troops, and a copy of the proclamation by Napoleon issued by the local governor inviting the populace to rally to the side of the Emperor. It was dated June 19, 1815, after Waterloo, but before the news had reached the Antilles.

I drove over to Guadeloupe's other new resort hotel, La Caravelle, and had lunch in an open pavilion under a circular cement walk that arches down to the pool. Fascinating experimental things have been done with cement at the Caravelle. The huge open lobby has been covered with a free-form cement canopy, for instance, and the walls have been inlaid with bottles set in patterns with sea shells and rocks. The Palm Beach Bar was busy but then so was the beach, a lovely expanse of soft sand shaded with low sea grape trees and palms. Its eighty-four rooms rent in these times for about $19 per person modified American plan, two in a room, slightly higher than the Fort Royal which offers cottage rooms under the same arrangement at $17, hotel rooms at $16.

It was midafternoon when I got back to Point-à-Pitre and the French siesta was over. The shops were selling *pareu* cloth printed in Lyon for Tahiti, French bicycles, football shirts, French scuba equipment, and soccer balls. A local bar offered a mix of cultures in its drinks: *café, café crême, chocolat, bavaroise, lait, jus pressés, jus de canne*, Pepsi, *matouba*, royal soda, *bière française, vin rouge, vin blanc*. And also *croissants*. Vanilla beans were selling at a corner stand and the smell was heady, like the kitchen at home when I was a boy.

A boutique called Vogue was stuffed with more than 4,000 dresses and sports clothes—slacks and stretch pants from the Riviera designers, beach tops, two-piece knit suits, labels that said Jacques Heim and Jacques Esterel, bikinis that cost $5, and the latest rage, a net suit to be worn over a bright-colored bathing suit.

In search of France I wandered into the department store called Prisunic and found it selling Basque shirts, camembert, canned whipped cream d'Isigny, sausages from Arles and from Strasbourg, and five kinds of fresh pâtés imported from France and available by the slice. The soufflés rested in packages waiting to rise, the onion soup in cans waiting to simmer, the sauce Béarnaise in tubes waiting to be spread, the mackerel marinating happily, waiting to be sniffed. And on the children's book shelf, waiting to be read, were stacks of books entitled *Davy Crockett et les Pirates, Mickey Mouse au Musée*, and that old hardy, *Les Adventures de Tom Sawyer*.

—Horace Sutton.

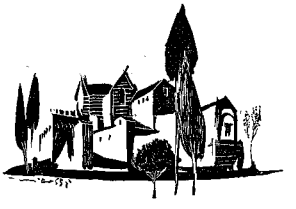
LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 10, 12, 7 or 11, 14, 9, 5, 3, 1, 15, 13, 6, 2, 8, 4, 11 or 7.

Anisfield-Wolf

Continued from page 44

language and frame of reference, he probes "the nature of group life itself within a large, industrial, urban nation composed of a heterogeneous population," and finds that while in the U.S. such group life is "legally invisible," most groups desire and are able to maintain a considerable degree of separateness. Separation along ethnic and religious lines will not disappear in the near future, says Professor Gordon, and its rationale should be respected; at the same time, "the bonds that bind human beings together across the lines of ethnicity . . . should be cherished and strengthened." The author concludes that "what is gravely required is a society in which one may say with equal pride and without internal disquietude . . . : 'I am a Jew, or a Catholic, or a Protestant, or a Negro . . . '; 'I am an American,' and 'I am a man.'"



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MASTER TEACHERS—Nursery, Primary Grades. Eastern New York. Must have master's degree and three years teaching experience. Excellent salary and retirement program. All inquiries confidential. Send vita to Box M-481.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

WHITE MOUNTAIN HOUSE. Fine view. 5 bedrooms. $6,000. Box M-247.

KITTERY POINT, MAINE. 1798 Cape. Shorefront—2 acres landscaped. 10 rooms, 2 baths, one or two families, rental income. Completely restored, exposed beams, paneling, fireplaces, porches, patio, garages. 1 hour from Boston. Box M-418.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CARMEL, NEW YORK. Sedgewood Club—100 year old house. Large trees. Will rent summer. PLaza 9-3075 NYC.

LOVELY SUMMER HOUSE on spring fed lake. $16,000. Write for details: Box 301, Newton, N.J.

ADJOINS STATE UNIVERSITY, Albany, N.Y. Cathedral living room, fireplace, balcony bedrooms, 2 baths, modern kitchen. Three wooded acres. Box M-433.

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SOMETHING DIFFERENT? Impressive century old castle in France with amazing character. Numerous rooms. Center or south. From $60,000 unfurnished. Box M-432.

SOUTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE — Stagecoach stop — Original center chimney Colonial, 225 years young. Every old feature, 6 fireplaces, 8 rooms. Some utilities, only necessities. 11 acres. Close to every recreational facility. $14,500. George M. Foster, Real Estate. Francetown, N.H.

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WISCASSET, MAINE—Winterized, furnished. Modern kitchen, electricity. Deer country. $5,500. Jay Petree, owner. Telephone 882-5536.

HACKETTSTOWN, NEW JERSEY. Year round, all conveniences, redwood cottage, with fireplace. 1¼ acres on Schooleys Mountain. Small guest house, swimming nearby. $7,200. Terms. Box M-474.

MAINE—8 room, lakeside, forest lodge. Family. Conveniences. Box M-415.

For Rent—Furnished

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house by sea—20 acres. Box M-413.

HOLLYWOOD HILLS, CALIFORNIA—furnished contemporary. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, playroom, study. Separate studio. Request brochure. 1-2 year lease, $550 month, or sale, $65,000. Box M-424.

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JAFFREY CENTER, N.H. Monadnock Region. Brick Colonial house. Spacious, cool, beautiful setting. All conveniences, oil furnace. June 15th to September 15th. $800. Box M-377.

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SAN FRANCISCO house, 5 rooms 6/1-8/20, $325. Box M-403.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

PERFECTLY PRIVATE, modern, 2 bedroom furnished cottage on Connecticut estate, 1½ hours NYC. $500 season or monthly. Box M-443.

MODERN MOUNTAIN CHALET, near Manchester, Vermont. 3 bedrooms, furnished, all conveniences. Fabulous view, swimming, golfing, fishing. $300 per month. Box M-446.

BAKER'S COVE, Groton, Connecticut. Nautically elegant quarters, sleeps 2. Spectacular marine view. Summer, $950. S. T. Meech.

FLATHEAD LAKE—Secluded beach house w/fireplace, sundeck, dock. Idyllic sylvan setting, fabulous views, sunsets. Reservations: Fred Nickol, Eastshore Drive, Bigfork, Montana. 406-982-3322.

CARMEL, N.Y. Charming house suitable couple. Secluded. July 25th-Labor Day. 212-ATwater 9-1394 evenings.

BROOKSVILLE, MAINE. Charm, privacy, comfort. Modernized, completely equipped house on Buck Harbor. 4 bedrooms. $500 plus utilities for July. Mrs. Lloyd Brown, 427 Garland Street, Bangor, Maine.

RUSTIC MODERN CABIN. Brook. Acreage. Suitable for 1 or 2. $500 long season. South Kent, Connecticut. Write SR Box M-475.

KEENE, N.Y. Secluded, shingle style, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, modern kitchen. Beautiful stream, waterfalls, barn, riding trails, spectacular Adirondack views. $1,200 season. Box M-478.

TOWN OF NANTUCKET—Two attractive cottages, 4 bedrooms and 2 bedrooms. Planned for outdoor living, surrounded by gardens. Secluded location. Season or monthly. Box M-487.

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HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 554 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

VACATION HOME EXCHANGE. We provide services for exchanging houses with another family for your holiday. References. Brochure on request. Box 46S, Old Greenwich, Connecticut.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE for our 3 bedroom cottage overlooking ocean on ¾ acre wooded lot at Ocean Point, Maine, cottage within 40 miles of New York City for July. Box M-404.

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For Rent—Unfurnished

PARK AVENUE—45' patio. Eccentric 2 bedroom co-op. Bohemian ambiance. Professional-residential. $16,000, maintenance $236. Or sublet. RH 4-1176 NYC.

For Summer Rental

OGUNQUIT, MAINE. 2 bedroom garden apartment, excellent equipment, completely furnished. Near Lookout Hotel. Box L-810.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, NYC. July-August, $375 monthly. Airy, tasteful, 5 rooms. Serviced building. Box M-468.

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NYC—84th and 3rd—3 bedroom air-conditioned, new building. Garage. June to September or longer. $450 monthly. S. Lamb Associates, 521 5th Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 7-6854.

RIVERDALE, NYC, apartment. 4 rooms, furnished, overlooking Hudson. Swimming pool, parking. For rent June 6th-September 10th. Box M-426.

(Continued on page 74)

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

(Continued from page 73)

JULY, AUGUST floor through brownstone, Greenwich Village, 4 rooms, large garden. $200 monthly. Box M-423.

QUEENS, N.Y. Near Fair—2½ rooms, modern, air-conditioned, pool. Weekly-monthly. Couple only. References. Box M-472.

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WE HAVE BUILT and sold 4 condominiums. Our 5th, 28 units are now selling. We have a ten acre tract of land in beautiful Hollywood, sunny Florida. Will build twenty to thirty unit condominium for a select clientele of SR readers. Our or your plans. Crystal Court Manor, P.O. Box 973, Hollywood, Florida.

UNIQUE. Wilderness Corporation controlling 2,200 acres mountain, forest, unspoiled lake, offers non-divisible, one-acre lots in Community of Friends and like-minded people behind 100-foot "Common Land" along shore. Only 10 acres left. Charter to "preserve wilderness" insures uncrowded lake for all time. Almost no motor boats. Several cottage rentals, '65 season. Write or phone Kenneth S. Webb, Woodstock, Vermont.

ISLAND IN CANADA. New Brunswick. Eight acres with camp. Wooded seclusion. Ideal for sportsman, camper, naturalist. $7,500. "Island," Box 748, Presque Isle, Maine.

DELIGHTFUL CAMP COTTAGE on lovely Maine Island. Furnished. Harbor view. Mt. Desert area. $3,500. Box M-448.

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A MEANINGFUL SUMMER EXPERIENCE sailing on Penobscot Bay in Maine, ages 11-17. The Hilburns, Box 174, Lakeport, California.

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TOMOKA FOR TEENAGERS, 13-19, Tomoka for TOTS, 4-7, Tomoka for INTERS, 8-12. 3 distinct, separate Camp Units near Tanglewood, Becket, Massachusetts. Creative Skills, Culture, Sports and Seminars. 2, 4, 6, 8 week sessions. Camp Tomoka, 17 Helene Avenue, Merrick, L.I., N.Y. 516-MA 3-0032.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS. Boys 7-18. Six age groups. Private lakes near Old Forge. Pack-horse, Canadian canoe trips. Riding, riflery, fishing, tutoring. Nurses. 40th year. William Abbott, Box 2385, Fayetteville, New York.

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NO FRILLS. Full $700 worth: Music, Dance, Drama, Fine Arts, Sports (Coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

STONEGATE MUSIC & ARTS CAMP on Long Lake, N.Y. Coed. Specialties include theater, dance. Full sports. NYC office: 342 Madison Avenue. TN 7-6690.

CAMP FOR YOUNG emotionally disturbed children in rural Woodstock, New York. Music, art and play therapy plus remedial tutoring, psychiatric supervision. Professional staff, an experienced therapist and a Special Education teacher. Program limited to four children. Box M-439.

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UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Open May 28th.

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LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE, concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000′ beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

DANISH-STYLE VACATION COLLEGE for adults, University of Oregon, Eugene. August 15th-22nd. Stimulating study, entertainment. No exams, no credit, all expenses $120.

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LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, Excellent Meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country Inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal entertainment. $12.50-$23 day includes meals. Family rates. AAA. Color folder. Open all year. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes delicious meals. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts.

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ACTION AND RELAXIN', that's New Hampshire—a great little state that packs your vacation with summertime fun. Crystal clear lakes, towering mountains, a rollicking coast, fine motels and restaurants . . . ask what you will, New Hampshire has it. For your free vacation kit write: Vacation Center, 130 State House Annex, Concord, New Hampshire.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE— Chebeague Island, Maine (Casco Bay). "Golf." Brochure.

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

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GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 25th-October 13th. Color folder.

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VACATIONS

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NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events, country auctions. Pool. 5 acre grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

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VACATIONS

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. *Struthio camelus.*	2 46 133 103 188 106 78
B. Money gained, in a bad sense.	179 48 66 187 135
C. Poltroon.	183 120 158 35 8 21 168
D. Orbit (2 wds.)	125 128 51 191 18 13 148 45 61
E. Roving	31 173 177 146 126
F. Mixes thoroughly.	47 139 36 129 167 95
G. Surpass in cunning.	42 108 159 7 33 71
H. Worldly-wise (3 wds.; Brit. slang).	94 145 15 164 131 50 59 63 157
I. One of a series of dwellings all alike (2 wds.)	172 5 73 114 156 99 144 141
J. Legal transfers of property.	20 19 107 70 83 9
K. Thicket of dwarf evergreen oaks.	65 116 23 178 87 27 127 138 60
L. Describing the "hand" beneath which "we hold dominion over palm and pine" (Kipling).	151 32 25 43 166
M. Disposed of by will.	190 69 29 123 118 93 57
N. Village; one of Shakespeare's best-known heroes.	134 64 1 140 155 186

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Function of the ubiquitous sunglasses.	130 174 180 3 80 90 122 79
P. Meaning of the letters Rh in describing blood types.	91 41 110 98 165 72
Q. Hangs over.	14 137 88 105 85 68 170
R. Place where Henri IV ordered toleration of the Huguenots, 1598.	34 82 97 113 28 109
S. Rapturous.	169 189 142 75 92 10 26 175
T. Formed of two elements.	143 162 74 17 62 56 100
U. Half the action for *hesitated in speaking.*	11 153 6 22 52
V. Existent.	117 132 58 102 121 77 84 55 154
W. Circus concessionaire who runs a shell game (slang).	86 37 149 112 38 115 160
X. Abnormal curvature of the legs.	147 76 40 152 176 136 184 54
Y. Discolor as by an effusion of blood under the skin.	182 163 4 39 16 101 111 185 81
Z. Give testimony.	53 171 181 12 44 119
Z1. Sir Winston's coined word for Lord Mountbatten as a fighting man.	24 49 67 89 124 30 104 96 161 150

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 N	2 A	3 O	4 Y	5 I	6 U		7 G	8 C	9 J		10 S	11 U	12 Z		13 D	14 Q
15 H	16 Y		17 T	18 D	19 J		20 J	21 C	22 U	23 K	24 Z1		25 L	26 S	27 K	28 R	29 M
	30 Z1	31 E		32 L	33 G	34 R	35 C	36 F	37 W		38 W	39 Y	40 X		41 P	42 G	43 L
44 Z	45 D	46 A		47 F	48 B	49 Z1	50 H	51 D	52 U		53 Z	54 X		55 V		56 T	57 M
58 V	59 H	60 K	61 D		62 T	63 H		64 N	65 K	66 B	67 Z1	68 Q	69 M	70 J	71 G	72 P	
73 I	74 T	75 S	76 X		77 V	78 A	79 O		80 O	81 Y	82 R	83 J	84 V	85 Q	86 W		87 K
88 Q	89 Z1	90 O	91 P	92 S	93 M	94 H	95 F		96 Z1	97 R		98 P	99 I	100 T	101 Y	102 V	103 A
	104 Z1	105 Q	106 A	107 J	108 G	109 R	110 P		111 Y	112 W		113 R	114 I	115 W		116 K	117 V
118 M	119 Z		120 C	121 V	122 O		123 M	124Z1	125 D		126 E	127 K	128 D	129 F	130 O	131 H	132 V
	133 A	134 N	135 B		136 X	137 Q	138 K	139 F	140 N	141 I	142 S	143 T		144 I	145 H	146 E	147 X
148 D		149 W	150Z1		151 L		152 X	153 U	154 V	155 N		156 I	157 H		158 C	159 G	160 W
161 Z1	162 T		163 Y	164 H	165 P	166 L	167 F		168 C	169 S	170 Q	171 Z	172 I	173 E	174 O		175 S
176 X	177 E	178 K	179 B	180 O	181 Z	182 Y		183 C	184 X	185 Y	186 N	187 B	188 A	189 S	190 M	191 D	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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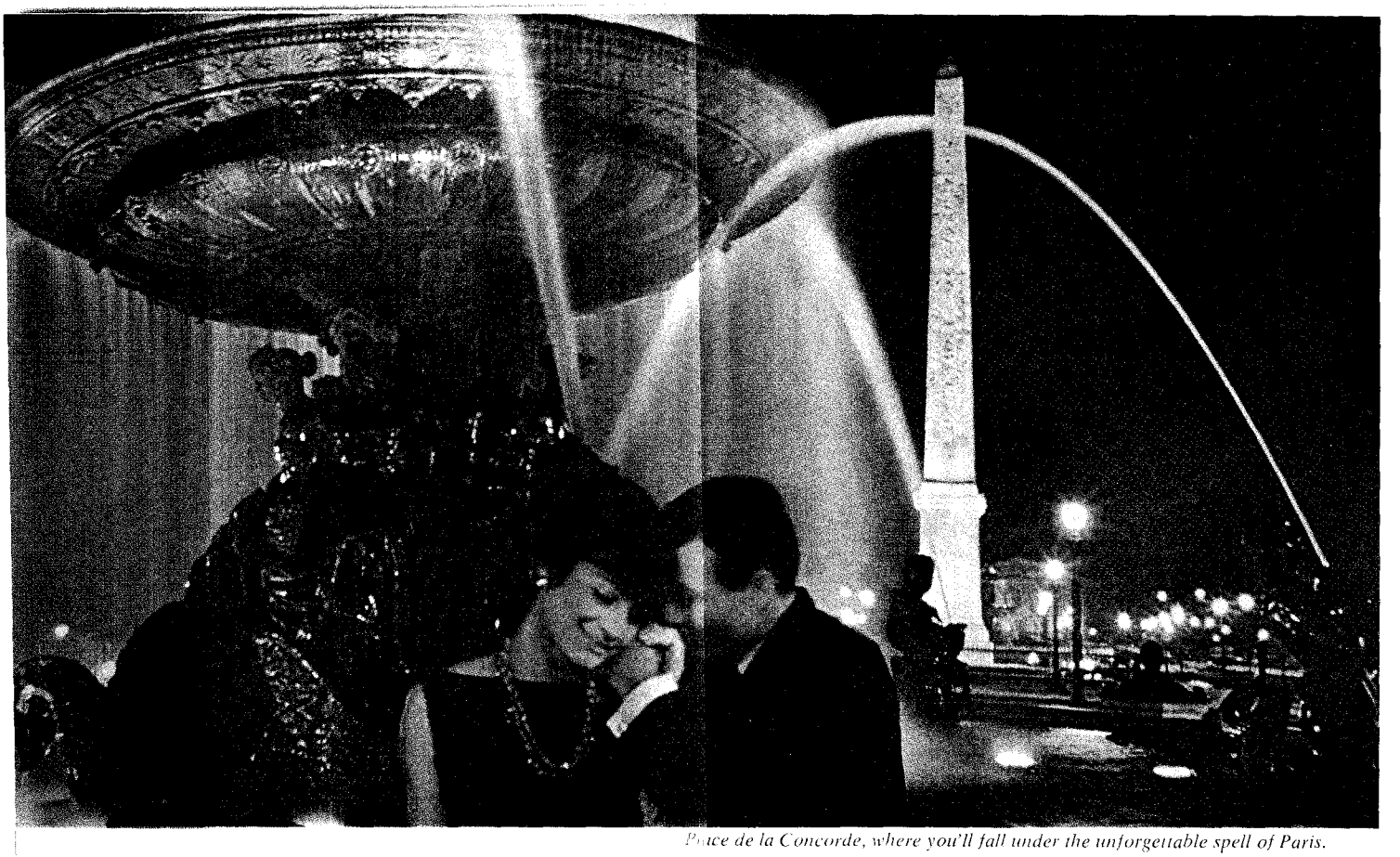

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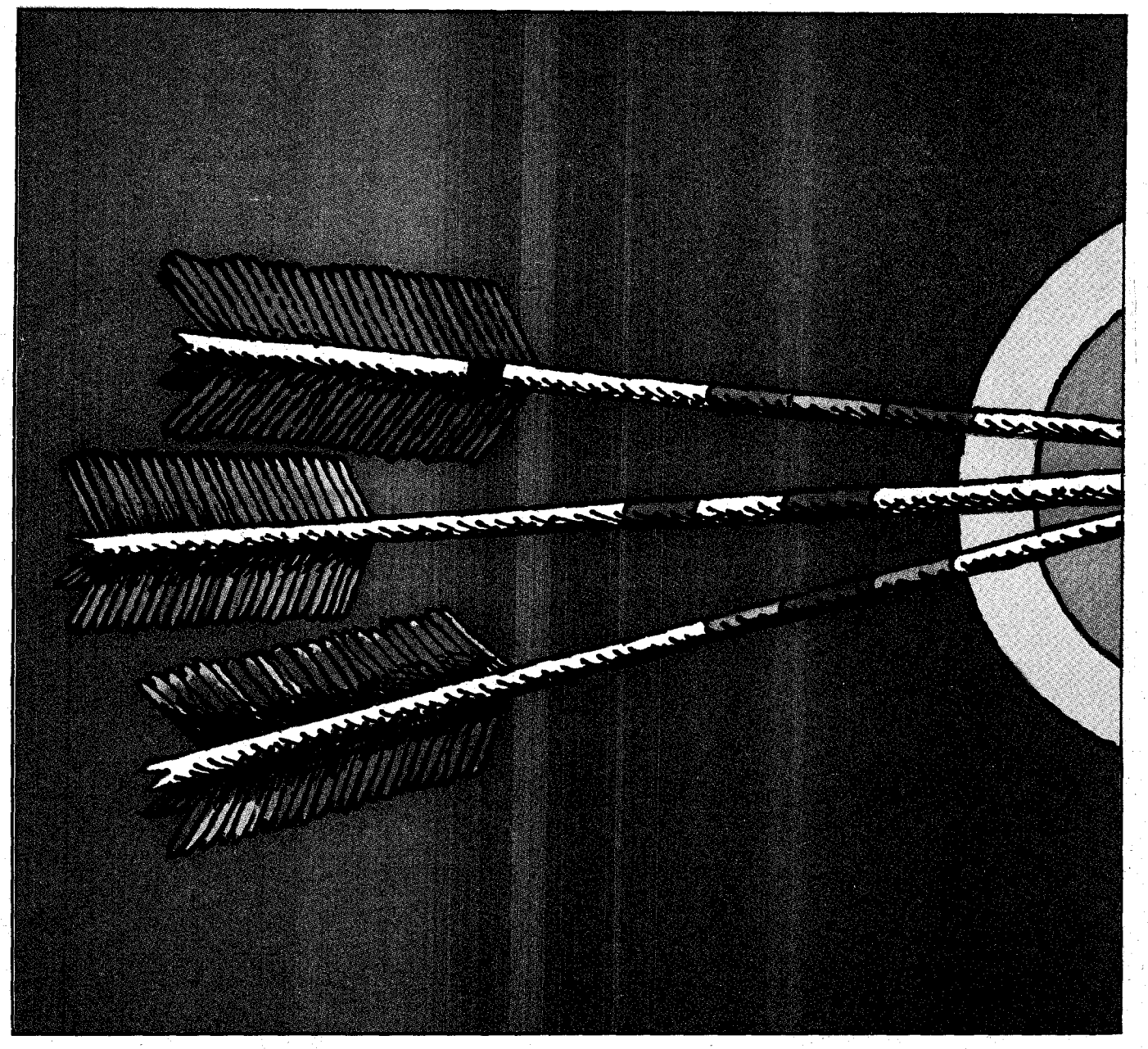

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